

RADIO *AND TELEVISION* **MIRROR**

MARCH • 25¢

Broadway Heartbeat

Humorist Playing

Investigating the

Man About Town

New Yorker

es of a

Walter Winchell

Typewriter

What I Think of WALTER WINCHELL
Exciting new contest for readers



Be lovelier... all over!

You can be lovelier from head to toe with the Camay Beauty Bath!

Bathe every day with new Bath-Size Camay and you give
your arms, your back, your legs true complexion care. You'll rise
from your bath clean, refreshed—your skin just touched
with the flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

NEW
LOVELINESS
HEAD TO
HEELS!

PURE, MILD,
LUXURIOUS LATHER!

BEST
BEAUTY
BATHS
EVER!

DESIGNED FOR
THE BODY BEAUTIFUL!

BARE
YOUR BACK WITH
CONFIDENCE!

LEAVES
A FLOWER-LIKE
FRAGRANCE!



Bath-Size Camay

for your CAMAY BEAUTY BATH!

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior Model Pat Barnard shows how it can work for you, too



Queen of the cruise ship, 17-year-old model Pat Barnard of Great Neck, N. Y., scores a terrific hit! Pat *always* finds her career and her date-life mighty smooth sailing—thanks to that dazzling smile!

Naturally, Pat follows the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth . . . because dentists say it works! Her professionally approved *Ipana* dental care can work for you, too—like this . . .



The *Ipana* Way is *fun* to follow, Pat tells her cabin-mate. Dentists say it works . . . and it's easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all tooth surfaces with *Ipana* at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (*Ipana's* unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums—you can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. *Ipana* refreshes your mouth and breath, too. Ask your dentist about *Ipana* and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:



Product of Bristol-Myers

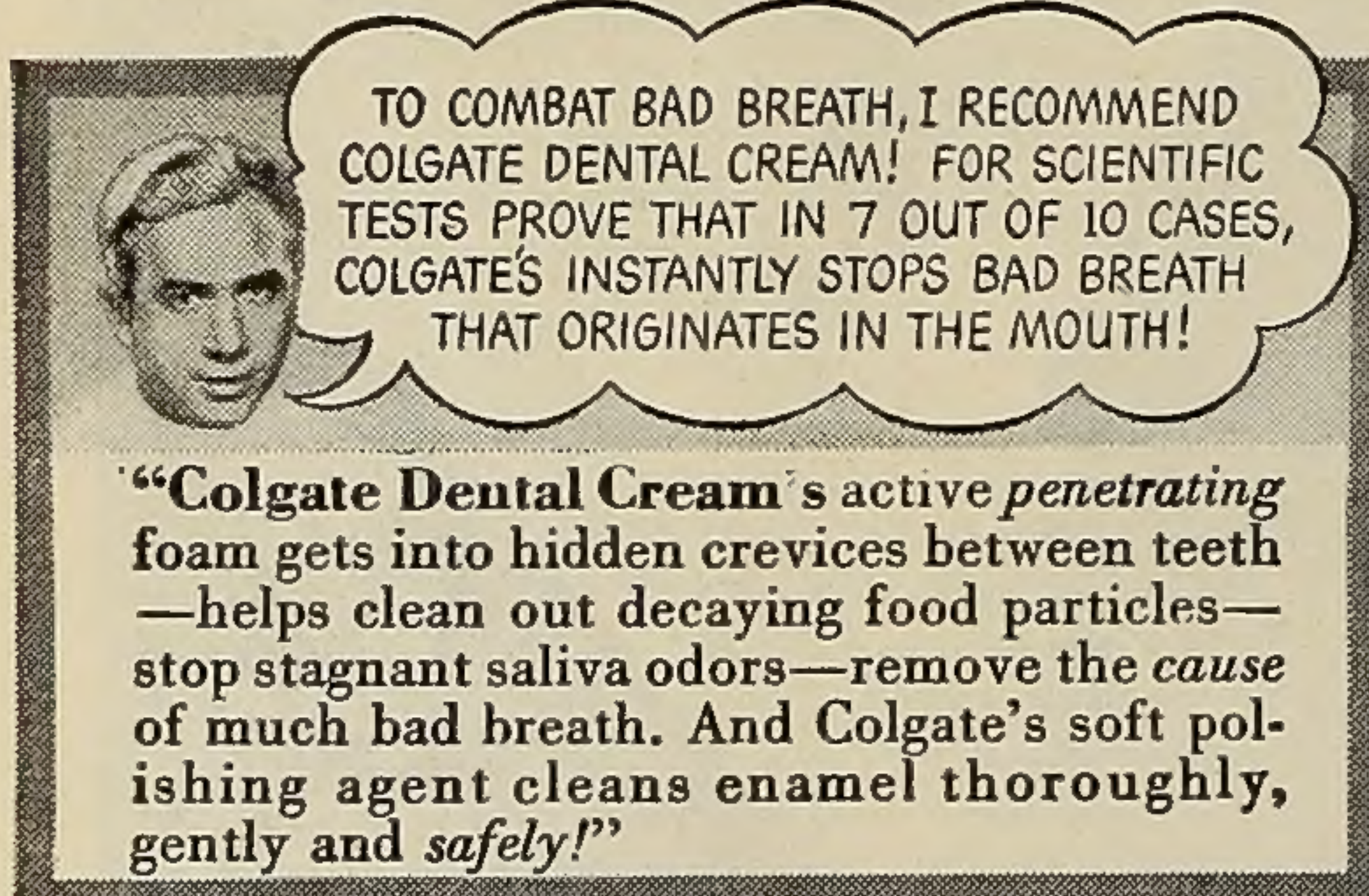
Ipana dental care promotes

Healthier gums, brighter teeth*

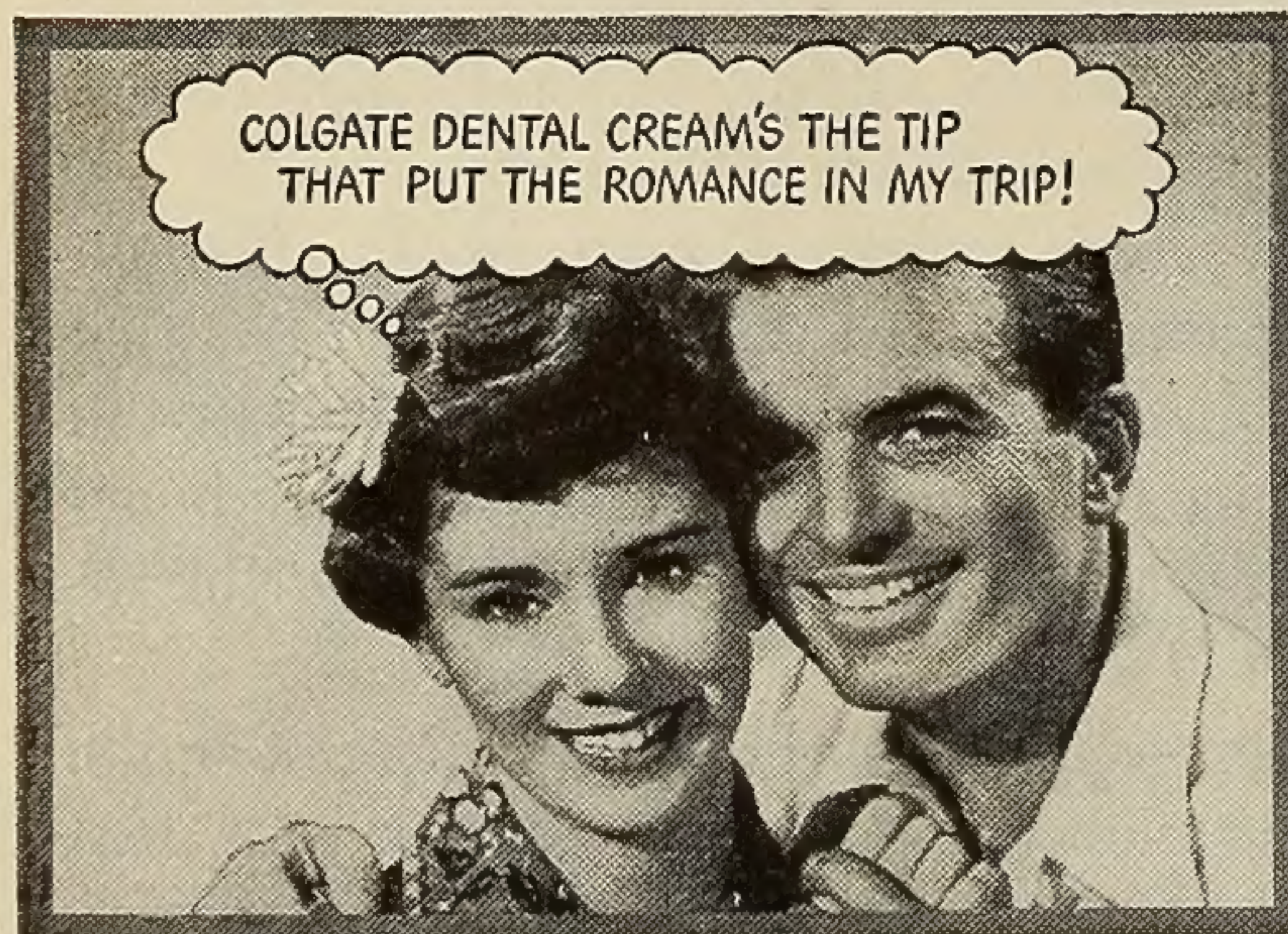
**In thousands of reports from all over the country.*

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

*She Took a Cruise—
but Missed the Boat!*



LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



MARCH, 1949

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

VOL. 31, NO. 4

KEYSTONE

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

Unrest in the Air.....	by Harriet Van Horne	14
What I Think of Walter Winchell.....		23
What Do You Think of Walter Winchell?.....		24
Come and Visit Amos.....	by Alice Craig Greene	26
Come and Visit Andy.....	by Alice Craig Greene	28
This Quiz Business.....	by Bob Hawk	30
Life Without Father.....	by Eve Arden	32
This is Nora Drake—in Living Portraits.....		34
High Score in Happiness.....		52
My Husband Alan Young.....	By Virginia McCurdy Young	54
Ladies Be Seated—In Color.....		56
"My Favorite Wives".....	by Richard Denning	58

INSIDE RADIO

Information Booth.....		3
Look At The Records.....	by Joe Martin	4
Facing the Music.....	by Duke Ellington	16
What's New From Coast to Coast.....	by Dale Banks	20
Inside Radio.....		68
Quiz Catalogue.....		71

FOR BETTER LIVING

Look This Way!.....	by Mary Jane Fulton	19
Between the Bookends.....	by Ted Malone	38
When a Girl Marries.....	by Joan Davis	40
Traveler of the Month.....	by Tommy Bartlett	42
Cheers for Cheese.....	by Kate Smith	62
It's Better Business—Family Counselor.....	by Terry Burton	72

YOUR LOCAL STATION

WOR: A. M. Herald.....		6
KDKA: Wuxtry, Wuxtry!.....		8
WIBG: Rebel-Hearted Stutz.....		10
WBEN: From Little Acorns.....		12
WNBC: Speaking of Women—Mary Margaret McBride.....		60

TELEVISION

Editor's Note.....		43
Two on the TV Aisle.....		44
Kukla, Fran and Ollie.....		45
Big Brick.....		46
Girl About Town.....		47
Pat and Wilmer.....		48
D.C. TV.....		49
Coast to Coast in Television.....		50

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

Life of Fred Allen.....	by Ira Knaster	64
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ON THE COVER: Walter Winchell; color portrait by Sterling Smith

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RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., New York, N. Y. General Business, Editorial and Advertising Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood-Beverly Hills Office: 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. O. J. Elder, President; Harold Wise, Executive Vice President; Herbert Drake, Vice President; Joseph Schultz, Vice President; Ernest V. Heyn, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Edward F. Lethen, Advertising Director. Chicago Office: 221 North La Salle St., Leslie R. Gage, Mgr. San Francisco Office: 1613 Russ Building, Joseph M. Doohar, Mgr. Los Angeles Office: Suite 908, 649 South Olive St., George Weatherby, Mgr. Charles O. Terwilliger, Jr., Eastern Advertising Manager, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Reentered as Second Class matter March 1, 1948, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, \$2.50 per year. All other countries \$5.00 per year. Price per copy: 25c in the United States and Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first class postage and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission.

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Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.

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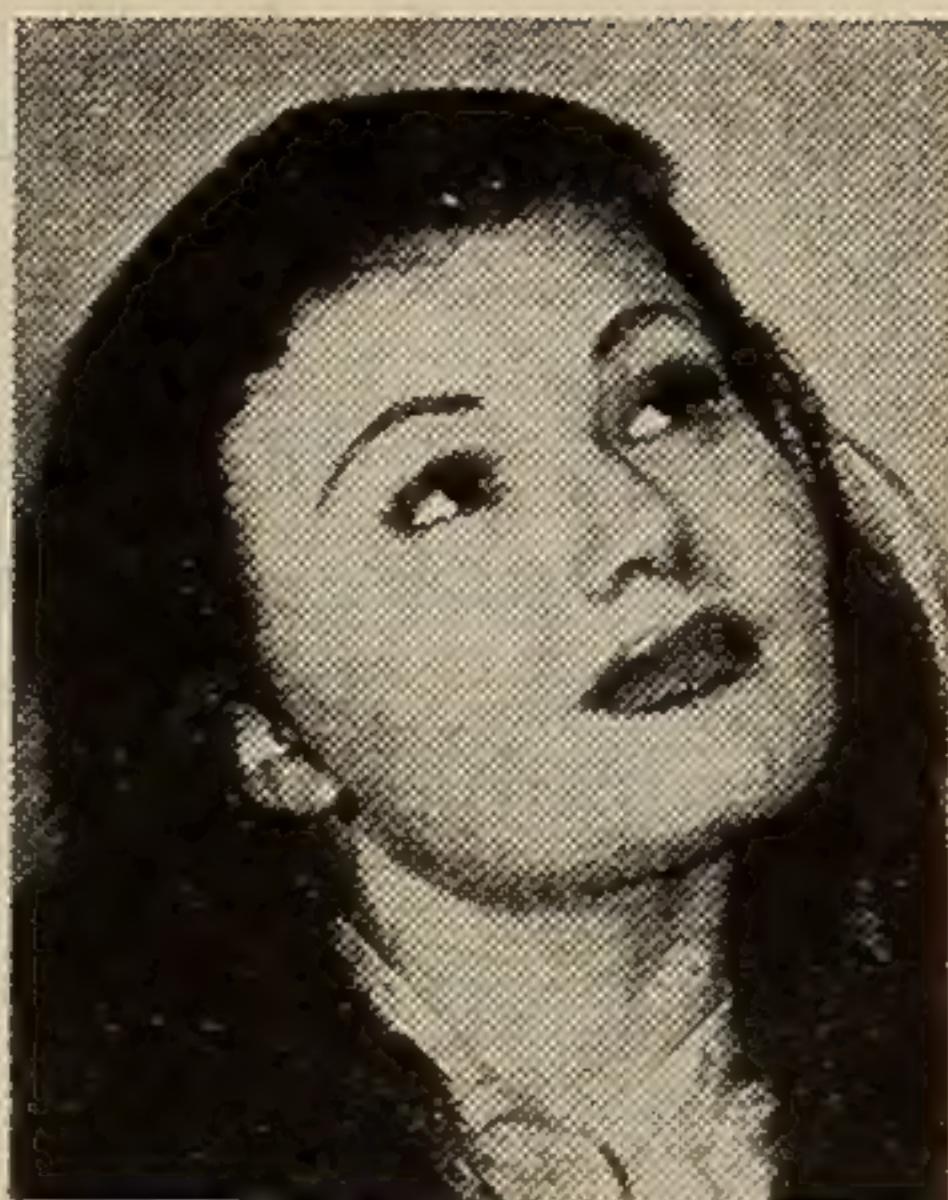
FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

TEENAGERS

Dear Editor:

I would like to know who plays the part of Veronica in Archie Andrews. Also, who plays Oogie in Date With Judy?

Mr. E. S.
South Charleston, O.



GLORIA MANN

Veronica is played by Gloria Mann whose picture you see here. She is active in motion pictures, too—her latest was "Martin Rome," opposite Richard Conte. As for Oogie Pringle, he's played by Dick Crenna. Incidentally, Dick plays another teenager, Walter Denton, in CBS' Our Miss Brooks.

PRIZES

Dear Editor:

Here's a question that has been puzzling me for quite some time. Who pays for the fabulous prizes awarded on the quiz programs? Do the sponsors, or do the manufacturers of the automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines, etc?

Mrs. T. B.

Oswego, N. Y.

The manufacturers of the radios, automobiles, washing machines, or what have you, donate the prizes. In return they receive free advertising when those items are mentioned over the air as the prizes to be awarded to the lucky winners. As you can readily see, these free plugs are worth many times the value of the merchandise.

MAJOR BOWES

Dear Editor:

Please tell me what happened to our good old Major Bowes. Has he retired?

Mrs. E. A.
Friday Harbor,
Wash.



MAJOR BOWES

We are sorry to tell you, and the many other people who have asked about him, that Major Bowes, the originator of the famed Amateur Hour, passed away on June 13, 1946.

MOOREHEAD ON SHELLAC

Dear Editor:

I was much impressed with Agnes Moorehead's version of Sorry, Wrong Number by Lucille Fletcher over CBS' Suspense program. I understand that there is now an album of this play recorded. Am anxious to know what company has recorded this sketch and where it can be obtained.

Mr. R. P.

Deer Lodge, Mont.

This album was recorded by Decca and can be ordered through your local music shop if it is not available there.



That
"Left-Out Feeling"
is no fun!

Get back in the picture, Sis! That's where a dream-girl like you belongs. And never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum. For Mum's unique,

modern formula works entirely for your daintiness—contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get a jar of Mum today!

Mum-Safer for Charm

...Mum checks perspiration odor for the whole day or evening. Protects against risk of future odor after your bath washes away past perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin

...Gentle Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum-Safer for Clothes

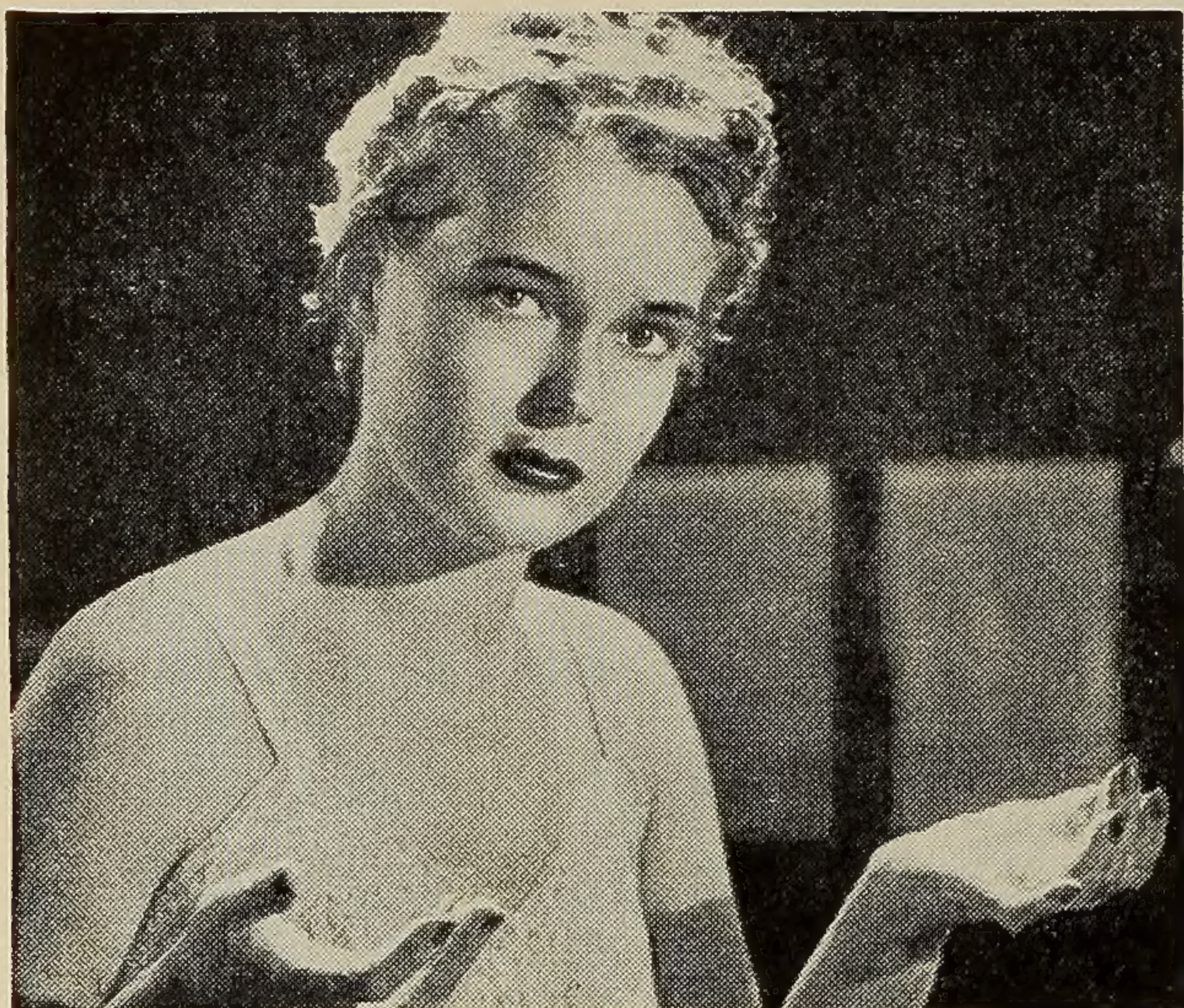
...No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical, too—no shrinkage, no waste.

keeps you nice to be near



Product of Bristol-Myers

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



LATHER . . .

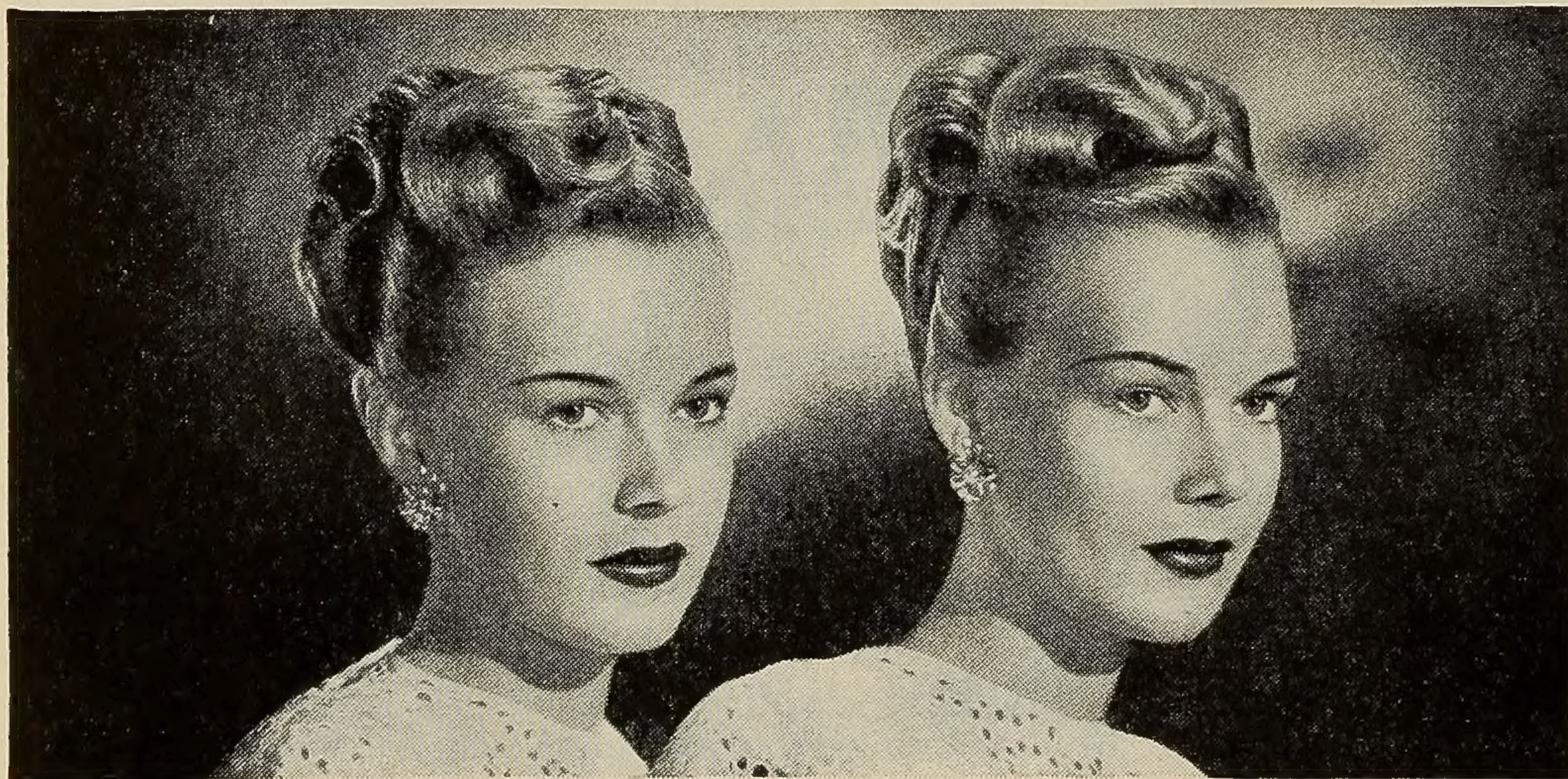
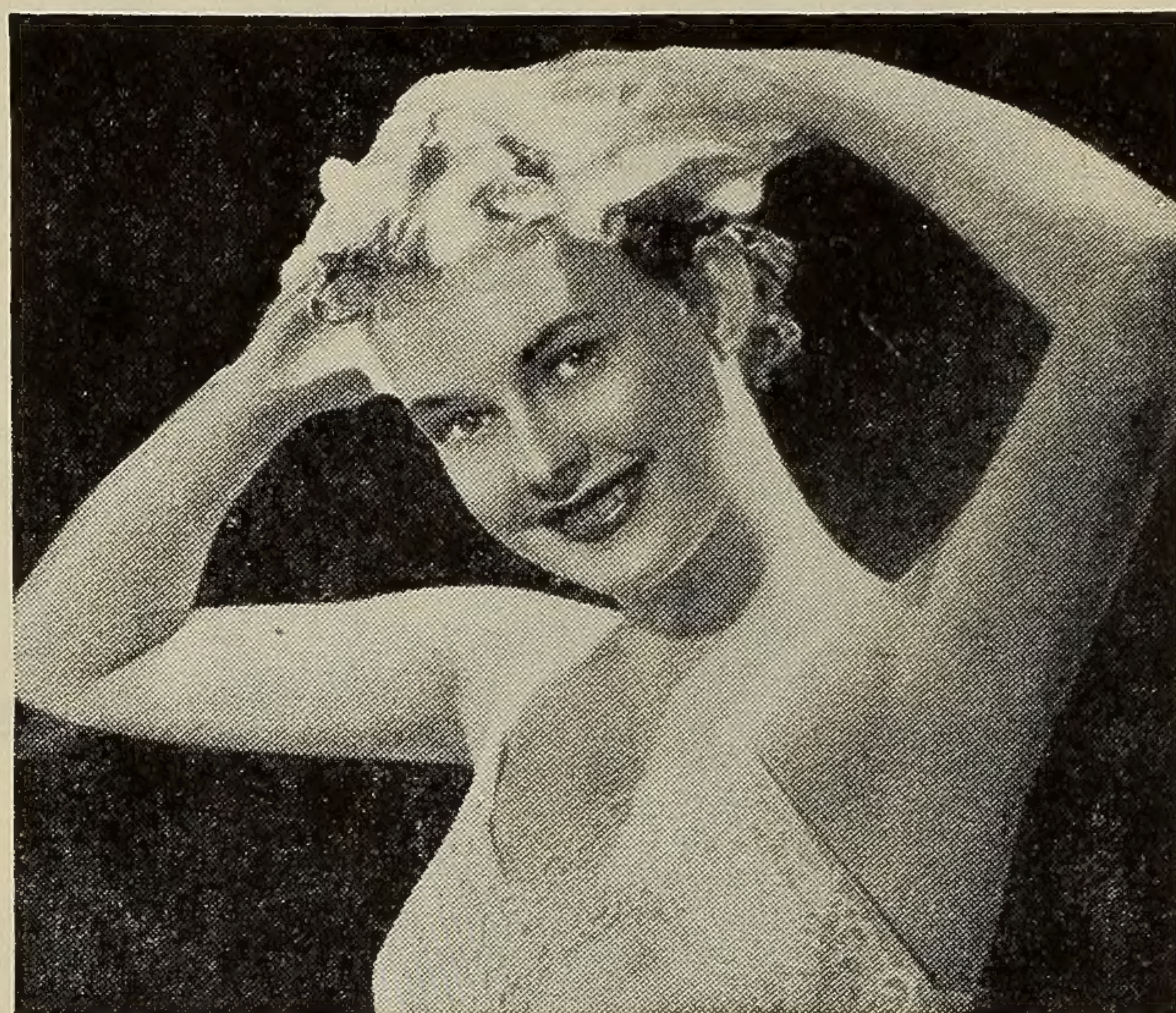
WAS LILA'S PROBLEM!

"This soap shampoo just won't give me enough lather," says Lila Wigren. "Our hard water sees to that!" And a lack of lather isn't the only problem, Lila. Even the finest soap shampoos leave hair with dulling film, that just won't rinse away. So the natural sparkle of your hair is concealed. Looks drab...lifeless. It's hard to manage, too.

BUT ELLA

GOT HEAPS OF IT!

"Look at the lather I get," says twin Ella. "Imagine! Toni Creme Shampoo gives me Soft-Water Shampooing even in hard water!" And Ella—your hair shows a difference, too. Toni's thorough cleansing action leaves it glowing with lovely, morning-dew freshness. Its natural beauty is revealed . . . those wonderfully soft, smooth curls fairly sparkle.



NOW IT'S TONI CREME SHAMPOO FOR TWO!

They've seen the proof! And the lovely Wigren twins are convinced that no soap or soap shampoo can match the advantages of Toni Creme Shampoo. For it gives you Soft-Water Shampooing even in hardest water. Leaves your hair gloriously smooth and soft, easy-to-manage. Helps your permanent "take" better. Those oceans of creamy-thick lather rinse away dirt and dandruff instantly. Your hair sparkles with lovely natural highlights. Try Soft-Water Shampooing today. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo. It's new!



Enriched with Lanolin

LOOK AT THE RECORDS

DANCING OR LISTENING

JIMMY DURANTE (MGM)—Inimitable is the word for Jimmy. His performance on this disc is great, wonderful and "stoopendious"! "The State Of Arkansas" is a Durante original. "Dollar A Year Man," the reverse, is an infectious number.

GENE KRUPA ORCHESTRA (Columbia) — Gene's "Tea For Two" features an interpretive vocal chorus by Anita O'Day, while "How High The Moon" offers big band jazz with semi-boppish trombone and trumpet solos.

CHARLIE VENTURA (National) —Who said that be-bop wasn't commercial? If you think that you can't "understand" this new kind of music, then listen to "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" as played by Charlie's group and sung by Jackie Cain and Roy Kral. The reverse side is nothing.

PEGGY LEE (Capitol)—Mrs. Dave Barbour is nothing less than excitingly wonderful on a very sexy "Hold Me" and a very jumpy "Then I'll Be Happy." The orchestral accompaniment on both sides is modern and extremely well-played. A fine disc, this.

PHIL MOORE ORCHESTRA (Discovery)—The new record label has certainly discovered a great new talent in Phil Moore. A talent that has been hidden for too long. His original compositions and orchestrations are of the modern school. "Cornucopia" features Harry Schuchman on English Horn and a symphonic jazz band. "125th St. Prophet" features Calvin Jackson, Al Hendrickson, Marshall Royal, Harry Klee and Dan Lube. An excellent and interesting new disc.

* * *

ALBUM ARTISTRY

SIDNEY BECHET (Columbia) —The "grand old man of the soprano saxophone" demonstrates his musicianship and versatility on eight varied sides of jazz that run from Cole Porter songs to Bechet originals. He plays both soprano sax and clarinet here and will satisfy all—from "two-beat" collectors to lovers of "just good music."

By **JOE MARTIN**

Your Cold...

the plain truth about it

*Can you avoid catching cold?
And if you do catch one is it
possible to reduce its severity?
Oftentimes—YES.*

IT IS now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset . . . to go after the surface germs before they go after you . . . to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests

made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



Germ reduced as much as 96.7%, in tests.

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



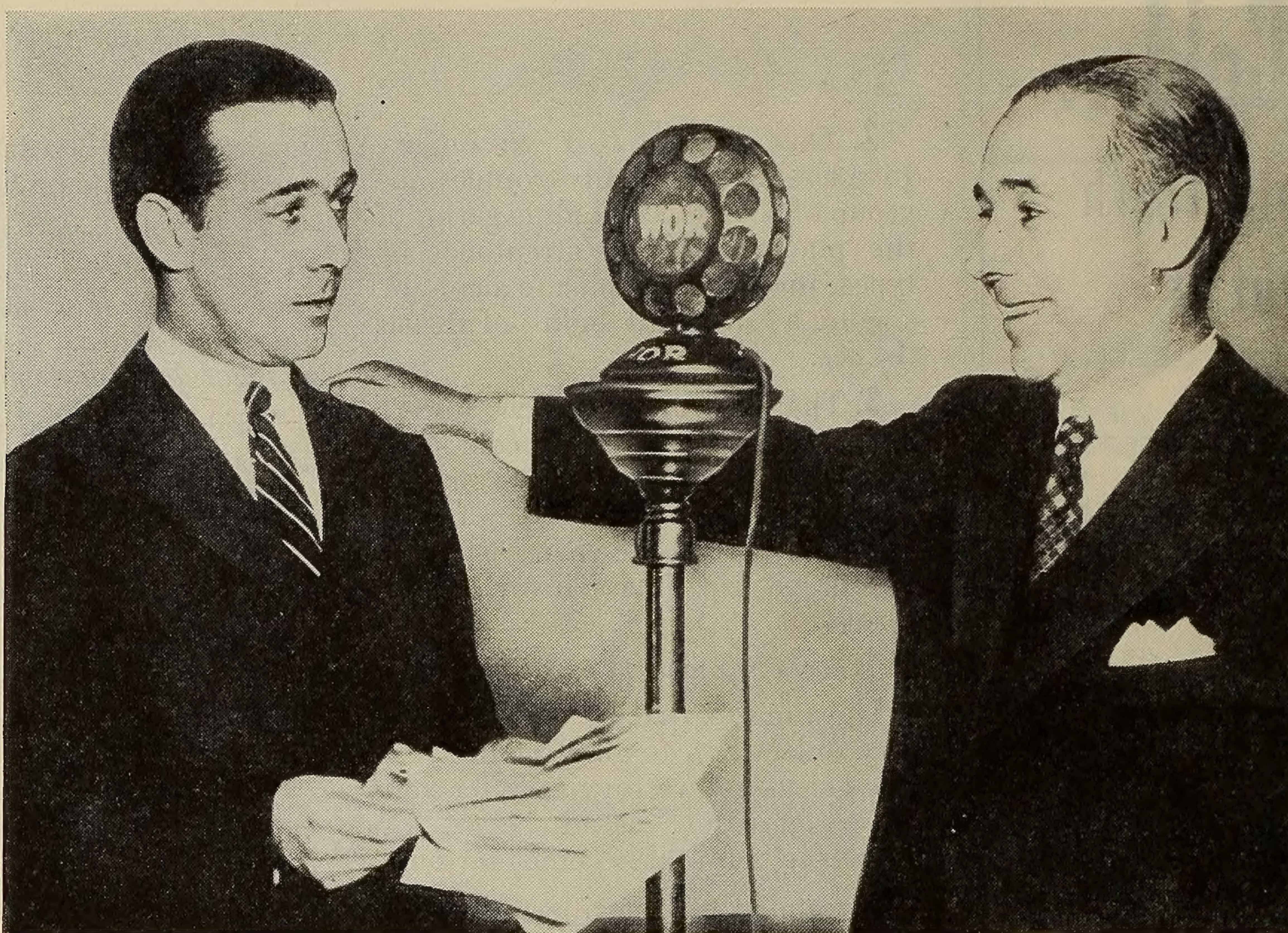
BEFORE



AFTER

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

John Gambling (r.) congratulates the young man who started him on his successful career in 1925—himself! John celebrates the 24th anniversary of his Musical Clock on March 8th.



A. M. HERALD



John conducts a two-hour show interrupted only by a newscast.

THE NAME John Gambling probably evokes more nostalgic memories of the early days of radio than that of any other personality still on the air. To three generations of WOR listeners his voice has been as familiar as a member of the family.

Way back in 1925, when you and radio were both in knee pants, John's cheerful voice thrilled you by mentioning your birthday. Down through the years he has told you exactly what time it was each morning so you could steal that last few minutes of relaxation between the covers before surrendering to a demanding day.

Now, after twenty-four years, John is going stronger than ever. Six mornings a week he conducts a full two-hour program on WOR with only a news broadcast interrupting to give him a minute to catch his breath.

John starts his radio day at 6 A.M. on Rambling with Gambling, presenting an hour of news, weather reports, recorded music and cheerful chatter. After a fifteen minute intermission, he returns with what is probably the oldest continuous show in radio, Gambling's Musical Clock, an unpretentious informal ses-

sion that has been a favorite for a quarter of a century.

In the Twenties, John gave listeners involved setting up drills in which he described every motion of each exercise and gave a detailed rhythm count. One day he decided to take an informal poll and discovered that he was the only one doing the exercises.

Since then, John's show has been devoted to cheerful early morning chatter, news, time signals and brief musical numbers featuring Vincent Sorey and his orchestra. "It's probably the only 'live' orchestra on the air at that time," says John, "and they're only half alive."

Gambling, who works without a formal script, simply jots down the jokes he intends to use on the broadcast while traveling to WOR each morning. And he never worries about the vintage of his jokes. "I just want them funny," says John. "If they are old, many people haven't heard them. And the rest have forgotten them."

Jokes, music, cheerful conversation and a friendly manner—it's a successful formula. And one that for twenty-four years has sent millions off to work or school with smiles on their faces.

HERE'S A BOMBSHELL ANNOUNCEMENT

from "AMERICA'S BIGGEST BARGAIN BOOK CLUB"



Her eyes smoldered as he drew near—From "Queen's Physician"

8 BOOKS FREE!

IF YOU JOIN THE BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA NOW

YES—all 8 of these best-read books are YOURS FREE, to prove how much reading pleasure you will get as a member of "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"! Ordinarily, you would get your Club Bonus Books at the rate of one free with every two Selections (or alternates) purchased. But on this special offer, we not only send you ALL 6 of them right away—but IN THE SAME PACKAGE, you also get 2 MORE best-sellers free, as your new membership gift! EIGHT fine books in advance, worth \$18 in publishers' editions, Send coupon for them NOW!

As a member, you never pay any dues or fees. And every month you get a popular best-seller by an outstanding author like Taylor Caldwell, Steinbeck, or Ernest Hemingway—a book selling in the publisher's edition for as much as \$3.00 or more. But YOUR copy comes to you for only \$1.49, plus few cents shipping charges!

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Mail coupon today—without money—and you will receive the 8 splendid books described on this page.

You will also receive, as your first Selection, the current best-selling novel now being distributed to members. When you realize that you will get popular best-sellers like these month after month at a tremendous saving—and that you get \$18 worth of best-read books free—in advance—you will understand why this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"! Mail coupon—without money—now. BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MWG 3, Garden City, N. Y.

Thousands Have Paid \$18 for these Books—But YOU Get Them FREE!

THE QUEEN'S PHYSICIAN—When handsome Dr. Struensee entered the royal bed-chamber, he knew that only passion could cure the queen's ailment!

EAGLE IN THE SKY—Exciting tale of how three young doctors gathered the facts of love, life and medicine first-hand during the Revolutionary War.

TALES FROM THE DECAMERON—Famous and lusty tales—about the amorous antics of outraged husbands and outrageous lovers, of sinning "saints" and saintly "sinners"!

THE GOLDEN HAWK—Adventure and love on the Spanish Main, where a yellow-haired pirate met a dazzling bandit-wench no man dared tame! By author of "Foxes of Harrow."

YANKEE PASHA—Young Jason Starbuck battled his way around the world—and into the slave pens of the Barbary pirates—to claim a ravishing harem beauty for his own!

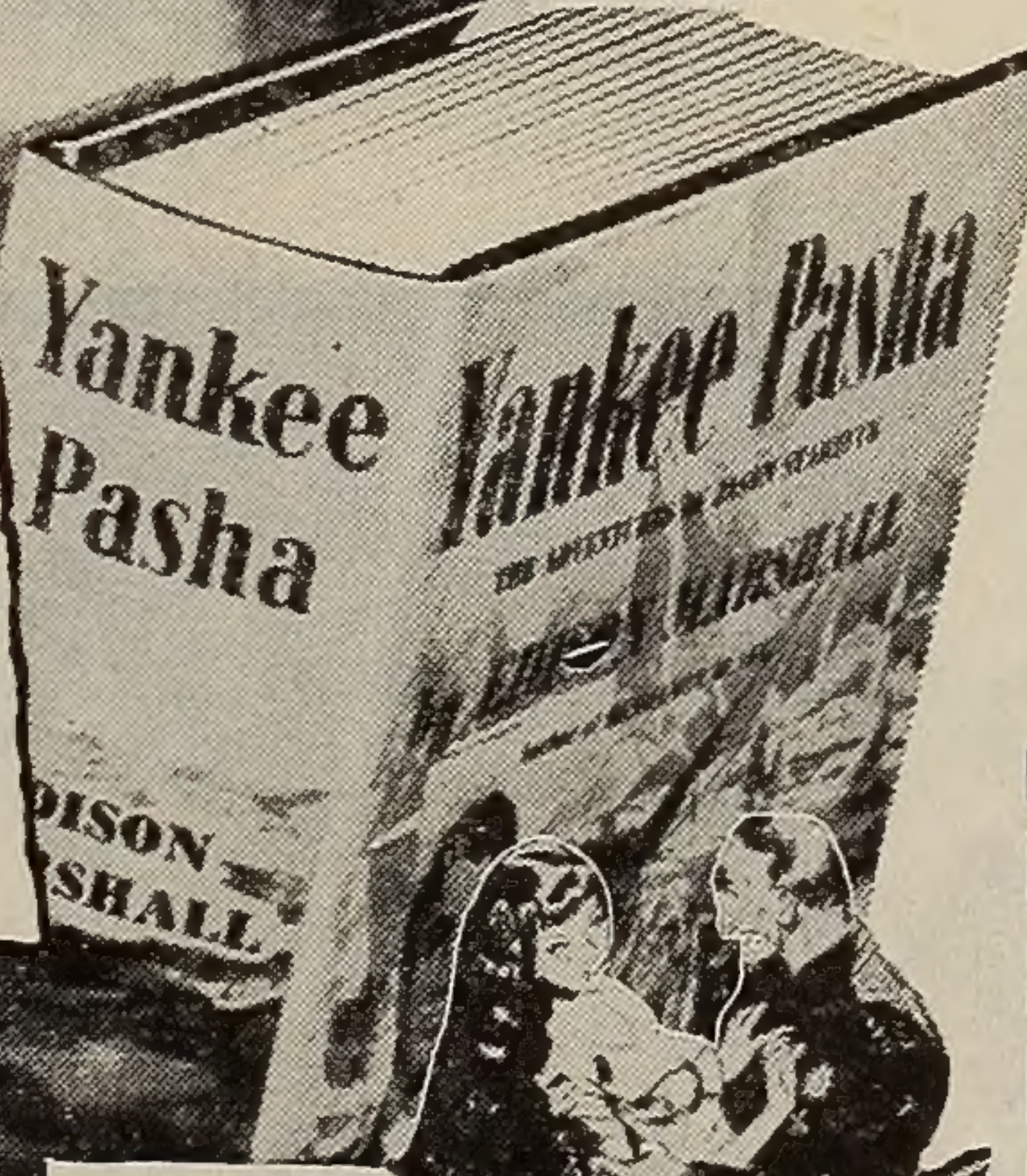
JANE EYRE—The tale of a passionate love affair between a sophisticated Englishman and a young governess—haunted by the screaming secret in the tower room of that lonely house.

ANNIE JORDAN—Vivid story of a girl who fought hard for happiness—then tossed it all away for the only love she could NOT have!

SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT—Over 50 of the frankest, most daring stories of love, hate, intrigue, and passion ever written!



Bianca backed away in terror—From "The Golden Hawk."



RACHEL avenged France because of one kiss!—Maupassant.



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Slightly higher in Canada, Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2

WUXTRY, WUXTRY!



Success! Manager Joseph E. Baudino proudly exhibits some of the money collected for the Hospital through the efforts of KDKA and the Old Newsboys' campaign. Right: KDKA's model kitchen supplies food for the volunteers.



At Children's Hospital stars like Slim Bryant (l.) and Bill Hinds (r.) made special recordings for the Appeal.

BIGGEST of all the many radio benefits sponsored each year by KDKA is the annual Old Newsboys' campaign for the Pittsburgh Children's Hospital, in which the World's Pioneer Station cooperates with the Pittsburgh Press, originator of the annual charity.

For four consecutive Saturday nights, KDKA turns all of its facilities over to the newsboys' campaign for all night broadcasts beginning at 11:15 P.M. Outstanding local radio talent and well-known stage and radio stars in Pittsburgh during the drive, entertain for the hospital's benefit.

Pledges to the fund are made by telephone and they come in during the night from practically every state in the union, as well as from various parts of Canada.

Each year from the efforts of the Press, its group of old newsboys and KDKA, more than \$100,000 is turned over to the hospital so that any youngster, regardless of creed or color, may get the best of treatment.



Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the \$15 beauty shop wave? See answer below.)



Compare Toni with any other permanent – any home wave, any beauty shop wave – and you'll find there's no finer wave at any price!

The secret of lovelier hair is yours – with a Toni Home Permanent. For your Toni wave is so soft, so easy to manage, so *natural-looking* that people will probably ask if you have naturally curly hair! But before trying Toni you'll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?

Of course. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Amazingly easy! If you can roll your hair on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It's so surprisingly simple that each month another two million women use Toni Home Permanent.

Why do most women prefer to use TONI?

Because the Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon solution. Instead it's a mild creme lotion – made especially

for home use. So gentle it just coaxes your hair into beautifully soft waves and curls. That's why your Toni wave looks more natural, even on the very first day.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?

With Toni, you can have just the amount of curl you want . . . from a loose, casual wave to a halo of soft ringlets.

How long will my TONI last?

Your lovely Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent . . . or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only \$2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So for your second Toni wave all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just \$1 . . . yet *there is no finer wave at any price.*

Which twin has the TONI?

Lovely Frances and Bernadette Hanson live in New York City. Frances, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I want a permanent that's soft and natural-looking right from the start. And that's just the way my Toni is!"



NOW over ²/₁ million women a month use Toni



REBEL-HEARTED

Stutz



Elwood (Wake-Up Time) Stutz

WIBG in Philadelphia has brought out something new in early morning radio announcers. He's Elwood (Woody) Stutz, the song-writing disc jockey, whose Wake-Up Time, broadcast from 5:30 to 6:45 A.M. Monday through Saturday, has startled staid Philadelphians right out of bed.

Stutz, who majored in music in college, was born in Virginia and is still a rebel at heart. He may start the morning off with what is usual procedure at most stations—playing a recording of the national anthem, but he announces it as YOUR national anthem. He then follows through by playing "MY" national anthem, and the strains of *Dixie* are wafted from loudspeakers.

His listeners are the most loyal to be found in radio. During the war years, he merely had to mention that he was unable to buy cigarettes and they came in by the carton. He kept the entire station well-supplied.

When the station's production manager wanted, but was unable to buy, a pair of purple Sox to match a tie and kerchief combination he had purchased in a weak moment, Stutz made a plea for same. Listeners traveled as far as New York, after exhausting the patience

of sock department clerks all over Philadelphia, in an attempt to acquire the requested haberdashery. Apparently men's hosiery isn't made in that color, because none could be purchased anywhere. Stutz's fans didn't let him down, however. Three pairs of white Sox, each dyed a different shade of the required color, arrived in the mail to make his boss happy.

What makes said boss even happier is the way Stutz's listeners buy the things his sponsors sell. Everything from costume jewelry to correspondence courses are regularly and successfully merchandised.

Music got him into radio in Virginia, after which he switched to announcing, and he still hasn't decided which should be his full-time career work.

Folks who hear his programs insist that he belongs at a mike vocally, but those of you who've heard "Two Timer," recorded by the Ferko String Band, "Relatives," and "In Martha's Eyes" (written for his wife) which Columbia recorded with Nick DeFrancis, may think otherwise.

But if you're in range of Philadelphia, listen to Stutz on WIBG anyway. He may not wake you up happily, but—he'll wake you up.

Says: **RHONDA FLEMING:**

"Sheer Excitement... that's New Woodbury Powder!...
it gives skin the most heavenly Satin-Smooth Look!"



RHONDA FLEMING

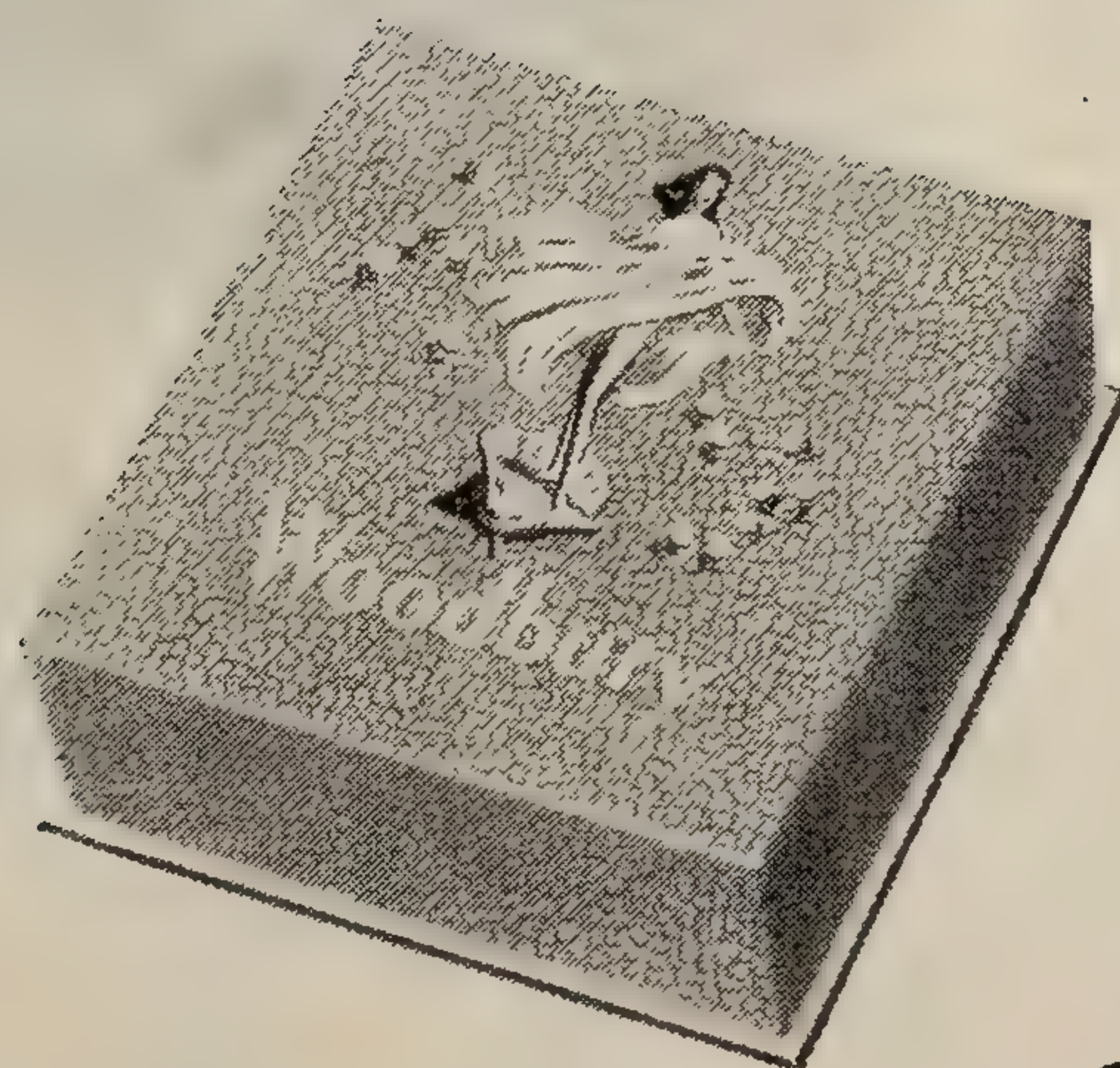
David O. Selznick actress
co-starring with Bing Crosby
in Paramount's
"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE"
Color by Technicolor

**SEE WHY WOMEN CHOSE
WOODBURY
OVER ALL LEADING BRANDS!**

The moment you try New Woodbury Powder you'll know why women all over the country preferred it to their own favorite face powders.* Fluff on Woodbury and instantly your skin looks beautifully, Satiny smooth! A new, exclusive ingredient gives this flawless, Satin finish... covers tiny blemishes amazingly!

No powder ever gave this perfect look before! No powder had such *cling* as this—your skin stays lovely hours longer And round you, like a spell, the enchanting new Woodbury fragrance.

* In a Nation-wide test
Woodbury won by the tremendous
average of 4 to 1 over all other
leading brands of powder.



7 Glow-of-Color Shades

Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢.
Large "Dressing Table" size \$1.00.
Prices plus tax.

New Woodbury Powder

Oakley Yale of WBEN can play a dozen other instruments, but he prefers the accordion.



TWENTY-ONE years ago, at the age of eleven, Oakley Yale won a grade school talent contest in Minnesota. As a prize, he was featured on a piano program over WCCO in that city. Since then, the WBEN headliner has trouped in vaudeville and appeared on television and radio stations from Coffeyville, Kans., to Yankton, S. D. But now his standby is the accordion—in fact, Oakley is one of the best-known accordion players in the U. S. and is president of the Accordion Teachers Guild International.

Oakley was born in Niagara Falls at the home of his grandparents and two months after his birth he was off on a vaudeville jaunt with his mother and father who were known professionally as Yale and Davis.

When "Oak" and his brother Paul grew up, they looked so much alike that they were billed around the country as the Yale twins. At various times they joined forces with their parents and were billed as the Yale Family.

Buffalo knows him as an "in-person" artist; he is in great demand for club dates for his trio and about twice a year he steps out as a concert soloist and draws crowds to Buffalo's new and modernistic Kleinhans Music Hall. His accordion also is prominent as a solo instrument on the WBEN Bandbox Monday through Friday evenings at 7:30.

Oakley is an experienced family man with five children but he still is a trifle confused about the wailing proclivities of his latest offspring—twin girls born last summer. "I can't understand," he muses quizzically, "how one manages to start screaming just as the other stops." In addition to the girls, he has three scrappy boys. His wife is a Kansas girl whom he married in Buffalo.

FROM LITTLE ACORNS



"Oak" plays with this trio—Tommy Roy, bass; Stan Zurek, clarinet—on Early Date at Hengerer's, mornings at 9:15.

How LUCKY Can You Get?



Amusement Enterprises presents

DOROTHY LAMOUR BRIAN DONLEVY CLAIRE TREVOR

in

"THE LUCKY STIFF"



with

IRENE HERVEY · BILLY VINE · MARJORIE RAMBEAU · ROBERT ARMSTRONG DIRECTED BY LEWIS R. FOSTER

Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster
Based on the novel by Craig Rice
Released thru United Artists

It's a rollicking mystery-comedy based on the popular Craig Rice character (and we do mean "character") Mr. Malone

R
M

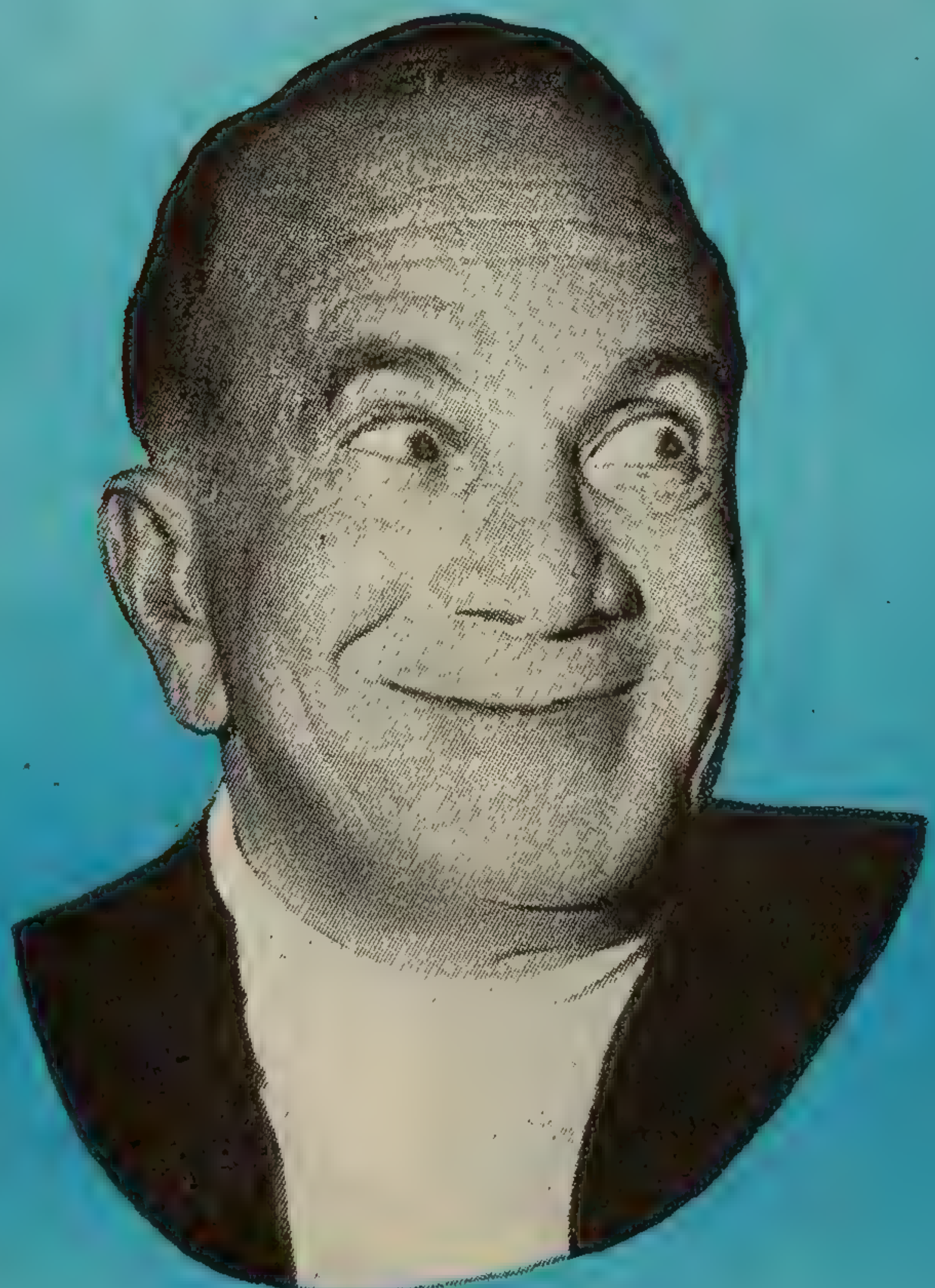
UNREST

Where are they going . . . and why?

A famous columnist points out possible directions, and the reasons for them



Allen says he's leaving radio—but the radio-wise have heard his threats for years.



Jolson says he's going, too—too many insults, too many taxes, too many ties.



By
HARRIET VAN HORNE

whose column, *Radio and Television*, appears daily in the N. Y. World Telegram.

FRED ALLEN Plans Retirement from Radio.
Edgar Bergen Speaks of Quitting Radio.
Jolson to Leave Radio at End of '49 Season.

If you're a reader of radio news, you've recently seen those headlines in your daily papers, and perhaps you've asked yourself what they mean, what's behind this exodus from the air.

Where *are* they going, the old friends we've been listening to for lo, these many years? Are they going to become the new familiar faces on television? Or have Jolson and Allen and the others simply tired of us before we tired of them? Anyway, there they go—at least, they say they're going—and such an upheaval in America's listening habits bears some looking into.

The first time I met Jack Benny I was a little surprised to hear myself say, "You know, I've been listening to you since I was a little girl."

I N T H E A I R



Maybe it was Charlie and Mortimer who influenced Bergen's final decision about radio.

It was no idle pleasantry. I have been listening to Jack for seventeen years. So have you. Giving a faithful ear to the funny men of radio is part of growing up in these United States. Quotations from radio programs are always accepted as conversational currency. Perhaps that's one reason the habit stays fixed through the years. That and the sentimental attachment one acquires to anything—a song, a custom, an idea—that has endured since the days of one's youth.

I can't even remember a time when there wasn't a program called Amos 'n' Andy. I'm sure this pair has been in radio as long as the vacuum tube.

It's interesting that radio, unlike the stage and screen, has built its reputation (and its fortune) on a handful of stars. And short-sightedly, radio has skidded along on the happy assumption that these stars will go on forever and ever. Recent

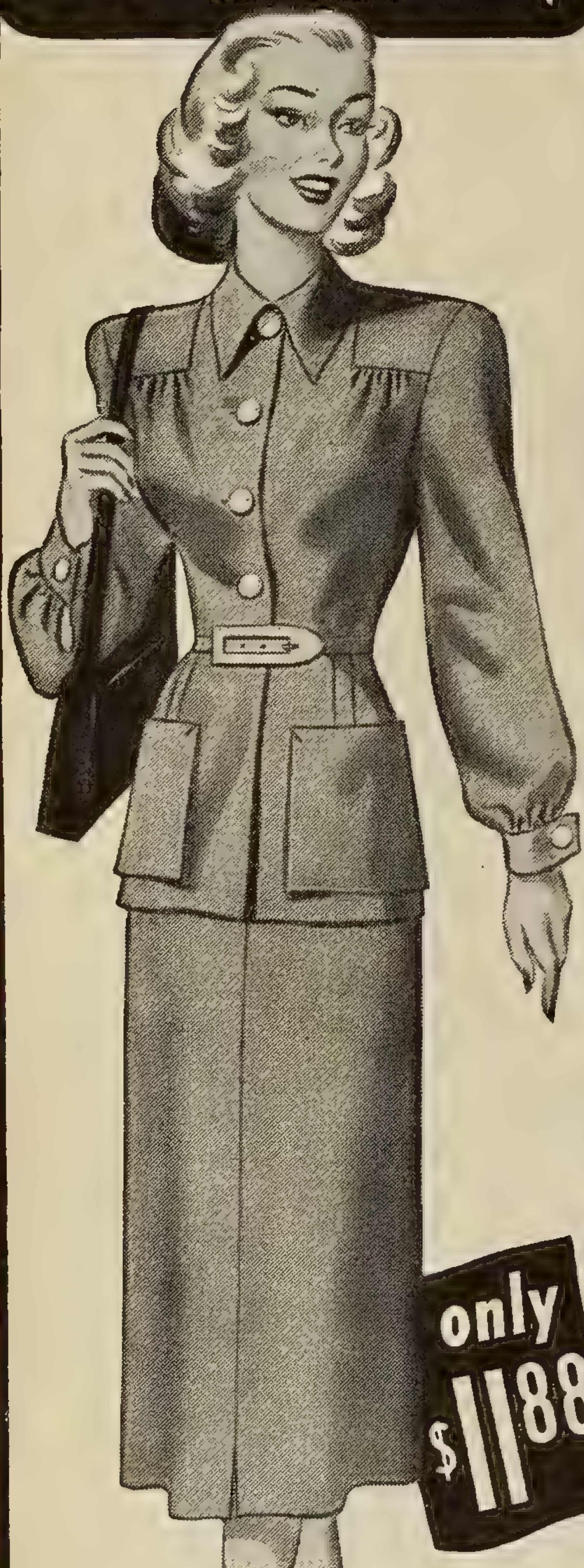
developments indicate that such isn't necessarily so. What radio is facing at the moment is the most serious crisis of its twenty-eight-year experience.

For radio's reigning favorites are growing restive. They want out.

Who will replace them? Nobody. At least, nobody the eye can see right now. Radio, fat and stuffy with years of success, never thought to have some eager young understudies, groomed and waiting in the wings. The result probably will be a spell of dull listening for the next year or two—until television becomes as universal as the old-fashioned, one-dimensional radio.

Just consider now, what personalities has your family been tuning to during the past decade? Jack Benny, Al Jolson, Edgar Bergen, Fred Allen, to cite a few of Mr. Hooper's ranking players. Of those four, Bergen has (Continued on page 103)

ORDER BY MAIL DIRECT...
 BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD
"Town 'n' Country"
 SUIT DRESS



THE GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED!
 It's Tailored of Vigorized Thorobred
 Crease-Resistant Gabardine

JACKET—Club Collar, Large Bellows Pockets,
 Inserted Square Yoke, Gold Finished Buttons
 & Buckle, Smart Bishop Sleeves with Tab Cuffs.

SKIRT—Smartly Tailored, the new Slim Skirt,
 Smart Slit Front.

COLORS: Black, Green, Blue, Gray, Brown.
 Regular sizes: 10 to 18; Junior sizes: 9 to 17

2 WAYS TO ORDER: 1. Send payment with
 order; we pay postage. You save postage and
 C. O. D. fee.
 2. We mail C. O. D. if you prefer.

BETTY CO-ED of Hollywood, Dept. 416
 6402 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Quantity	Size	COLOR	
		1st choice	2nd choice
Town 'n' Country			

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____
 In California, add 2½ % Sales Tax

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Facing the Music



The Duke's disc show, carried by WMCA, is also heard on KVOC,
 Casper, Wyo.; CKLW, Detroit, Mich.; WHAM, Memphis, Tenn.

SOME of the best news we've heard
 in many a cliché'd moon came
 with the announcement that Benny
 Goodman was again in front of a new
 band. Since then, we've heard that
 band—and it's wonderful! It's a big
 band, a modern band and a show band.
 Playing everything from be-bop to
 waltzes. Benny and his boys will make
 the customers happy any time and any
 place.

Here's some more good news—Kitty
 Kallen, who retired about a year ago
 to await the arrival of her son, Jon-
 athan, has now returned to the mu-
 sical scene via radio, night clubs, tele-
 vision and some brand new Mercury
 recordings that should put her right
 up on top again—where she most cer-
 tainly belongs.

Lionel Hampton, always a fine show-
 man, is really at his best on his Sat-
 urday noontime Mutual program. He
 puts the talent contestants completely
 at ease, enabling them to give their
 best, and each program produces a
 celebrity with some unusual story or
 little-known talent in diverse fields.

If you're one of the many who've
 been confused by the shifting of pro-
 grams from one network to another
 and from one time to another time,
 then we have a complaint in common!
 We spent a rainy Sunday twisting a
 dial for the Jane Froman show only
 to find that her Pause That Refreshes
 program is now heard on CBS each Fri-
 day night. Mr. Hooper, please note too!

There are many of us Jane Froman
 fans.

Be-Bop record collectors have been
 writing us about the Charlie Ventura
 group. They were right, Charlie's lat-
 est platters are in the "great" classifi-
 cation. The uninitiated will want to
 know that Ventura is now recording for
 RCA Victor—and, by the way, so are
 Fran Warren and Lucky Millinder.

Even blasé Hollywood was surprised
 when it was revealed that Meredith
 Willson is writing the commercials on
 his Wednesday revue. That makes him
 the only network star in the business
 doing the sales copy for his programs.
 The main reason is that his commercials
 are entertainment.

Vaudeville is opening up on the West
 Coast, surprisingly spurred by tele-
 vision. The Fox West Coast Theaters
 are hoping to lure some of radio's top
 names into a series of one-nighters and
 split weeks between their air show
 dates.

An unusual sport shirt for boys will
 be on the market soon, featuring many
 of the prominent bandleaders in the
 country. The shirt will have reproduc-
 tions of the faces of Sammy Kaye, Guy
 Lombardo, Benny Goodman, Gene
 Krupa, Woody Herman and Tex
 Beneke.

BY DUKE ELLINGTON

...dream girl, dream girl
 Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
 ...hair that gleams and glistens
 From a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier
 your hair can look...after a **Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

NOT A SOAP!
 NOT A LIQUID!
 BUT KAY DAUMIT'S
 RICH LATHERING
 CREAM SHAMPOO
 WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering
 Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar \$1; smaller jars and
 tubes, 49¢ and 25¢—Kay Daumit, Inc.
 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-
 blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN . . . for *true* hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, *tonight*...if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today! It's Kay Daumit's *exclusive* blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin.

This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—
 ...—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

"It's simply amazing!"

*Pan-Stik**

Max Factor's New
Cream-Type Make-Up
in the smart swivel-stick

AS EASY TO USE
AS YOUR LIPSTICK



A few light strokes of
Pan-Stik...smoothed with
your fingertips...a new,
lovelier complexion.



Quicker...easier...con-
venient for any unex-
pected make-up need.

Women are saying!

"My skin feels soft, smooth,
natural, refreshed; never
drawn, tight or dry."

"It covers blemishes, makes
my skin look more youthful
and stays fresh-looking from
morning to night."

"It's so easy to apply, goes on
smoothly and evenly, never
becomes greasy, streaky or
shiny."



Ann Southern

CO-STARRING IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
"WORDS AND MUSIC"



IN FIVE COLOR HARMONY SHADES \$1.50
AND TWO EXCITING SUN TAN SHADES

Only Hollywood's Make-Up Genius could bring
you a make-up like Pan-Stik. In an instant it
creates a new, delicately soft complexion. Your skin
looks flawless, fascinatingly beautiful... feels
gloriously natural... even refreshed. Pan-Stik takes
only seconds to apply... yet lasts for hours
without retouching. The new revolutionary swivel-
stick means quicker, easier application.

Pan-Stik is convenience itself... it's all you've
dreamed of in a make-up... "It's simply amazing!"

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means
Max Factor Hollywood Cream-Type Make-Up

*Max Factor * Hollywood*

Complete your make-up in Color Harmony for your type

"I believe that cosmetic color harmony is the most important single feature in accentuating beauty and charm."

MAX FACTOR * HOLLYWOOD



FACE POWDER...creates a satin
smooth make-up...in Color
Harmony shades for your type
...the finishing touch.



ROUGE...to harmonize with
your Lipstick...correct for
your type...adds color, and
accents your beauty.



LIPSTICK...3 flattering shades for
your type: Clear Red, Blue Red,
Rose Red. Correct for your col-
oring, correct for your costume.

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

By
MARY
JANE
FULTON



Peggy Knudsen frames her honey-blond coloring with the new "cover scarf," which features Radio Mirror's name.

Look this way!

FOLLOWING her graduation from the Duluth, Minnesota, high school, Peggy Knudsen's parents gave her a train ticket, pocket money, and their blessing, so that she could come to New York and seek fulfillment of her stage ambitions. Peggy's success came surprisingly soon. With characteristic modesty, she says that it was just the good luck of being in the right place at the right time.

But a bright girl like Peggy realizes that luck can be attracted. For instance, if she had relied solely on her dramatic talents, and not made the most of her good looks, she might never have been noticed by a Broadway talent scout at the Stage Door Canteen. As the result of his notice, she was soon playing the lead in a hit play. Not only because of her talent, but because of her prettiness, too, she was off to Hollywood with a long term contract in her purse. Of course, radio also claimed her. Dial twisters hear her on the air as Lois Graves, older sister on CBS's Junior Miss program.

Although you may not have Peggy's ambitions to become an actress, surely you're ambitious to be as beautiful as possible. And there's no better way to start than with good winter care. In cold weather, you know, your skin chaps easily. Even though you give it frantic, last-minute creaming and lotioning before donning a revealing dance frock, your arms and shoulders won't be so soft and white and lovely as they could be, if they had received daily lubrication.

First of all, Peggy gives soap and water top billing in the care of her skin. After a thorough, all-over scrubbing in the tub, she dries herself well with a Turkish towel, and uses its roughness to massage a glow and a tingle to her skin. Next, she slathers lots of hand cream or lotion on her legs, ankles, feet, arms, hands, chest, and neck, and massages it until dry.

Before retiring, she carefully cleanses off all make-up. After this preliminary step, Peggy then massages an emollient cream, oil, or lotion on her face and neck—even to "way down to here" on her chest, then wipes off the excess with facial tissues.

A foundation cream or lotion, applied beneath make-up, or a creamy cake make-up, also helps to protect your skin, she says, in the chill outdoors, or in drying, steam-heated temperatures indoors.

By following these few simple procedures for winter skin care, when you, too, don your pretty dance frock, you should look as lovely in it as Peggy does in hers.

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING



**Veto gives you
Double Protection!**

So effective ... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle ... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

**Veto lasts and lasts
from bath to bath!**

R
M

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

MA PERKINS has been on the air a matter of fifteen years, and when that anniversary came round recently it didn't go unnoticed. Ma and the rest of the cast were guests of honor at a big old-time party at New York's Old Knick Music Hall. It was a party anyone in Rushville Center, Ma's home town, would have loved. Square dancing, sack races, a loud, fast auction—all the trimmings—made a big evening for the guests, many of whom were members of other radio daytime drama casts, all suitably costumed or identified so that they could greet one another like convention-goers, by first names. And when didn't sawdust on the floor and a good loud "caller" for the square dancing add up to a good party—whether in New York or in Rushville Center?

One thing always ties in with the other. Now, it

is said that the reduction in the numbers of pictures being made in Hollywood is responsible for cutting the prices on radio guest star appearances. Even with the lower prices, coast stars are competing for guest shots in order to keep their names before the public. And there's a vicious circle quality about all this—as long as they keep competing, the prices are going to stay low and go lower.

* * *

Producers of the Junior Miss program are finding that teen-age type actresses are subject to special hazards. Twice in recent months, Beverly Wills has turned up at the studio with a fractured finger. The first time she broke a finger while playing volley ball at Los Angeles Emerson Junior High. The second time it was basketball that did the dirty work. (Continued on page 22)

By DALE BANKS

Part of the fun at the big party for Ma Perkins' 15th birthday was the entertainment contest in which program casts competed. The Ma Perkins cast gave a good imitation of a glee club.





The Old Knickerbocker Music Hall, in N. Y. C., was decorated with Rushville Center scenes for Ma Perkins' party. Calf was biggest of many gifts Ma got.



One of the big events was a sack race, but sitting it out gave Wendy (Florence Freeman) and Mother Young (Marion Barney) time to gossip with Ma.



New friends—Lorna Lynn, who plays Barbara Dennis in one of radio's newer dramas, The Brighter Day, learned that Dr. Malone's dog is really Donald Bain.



Old friends—Papa David, of Life Can Be Beautiful (Ralph Locke), claiming his rights as fellow radio veteran, captured Ma for the first square dance.

The program Ma Perkins is heard Monday through Friday at 3:15 P.M. EST on NBC. 1:15 P.M. EST on CBS.

SALON-SAFE FOR "DIFFICULT" HAIR

SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD

Here's the home permanent that even women with "hard-to-wave" hair can give themselves with real confidence of salon-type results!

For with the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent, you use the same sort of preparations...even the same improved cold wave process found best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, cream waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job. *If you can roll your hair on curlers, you'll manage beautifully!*

There isn't a lovelier, more luxurious, softer home wave for *any* head! Price, \$2.75; refill without rods, \$1.50.
(All prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax.)



ONLY RICHARD HUDNUT HAS ALL 7!

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
2. Waving lotion more penetrating, but gentler! Ample for complete coverage, including special Hudnut pre-softening.
3. Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
4. Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave...non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse—famous for reconditioning and lustre-giving.
7. Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

*New!
Improved!* **Richard Hudnut**
Home Permanent



COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 21)

Gloria Breneman, 20-year-old daughter of the late Tom Breneman is setting out on a radio and stage career of her own, now. The nice touch is that she was given her first network break by one of her daddy's friendly rivals, Don McNeill of Breakfast Club fame.

Ted Collins has received an offer from a leading publisher to write a book on his experiences in the entertainment world. It should make an exciting book, if he writes it, since Collins is one of the most colorful men in show business.

Bill Lawrence, director of Screen Guild Players, has been given the signal honor of directing the annual Academy Awards broadcast over ABC, March 24th. George Jessel has been appointed master of ceremonies and the broadcast will be either an hour, or an hour and a half in length.

Look for Dick Powell to be back on the air soon, if he isn't already a regular by the time this appears. CBS is working on a new dramatic series for Powell.

Although sponsors have dropped the Date With Judy program, they've retained the services of that show's director, Helen Mack, who now produces the Alan Young show, which took up the time slot—and sponsor—of the "Judy" stanza. Miss Mack is one of the few lady producers in radio.

Lucille Fletcher's "Sorry, Wrong Number," the radio masterpiece which has been made into a movie and has been repeated eleven times on the air since it was first written, will probably become a once-a-year fixture on the Suspense program. Agnes Moorehead, whose superb acting has done much to make the success of the half-hour play, has recently asked the Decca company to take some legal action to prevent disc jockeys from playing her album version of the play, a move we can understand, since she gets nothing for these extra performances and they can cut into her earnings by killing interest in the show.

Don Ameche's new air contract will keep him from making a movie for at least a year. The new deal calls for Don to headline the radio show five half hours a week. With rehearsals and preparation that takes up too much time to allow for the rigid schedules of movie work.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER... The Lone Ranger is due for filming and telecasting as a half hour video show sometime in March... Radio Actress Anne Seymour will play a leading role in the motion picture, "All The King's Men"... Larry Adler has signed a five-year contract to star in pictures and telefilms... Clark Dennis may portray John McCormack, the great Irish tenor, in the forthcoming film based on his career... Jeff Corey signed to play a key role in Republic's "Hide-Out"... Count Basie and Pearl Bailey have been signed for theater appearances together... Jack Bailey has turned author, his book "What's Cookin'" now available in the stores... and that's enough of this stuff for now. Happy listening... and remember, the stars and networks like to hear from you.

What I think of WALTER WINCHELL

There's no middle course—either you love Winchell or you hate him!

RADIO MIRROR sent a reporter and a photographer out to ask people, chosen at random, how they felt about Walter Winchell—a man who is heard and discussed and judged by everyone. Here are some of the answers to the reporter's questions. Others are found on page 99.



Connie Haines
Singing Star
New York City

"When something is wrong, Winchell comes out with it and tries to get something done. He'll stick his neck out on issues that

other people may disagree on. I've listened to him and admired his dynamic, frank opinions. Although I don't always agree, I believe in his integrity. Winchell can't be praised too much for the boost he's given to talent that would otherwise have remained anonymous."



Joe E. Brown
Star Comedian
Hollywood, Calif.

"Walter Winchell is nose-y and newsy. He not only finds headlines but makes them. I've known him over thirty years,

and even back then his personality and writing were dynamic. His ideas are good but not necessarily unbiased because of his zealotry. A person with so much power should always remember his responsibilities. It is not right to allow personal feelings to enter into news reports."



Barbara Jane Ault
Real Estate Sales
Spokane, Wash.

"I don't much care for Walter Winchell, although I've been listening to him for three years, because he seems to be a

bit malicious and deals too much in high class gossip to suit my tastes. I don't think he's helping us to keep the peace with Russia. He's too much of an alarmist. He wields great power and it's too bad that a man with his influence doesn't use it to promote more good will."



Marjorie Carbone
Housewife, Mother
Astoria, Long Is and

"Winchell is not only a good reporter—his ability for showmanship is exciting and tends to make every piece of

news a short drama. When Winchell first comes out with some startling news people are first inclined to doubt it but he always substantiates it. I like his direct way of presentation and if he is wrong, he's not afraid to admit it. I've been listening to him for five years."



Arthur Chodosh
Attorney
Bronx, New York

"Given all the facts, the American people will do the right thing. Walter Winchell is a guiding force in giving the people all

the facts in matters in which they are vitally interested. His vast audience is a tribute to his fearlessness, sincerity and zeal. He sometimes steps on the toes of people in high places—but even his detractors cannot doubt his sincerity as a champion of our way of life."



Sarah B. Jackson
Supervisor of Nurses
Louisville, Kentucky

"I'm crazy about Walter Winchell's voice and the staccato delivery of his remarks. For five years I've tuned Winchell in regularly

each Sunday night—I always listen because I think he is both dramatic and honest. I love to hear his news scoops and also his interesting personal items. And one of the things I appreciate most of all is the brevity with which he presents his news items."

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WALTER WINCHELL? TURN TO NEXT PAGE

WHAT DO **YOU**

You've told your friends

and family how you feel

about Winchell—now tell

Radio Mirror. Your opinion

may win a valuable prize!

What does a Winchell broadcast (Sunday nights at 9 EST, ABC) leave you thinking . . . about Winchell? What you have to say may win the new 1949 Kaiser sedan, or another valuable prize.

THINK OF WALTER WINCHELL?

WALTER WINCHELL isn't the kind of man, nor is his radio program the kind of program, that you can "take or leave alone." He is one of the best-known, most thought-about and talked-about men in the country. Everywhere, Monday morning conversations begin, "Did you hear Winchell last night? Now here's what I think—" Everyone listens to him, everyone—agreeing or disagreeing—talks about him.

You, too, have doubtless spoken your mind about him to your friends or your family. Now, here's a chance to win a wonderful prize for your opinion of Walter Winchell simply by putting down on paper the things you've said and thought and felt about him, and sending that statement to RADIO MIRROR. The editors of RADIO MIRROR will give, to the person whose statement they consider the most interesting and original, a brand new 1949 Kaiser

automobile, just like the one pictured below. There will be other prizes, too—five dollars to the writer of each of the forty next-best statements.

Write clearly, on one side of the paper only. Put down exactly what you think, exactly how you feel about Walter Winchell, in seventy-five words or less. Fill out the entry blank below, attach it to your statement, and mail both statement and blank to Winchell Contest, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Send as many statements as you like, but each one must have an entry blank attached.

RADIO MIRROR editors will be judges and their decision will be final. Your letter must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 1, to be considered. No entries will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail, and a complete list of winners will appear in the June, 1949, issue of RADIO MIRROR.

HERE IS MY STATEMENT, IN 75 WORDS OR LESS, ANSWERING THE QUESTION, "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WALTER WINCHELL?"

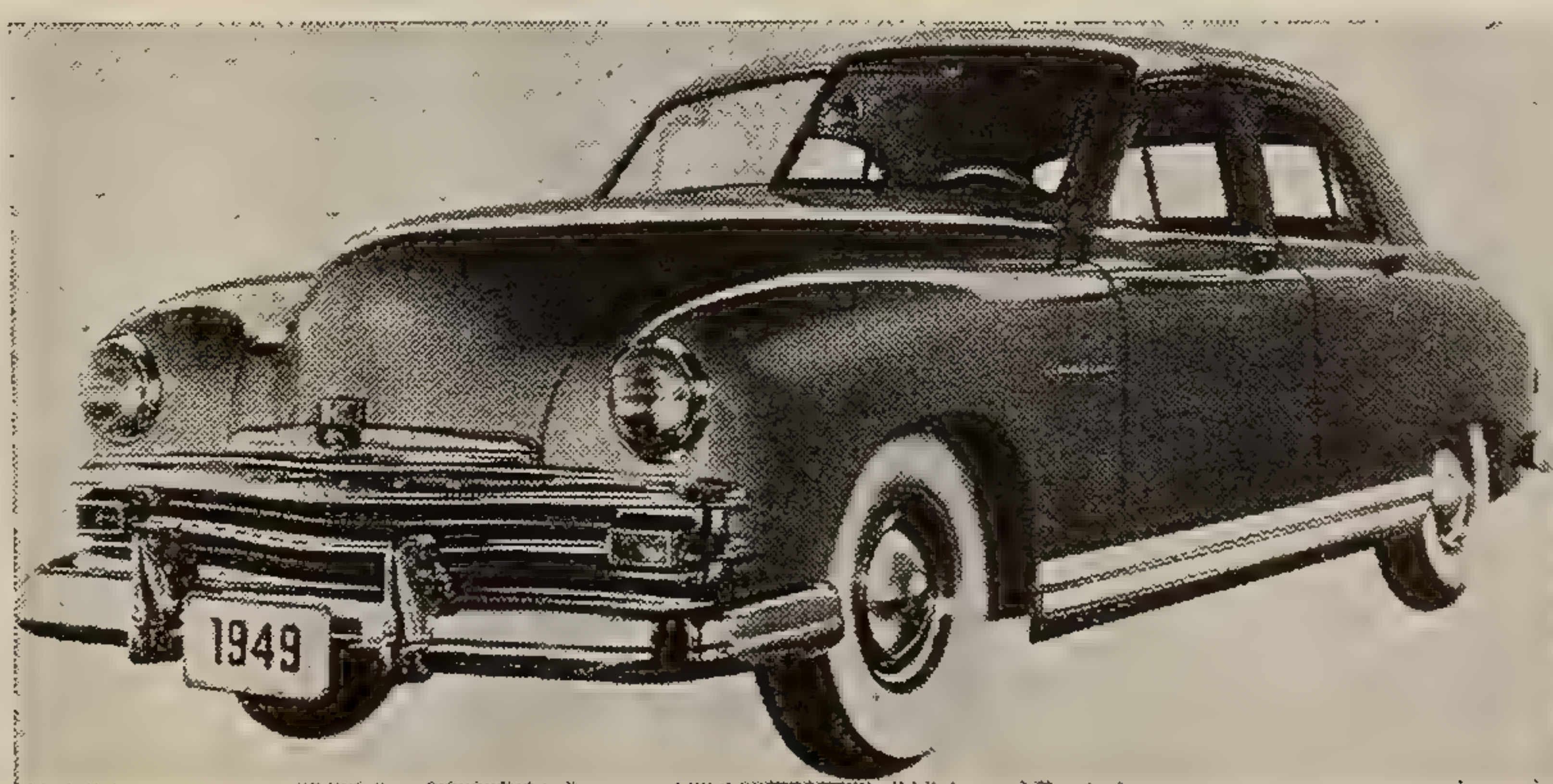
MY NAME IS.....

MY ADDRESS IS..... ZONE.....

CITY..... STATE.....

I understand that the prize winners will be chosen by the editors of Radio Mirror, and that their decision will be final, and that my entry will not be returned to me. My statement is attached to this entry blank.

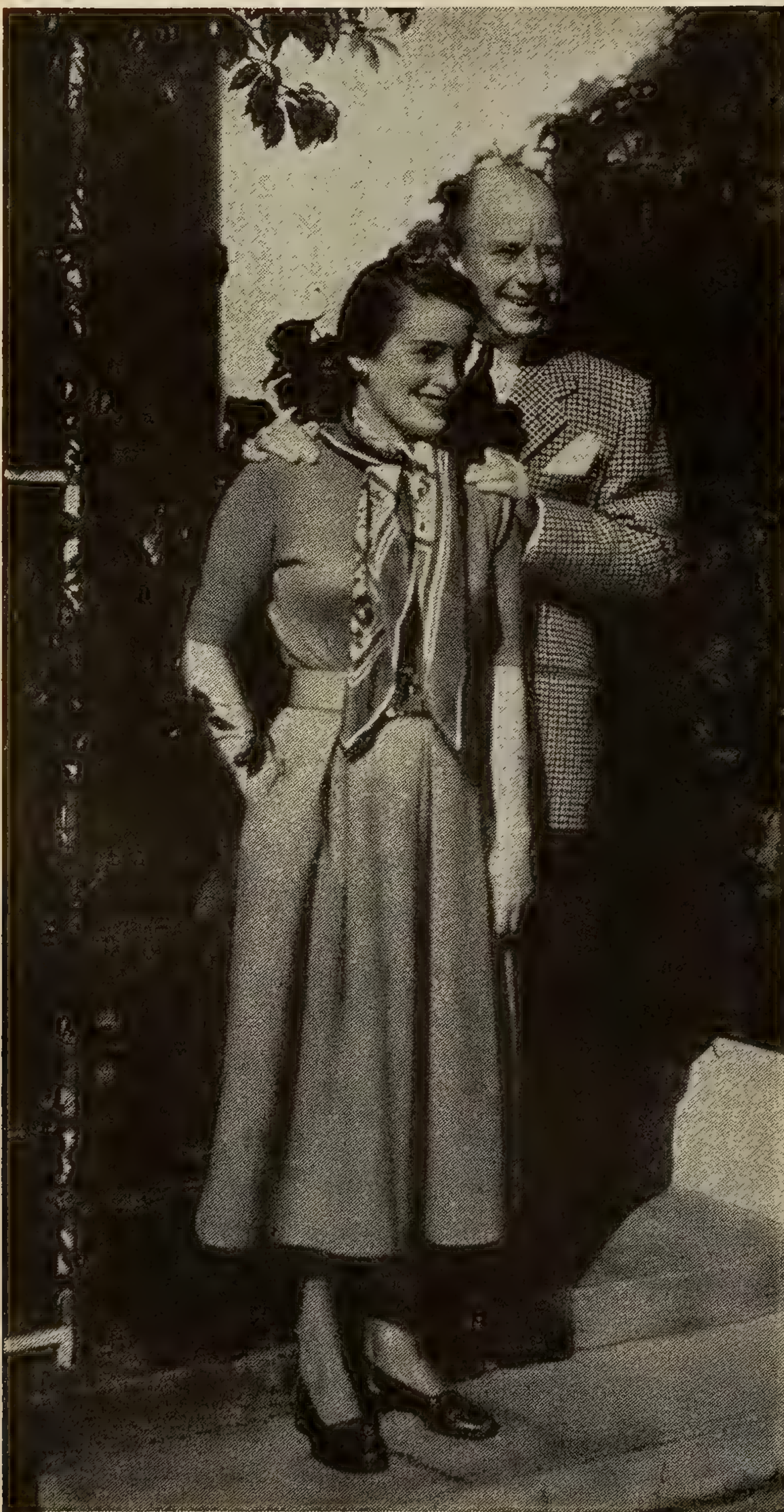
(Mail your statement, with this blank attached, to Winchell Contest, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. You may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by an entry blank.)



Come and Visit **AMOS**

Meet Freeman Gosden, the younger half of radio's oldest team

By ALICE CRAIG GREENE



R
M Jane's practically a bride: the Gosdens married four years ago.

TO millions of American radio listeners, the Kingfish, Amos and Lightnin' live in New York City's Harlem. Actually the three are one person, and they live—under the name of Freeman Gosden—in a beautiful white house on a winding street in Beverly Hills, California.

The younger—and Amos-Kingfish-Lightnin'—half of the most famous pair on radio, the program that began America's "listening habit," is probably as little known physically to his public as he is well-known audibly. Neither Gosden nor Charlie Correll, who plays Andy, would be any kind of a subject for a "Mr. Hush" contest, where they'd have to depend on their voices for disguise. Because for a quarter of a century now, those voices have been well-known to a delighted listening audience.

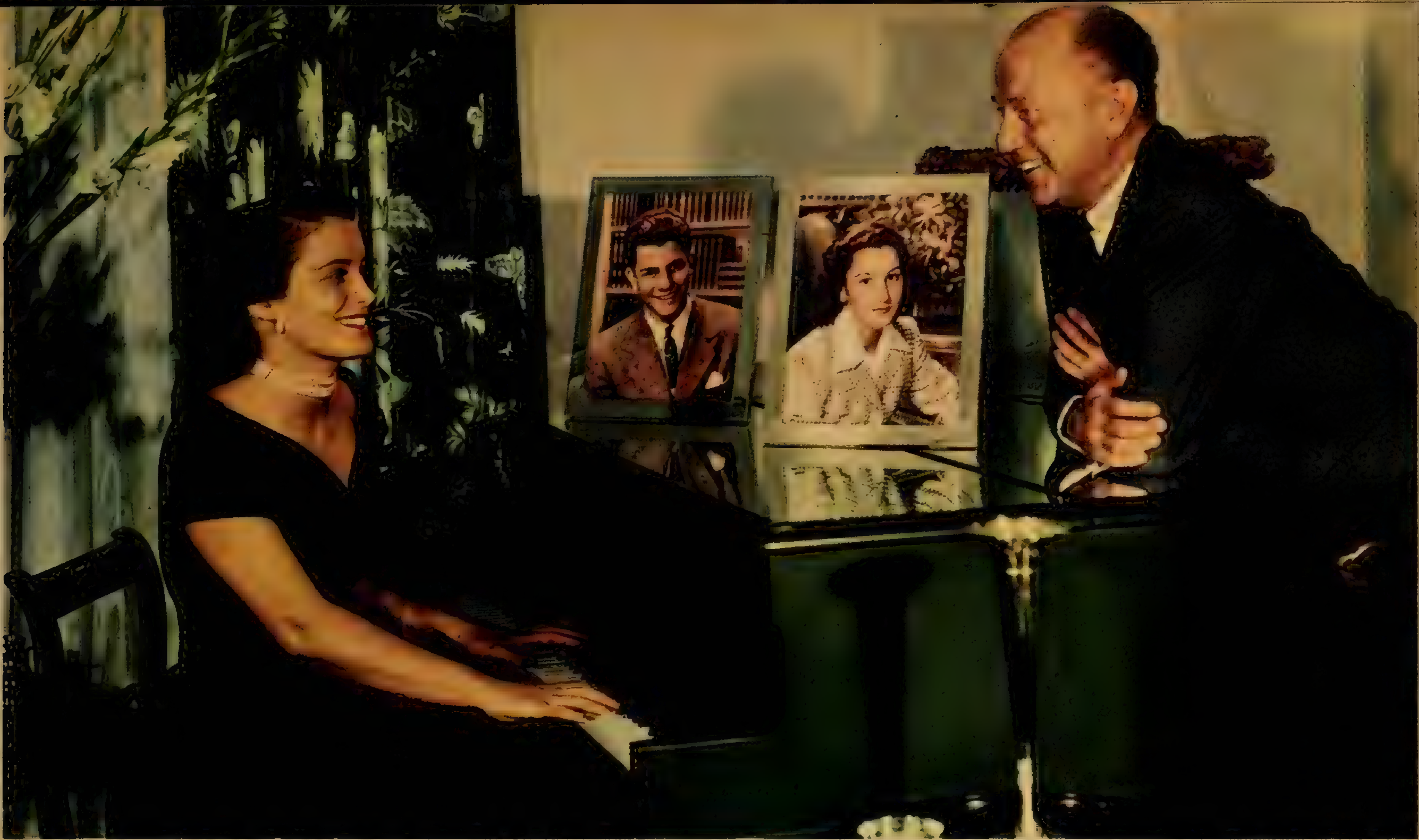
But since you could pass either of them on the streets and probably not know them, a physical description may be in order. Nervous, articulate, witty, gum-chewing Freeman Gosden, at 49, has the confident manner of the arrived guy who has come up from scratch. His reddish hair is growing a trifle sparse, his reddish eyebrows beetle over restless curious eyes. Very friendly, his enthusiasms rush off with him physically as well as mentally. When he opens his mouth to let that southern accent pour out with a story, it's ten to one he'll be up walking through it, and acting it out, before he's through. He's definitely the kind of a guy you'd like to have at your party.

A confirmed worrier, Gosden worries to make each show better than last week's. Yet he's also good-natured, and optimistic. He never has wanted to allow himself to build up things for a let-down. This frame of mind has induced success. In their entire career, the boys have never had a serious let-down. Even in the depths of the depression, they had some of their very best times financially.

Freeman lives in that house in Beverly Hills with a very lovely girl named Jane, whom he married four years ago.

"We met at a party here in town," Freeman tells it. "A dinner at a friend's house in Hollywood. She and her brother were there. All I could see was this small (about five feet two), pretty girl with the fine features and the honey blonde hair and the very, very blue eyes. But I'd caught the fact that both these kids had the last name of Stoneham, and for a minute I was afraid they (Continued on page 89)

TO VISIT ANDY
TURN TO NEXT PAGE



Freeman Jr. and Virginia, children of Freeman's first marriage, are away at school, but their portraits join the family circle.



Freeman's the worrying type, and Jane sees it as part of her job to keep his at-home hours peacefully pleasant. Art is a mutual hobby; that's their prized Grandma Moses painting on the wall, above.



Come and Visit **ANDY**

Off-duty, Charlie Correll doesn't

paint or putter. His hobby is the most

rewarding in the world: his family



Correll's Kid Camp in action: Jack, Dick, Barbara, Charlie Jr., Dorothy.

CHARLIE CORRELL—the “Andy” half of the famous team—declares that any week now he is going to put up a flagpole in front of his place and a sign reading Holmby Hills Country Club. Actually, although the eighteen-roomed Georgian colonial structure the Corrells call home does look a little like a country club, it might more aptly be called Correll's Kid Camp.

Through its spacious rooms and over its polished floors constantly race five determined and lusty Correll youngsters and their assorted friends. There is Dorothy, who is nine; Barbara, seven; Charles, five; Jack, three; and Dick, just approaching his first birthday.

Charlie, a gray-haired, stocky pixie with a wicked twinkle in his blue eyes and a ruddy complexion that grows ruddier with laughter, has a satisfying and exciting hobby—his family, the above-named five and his wife, Alyce. Alyce is a small (five feet tall) curvaceous, pretty woman, with big dark eyes and very white skin. Vivacious and filled with as great a love of laughter as is Charlie, Alyce shares his joy in a big family.

After their marriage in 1937, Charlie and Alyce lived in an apartment in town while they were having their Holmby Hills place built. From the beginning Alyce insisted on a large house, and that's what the great Negro architect, Paul Williams, designed for them.

There's a lot of ground, a large pool—“Just right for kids,” Charlie says. “When we first moved in, I thought it was a little silly that we'd built such a huge place. But Alyce had her mind set on a family of six all along. Now that we have the five, we don't have any too much room.”

Amos 'n' Andy is heard Sunday nights at 7:30 EST, on CBS.

(Continued on page 74)



Alyce was part of a dancing team when she and Charlie met.



There is a playroom, but the kids have the run of the house.

The doll is a stand-in for Dick, whose bedtime comes early. Both Charlie and Alyce would like one more child—"an even half dozen."



This QUIZ

For and against,

the quiz show controversy

still rages. But

Bob Hawk says: "Watch a

quiz audience; then

watch any other audience.

There's your answer!"

By

BOB HAWK

The Bob Hawk Show is heard Monday nights at 10:30 EST, CBS stations.

ARE quiz shows here to stay?

What a question!

Of course they are! There's nothing on the air that can top a good quiz. What other type of show can compare to it in mass appeal, in audience participation, in spontaneity, in unrehearsed humor and in, above all, just plain, downright folksiness?

Let me prove my point.

Let's watch an audience listening in to a comedy show, for instance (and you can name your own comedian, too), and then let's compare it to an audience listening in to a quiz program.

The comedy show audience is thoroughly relaxed; they lean back in their chairs, puffing away on their cigarettes and, in general, taking things very, very easy. No matter how funny the act, how loud the laughter, their reaction is, nevertheless, purely passive. Their participation in the show is nil. At the most, the audience plays the role of amused observers.

Now, let's take an audience listening in to a good quiz program.

Watch the way they lean forward in their chairs, the intent expressions on their faces, the breathless hush when the quiz master fires his question. Hear their exclamations of pleasure when the contestant answers the question correctly; hear their groans of dismay if he fumbles with the question or can't answer it. Observe how they then urge on the contestant, encourage him, pray for him and, in the end, call out the correct answer in the vain hope that he'll hear it.

Nothing passive about this audience! No, sir!

What makes for the difference? Simple. Mostly, it's just a case of self-identification.

After all, who are our contestants but average folks from all walks of life: school-teachers, career girls, housewives, factory workers, businessmen, grocery clerks, etc., etc.?

And who is our listening audience but average folks from all walks of life: school-teachers, career girls, housewives, factory workers, businessmen, grocery clerks, etc., etc.?

Thus John and Mary Stay-at-Home enjoy the thrilling sensation of identifying themselves with the contestant at the microphone. If he wins, they win; if he loses, they lose.

But it's not only a matter of identification. It's more than that. It's also a case of competition. At the same time they are identifying themselves with the contestant, John and Mary are getting the double thrill of competing with that very same contestant, pitting their knowledge against his. Is there any other type of show on the air that can supply this one-two punch?

In audience participation, a quiz show can't be beat. It can't even be touched. It stands by itself. It's a people's program. In fact, that's what a good quiz should be called: A Program for the Common People.

I remember when I first got into the quiz business. That was way back in 1936. I was out in Chicago, then.

Some nine years before, in the summer of 1927, I had come to the Windy City to work for an uncle of mine. My uncle was rich and I was poor. It was natural that we should get together.

I'm kidding, of course. The fact is, I (Continued on page 88)

Business

Bob Hawk piles up a big score on the "plus" side of the quiz question.



Life without

"One good parent," Eve believes, "can do a far better job for a child than two ill-suited parents who wrangle constantly."



Father



At tea-party time—with baby Constance still too young to play—Liza and Eve eat enough for three.

BECAUSE, on the CBS program *Our Miss Brooks*, I play the role of a schoolteacher, and because a schoolteacher is supposed to know everything, I receive a great deal of mail which asks my opinion on various subjects.

Also, because it is well known that I am divorced, and that I have two adopted daughters, Liza, who is just past four, and Constance, who is a year and a half, much of my opinion-seeking mail asks in essence, "Is one parent enough to guarantee a child a fair start in life?"

Although I'm not a controversial person and I usually try to avoid even mild discussions, I am now going to stick my neck out and say that I don't think it is the *number* of parents in a home that matters. I think the crucial factor is the *quality* of the person or persons who assume the responsibility of parenthood.

Without doubt, two good parents are better than *one* good parent, but circumstances sometimes give no choice in that matter. That much-abused phrase "rearing a child alone" appears to have been a bugaboo down through the ages. I want to be quick to (*Continued on page 84*)



Nobody, in Liza's opinion, can make funnies sound quite as funny as Eve can.



Liza knows her mother's busy working, but she knows too that Eve won't let anything interfere with their playtime.

By EVE ARDEN

Eve Arden stars in *Our Miss Brooks*, Sundays at 9:30 P.M. EST, on CBS.



Can one parent do a good job? Here's Eve's answer, with Liza and Constance to prove it



Nora knows love's greatest sadness, for hers is a woman's heart—it cannot forget

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

Young, lovely NORA DRAKE, nurse on the staff of Page Memorial Hospital in Anytown, USA, shares with many young women the problem of combining a career with personal happiness. But Nora's problem is doubly difficult: Dr. Ken Martinson, whom she loves, is married. And, incomplete as her own life is, Nora pities the bitter Peg Martinson. (Nora Drake is played by Joan Tompkins)



Soon after his marriage to Peg King, daughter of a wealthy hospital trustee, Dr. KEN MARTINSON realized he still loved Nora, and asked for a divorce. But Peg refused to release him, and now Ken cannot insist because a tragic automobile accident transformed his wife into a helpless, dependent invalid. (played by Alan Hewitt)

Headstrong PEG MARTINSON took Ken away from Nora—but is paying a dreadful price to keep him. The crash that crippled her occurred when, blind with rage, she drove away from seeing Nora. Now she must live with the knowledge that Ken does not love her, and that her father, for once, cannot help her. (played by Joan Alexander)



ROSE FULLER, head nurse at Page Memorial, is a wise, mature woman, a devoted friend to Nora. Nora's troubles are never so overwhelming after she has talked them over with Rose. Indeed, Rose gives unsparingly of herself to everyone who seems to need her, never withholding help even though she knows she is fatally ill.
(Rose Fuller is played by Irene Hubbard)

THIS IS NORA DRAKE

FRED MOLINA was a big-time gambler when, through her father, he met Nora. Deciding that she stood for things he really wanted, Fred tried to win Nora's friendship. Arthur Drake ordered him to stop seeing Nora, then in a fury shot him. But Fred remained loyal to Drake during the latter's trial and imprisonment.
(Fred Molina is played by Larry Haines)



ANDREW KING has everything that money can buy except his daughter's happiness. He is the only one who really understands that Peg is her own worst enemy—and that she will destroy herself and others to get what she wants. Helpless to check Peg's powerful emotions, Andrew can only try to guide them.
(Andrew King is played by Roger De Koven)

This Is Nora Drake is heard Monday—



SUZANNE TURRIE, 18-year-old refugee, has been warmly befriended by Nora. Suzanne, whose parents disappeared somewhere in Europe, is the ward of Assistant District Attorney Charles Dobbs, prosecutor in Arthur Drake's case. An idealist, deeply disturbed by the world's confusion, Dobbs can forget evil for a time when listening to Suzanne's brilliant piano-playing. But his exaltation is troubled by the suspicion that young Suzanne is falling in love with him. (Dobbs is Grant Richards; Suzanne is Joan Larring)

ARTHUR DRAKE, Nora's amiable but weak Dad, is gaining a new insight into himself and his relationships with others while serving his prison term for shooting Molina. Though her father's imprisonment is a torment to Nora, Arthur may emerge a better man with a completely new attitude toward life. (Arthur Drake is played by Ralph Bell)





Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

CHAT WITH A CAT

Saucers of cream,
Grade A beef,
Tender mice
And a catnip leaf.

Priceless carpet to sharpen claws,
Silken cushions for soiled paws.
Mine the choice to amuse or ignore
Slaves who open and shut my door.
Mine the right, should the shrimp be stale,
With lifted whisker and twitching tail,
To demand and get an apology
From the cook who dared the atrocity.

Men are a superstitious lot
And easy prey to a feline plot.
My best, by far, is the frightened stare
At things that obviously aren't there.

They locked me in when the moon was high,
And Butch, the beggar with one good eye,
Coaxed with a yowl and a wistful mew,
And I got out and they never knew.
They laid their plans for a family
From the Silver Tom with the pedigree,
But he's a snob, and his voice is vile,
And besides, MY ancestors ruled the Nile.
When not a kitten had silver hair
They washed their hands of the whole
affair,
And muttered together in apprehension
Of witches and devils and fourth dimension.

Saucers of cream
Caviar,
An alley cat
With a battle scar.

One life spent and eight to go
And I dreamed last night in the sixth or so
I'll find a jungle and prowl about
In tiger stripes . . . AND THEN WATCH OUT!

—Mary Anspach Simon

Hello There:

March winds may blow away clouds and rain . . . but as surely as they do, they blow in some of the best of America's poetry. Here it is, poetry with brief, breezy titles . . . wind-blown pictures . . . and stormy stories. If March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb . . . well . . . that's life; and so are the poems on this page . . . the lives of a lot of folks all over America . . . who face the winds of every day . . . in March or April or May. And like the clouds and rain blown away by the wind, we hope these poems may clear away some of the clouds in your life.

—Ted Malone.

BUTTER MOONS

Old Aunt Mimmie never keeps track of money,
Never knows how much butter, as dollars go,
She's made a roll of, but close on fifty years now,
She's kept her figures, ledger row on row,
And she can tell you, positive and plain,
How many pounds have moulded to her hand,
Cool and sweet and sprinkled with drops like dew,
How many full moons fitting a harvest land
Wax to an old-gold zenith from her churn.
And she will tell you: woman need ask no more
Than a bit of labor next-of-kin to earth,
Two nimble hands, an eye that counts its store
In coin of butter, like moons for a pasture hung,
And buttermilk's wild tang beneath her tongue.

—Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

FIDDLER

No one ever knew the titles
Of the tunes that Patrick played.
He gathered them from hills and hedges
At the source where they were made.

A thousand timbres flecked his numbers,
The start of a hare when scent of fox
Came on the wind with voices of warning,
Then the breathless race over lichen and rocks.

Lightning in purple whipcord flashes
Sprang from his bow to the fiddle strings,
After a storm there would be the laughing
Of brooks and sun on the flapping of wings.

Patrick could play the summer over
In the icy hush of the winter's chill,
Could bring back birdsong and a falling star,
Then meet spring coming over the hill.

Never was there the sound of a season
But Patrick could catch its undertone,
Then out of his heart with flying fingers
Make of each one a song of his own.

—Anne Tansey

Between the

DISCOVERY

Man wants but little here below
(I've learned this to my sorrow,)
Except what he can take by show
Of force, and capture, blow by blow
Or beg or steal or borrow.

—Sydney King Russell

OF A FEATHER

Women bear a reputation
For making catty conversa-
tion,

And they deserve it, too. But,
then—

Just listen in some day on
men!

—W. E. Farbstain

ABANDONED HOMESTEAD

I wonder what there was about the farm
That gripped our hearts in bands that hold them still?
In winter we were cold; in summer, warm;
Precarious our perch upon the hill.
What did we ever know save fruitless toil
And failing crops—drouth and unhappiness?
What pay receive from that old, worn-out soil?
For our hard years what do we now possess?
And yet—I always turn my eyes away
When we drive past. It saddens me, somehow,
To see the house so fallen to decay . . .
The fallow fields that never know a plow.
And once I wept . . . I couldn't help but see
A storm had felled my favorite apple tree.

—Mary Mabel Wirries

SUPER-CARBONATED

"Don't bother Mama,"—the family said;
"She's learning how to write—
The strangest things come out of her
head—
Morning, noon and night.
Don't bother Mama—she's writing
fillers—
With editors she's dated—
Her efforts end in shorts and thrillers—
She's super-carbonated!
Don't bother Mama"—we gently say,
"She'll never be the same!
She sold a manuscript today—
And put the check in a frame!"

—Ruth B. Smoker

NIGHT WATCH

The cares of night enfold the town,
The darkness flows like water,
But every child is not asleep,
My daughter, oh my daughter!
My heart is troubled. Even now,
The waves of dawn are breaking,
And in the margins of the east
The little lights are waking.
Your father sleeps his life away;
Time has for him no meaning,
But oh, I feel the tired night
Upon my shoulders leaning!
While at the threshold of my heart
The hounds of fear are snarling,
And if you aren't home by dawn,
My darling, oh my darling!
Some mother's son will surely pay,
And you, my dearest daughter,
Will dine tomorrow (standing up)
On melba toast and water.

—Faye Chilcote Walker

FRESH BREAD

She shuddered when she heard the wind-swung gate
Slam shut, knowing he was outside and nevermore
Would come in whistling from the field to chore
When the sun dropped low. There was no need to wait
The supper now . . . she was not the first that fate
Had so bereft—other women lived and bore
A double load; men had been lost before . . .
But companioned misery did not abate
Her pain. The bus would clatter by from school
And hungry children must be met and fed;
She sensed some comfort in familiar smell
Of fresh-baked loaves turned on the shelf to cool
And life felt safer, somehow, when the bread
Was made, she thought—and it turned out so well.

—Nellie Burget Miller

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.

Bookends

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday mornings at 11:30 EST over ABC

When a Girl

Dear Joan Davis:

I have always believed that if a person was old enough to decide to get married, she was old enough to settle any problems that might come up. But—I guess you can't anticipate the kind of things that *do* come up! I've been married for three years to a boy I'm crazy about, and everything has been fine although (and this is a big although) we have had to make our home with his mother and father. Bobby's father is no problem because he is a traveling man, and only home about half of every month, but Bobby's mother is another story. Not that there isn't plenty of room; there is. And not that she's bossy or interfering. She's just always there, part of the family. Or, rather, *we* are part of *her* family. But I don't care about anything, as long as Bobby and I are together, and he feels the same way. Except, now, we're going to have a baby. Joan, I think this makes us a family in our own right—and that's my problem.

You see, living with Bobby's mother, we've saved a lot on living expenses. Bobby doesn't make very much—as what young veteran does, with prices the way they are!—and this saving has helped us along a great deal. We *could* get a small apartment of our own, here in town, that would be large enough for us after the baby came—but this would mean more than doubling our monthly expenses. I've figured and figured, but I can't see any way out. We could just do it. It would mean no

possibility of saving; no new clothes; no extra expenses however small; maybe not even a baby sitter more than once a month. But we could squeeze through, that way. I think we ought to try it. But Bobby—well, I guess the extra load worries him too much; he wants us to stay put. I just can't figure out what would be most sensible—and I don't want another woman bringing up my baby.

Helen L. K.

Dear Helen K:

I think, from your letter, that you really like your mother-in-law, are really able to get along with her. That's not as rare as the stories and movies would have us believe, but just the same that friendship is a valuable one—valuable enough to be preserved, even if the preserving of it does entail some sacrifice. Don't misunderstand me; I believe with all my heart that a young couple should save a part of their income. And I believe, too, that the big and wonderful happiness of marriage depends on a lot of little happinesses, some of them as unimportant as new dresses and an occasional fling.

But it's as true today as it always has been and always will be—there's not room for two families under one roof, no matter how well those two families seem to get along in the beginning. You and your husband and this new baby of yours are entitled to a home of your own. And, looking at the other side for a mo-

Have you a problem for Joan Davis this month? If you haven't,

Marries

ment—so is your mother-in-law!

I can only tell you what I'd do if I were in your place. It's this: I'd do my very best to find a home of my own. I think you'll find that all the scrimping and saving you have to do to accomplish it will be well repaid in the long run. You and your husband and child will be happier, and you'll keep that very valuable friendship and mutual respect that now exists between you and your mother-in-law.

—Joan Davis

Dear Joan Davis:

I'm a small town girl. I know that sounds defiant and defensive—and it is. I've lived all my life in this town, my parents and grandparents are known here by everyone, and I met the boy I'm about to marry here because this is his town too. I've never wanted to leave it. But he does, Joan. It's Kenneth's idea that, after we're married, the thing for us to do is light out for the nearest big city, which is around ninety miles away. That means—oh, it means so many things, so many dislocations, I think the word is. Anyway, it certainly means we could only get home every now and then. We know absolutely nobody in the city—I'd have to make new friends, if I could. I've never had to do that; I've had my friends around me all of my life! And all the other strange, frightening changes—I don't see how I can face them. Ken says that if he's ever to "get anywhere," in (Continued on page 97)



By
JOAN DAVIS

Heroine of *When A Girl Marries*, played
by Mary Jane Higby

Each month on these pages, Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or of law. Address your letters to Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Joan will also choose, for each issue, one problem which she will ask readers to answer. Each month, to the person sending in the best answer in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final, **RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS.** No letters will be returned. Limit your answer to one hundred words and send it to Answers, Radio Mirror, at the address above. And be sure to listen to *When A Girl Marries* each Monday through Friday at 5 P.M., EST, over NBC network stations.

Here is this month's problem; \$50 will go to the writer whose letter offers the best solution. Your letter must be received not later than March 1st.

WHEN HUSBAND AND WIFE BOTH HAVE JOBS, SHOULD THE HUSBAND SHARE THE HOUSEHOLD DUTIES?

try solving the one she has chosen for you

Traveler of the Month

Ever since childhood, these

two have been traveling together.

And, always, they've had the same guide

By
**TOMMY
BARTLETT**

M. C. of Welcome Travel-
ers, heard Mon.-Fri. at
12 Noon, EST, over ABC.



JOSEPH and Virginia Muir, of Pullman, Washington, are our travelers of the month—and our love story of the year. These two built a happy, normal home in the face of one of the toughest breaks that ever could confront a couple. And in this world of doubt and fear and trouble, their courage and simple valor are something we ought to know about.

I'm going to start my story by letting you know, in advance, that Joe and Virginia got their happy ending, as has been proper in stories about people in love since the beginning of time. But how they got that happy ending is the story.

Back on May 3, 1929, in Heber City, Utah, Joe was eighteen, a bright young student at the high school. Virginia was seventeen, one of the most popular girls in the school, a wonderful dancer. Since he had been ten, Joe had been in love with Virginia. She sort of liked him, too, but Virginia was young and heartfree, and there was no need to be serious about any boy.

On that day, though, she'd agreed to be Joe's date at a high school field day. Joe picked her up early in his Dad's car, then picked up two other couples. It was a day of brightness and promise, a day on which to be young and in love. They sang in the car, those six kids, and bantered about the afternoon treats yet to come.

Suddenly one of the tires picked up a spike. There was the lurch, the second of terror, the crash. Only Virginia was hurt badly, but she really was hurt. The next day, doctors amputated her left leg.

Joe was at the hospital, just sitting, feeling miserable, when Virginia was wheeled into the operating room. He was there the next day, and the next, and the next. He was there with flowers and with a much too grim look on his young face.

Virginia recalls now:

"I thought he was just sorry for me, and I didn't want anyone's pity. I guess those visits of his weren't much fun for either of us."

Virginia was to be in that hospital from May until November. The treatments were long and painful—and expensive. People in town tried to help out. They put on plays and smokers, with all of the profits going for medical expenses. This didn't quite cover the bills, though, so Joe took over. He went to work in a silver mine, on a shift that dug out fifty tons of ore every eight hours. As Joe said: "I still get tired when I think of that work. I'd just dig and dig, and when I got tired, I'd think of Virginia in the hospital, and then I'd dig some more."

Slowly, a bucket of ore at a time, the bills were paid off. At last Virginia was home, and both of them could think of their senior year in high school. Not the senior year that they had planned on. Not the walks, the dances and the hayrides. But at least the return to studies.

I'll bet that classmates of Joe and Virginia still recall the odd, touching picture that the two of them made during that last year in high school. Joe would pick her up in the morning, carrying her from her front door to his car. Then (Continued on page 101)

RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION

SECTION

DO you remember when the first radio network went into operation? Radio itself was a wonderful thing, an almost unbelievable thing—but a radio network! To be able to hear, half way across the country, a radio program that was being broadcast that very moment in New York City, seemed close to magic.

"Some day," a few dreamers said, "we'll be able to see the programs instead of just hearing them. And there'll be a network of programs to be seen, just like the new radio networks." Nearly everybody laughed at so preposterous an idea. But "nearly everybody" was wrong.

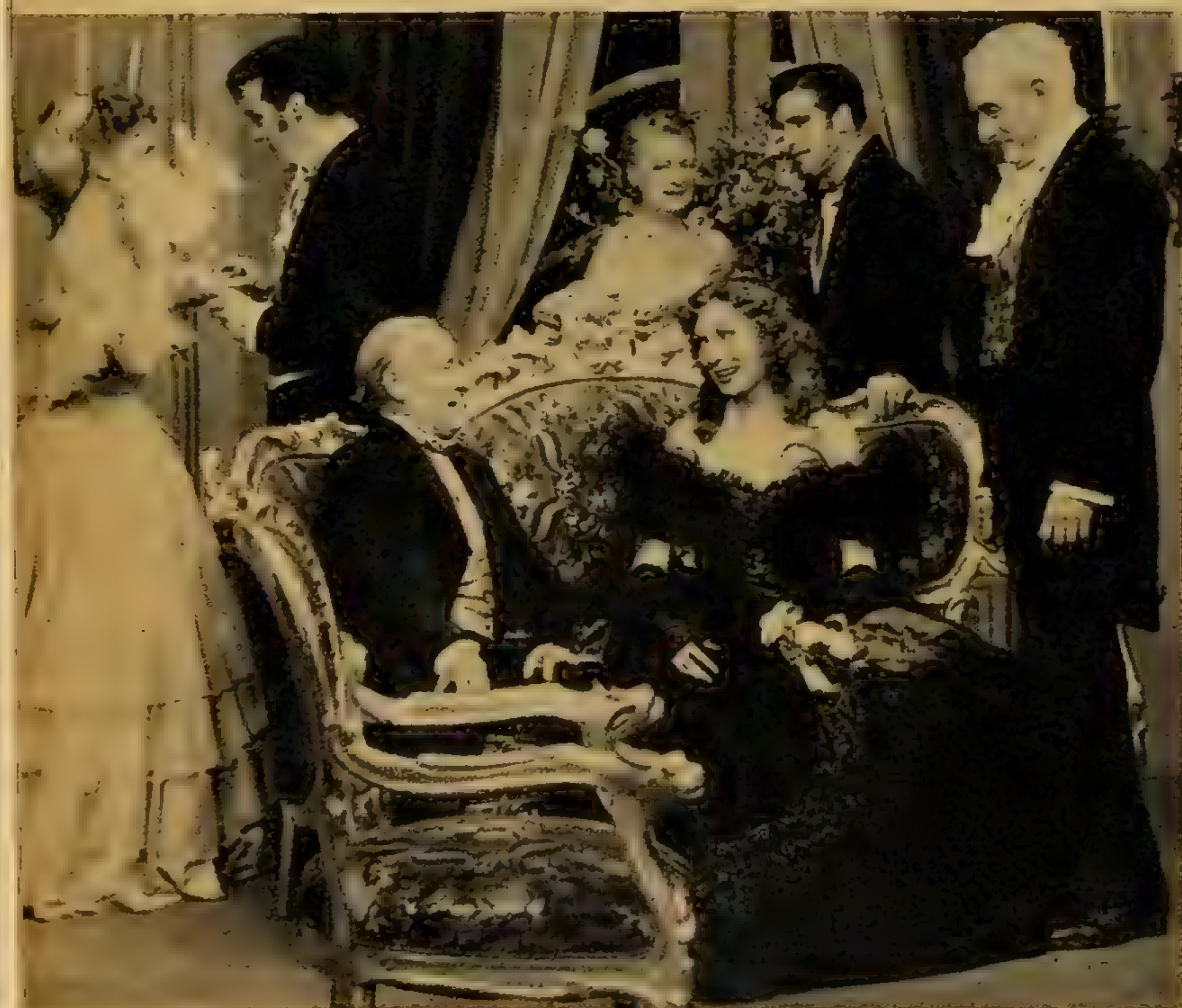
Now, more and more people *are* seeing their favorite programs. And, on January 11, that predicted television network came into being, linking regional networks, and making possible the simultaneous viewing of television shows in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis!

Bowing—with a great deal of pleasure—to the progress of radio's rapidly-growing little brother, RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR begins, with this issue, an expanded Television Section, to keep its readers abreast of TV news.

—THE EDITORS



Bert Lytell and Oscar Karlweiss repeated their co-starring stage success, "I Like It Here", on an early Philco Playhouse.



Judith Evelyn (seated, r.) starred in Playhouse's "Camille." Below, Betty Field and Efrem Zimbalist in "Street Scene."



Two on the TV aisle



Bert Lytell, with stage, screen and radio experience behind him, says television is the most exacting medium he's tried. He emcees Playhouse, Sundays, NBC-TV.

ASK Bert Lytell how he feels about his job as host, narrator and sometime-actor for the Philco Television Playhouse and he comes right back at you with, "Oh, Fred Coe does a magnificent job. He's director, cameraman and cutter, all in one. He handles four cameras more fluidly and with more flexibility than anyone would think possible in television at this stage."

The point I'm making is that everyone at the TV Playhouse thinks everyone else is doing a magnificent job. They are. It has been one of the smoothest, slickest operations in television ever since that Sunday evening (Continued on page 78)



The whole cast—except for Fran—takes a bow: left to right, Colonel Cracky, Cecil Bill Ryan, Millicent, Kukla, Mme. Ooglepuss, Beulah Witch, Fletcher Rabbit. Kukla, Fran and Ollie is televised weekdays on the NBC-TV network from WBKB, Chicago.

Kukla, Fran and Ollie-

HARDLY anyone calls Kukla, Fran and Ollie puppets except their boss, marionette artist Burr Tillstrom. He talks for them and pulls the strings. But to Fran, who works on the NBC-TV network show with them, they're like real live actors.

Mr. Tillstrom made Kukla for a friend, back in 1936, but realized at the last minute that he couldn't let the little fellow go. But he didn't have a name until ballerina Toumanova christened him Kukla, which means "little doll" in Russian.

Ollie, the other puppet member of the trio, is the traditional dragon used in practically every puppet show—but with a difference. He's a good dragon.

The supporting stars are Mme. Ophelia Ooglepuss, Clara Coe, Mercedes, Col. Cracky, Fletcher Rabbit, Beulah Witch and Cecil Bill.

Which brings us now to Fran—who is nobody's puppet, but a pretty ex-school teacher, beloved as radio's Aunt Fanny.

Tillstrom is a Chicagoan who began his career at kindergarten age when he struggled to make his toys seem alive. By 1939 he was managing the marionette theater at Marshall Field. After a spell at the N. Y. World's Fair, he returned to Chicago, where he pioneered in television with marionettes.

On Oct. 13, 1947, the show made its television debut for RCA on WBKB, Chicago. In Nov., 1948, it joined the NBC midwest television network. This year it spread to the NBC-TV eastern net.

The eastern audiences don't think of the actors as two puppets and a girl, any more than the old audiences did. They just see Kukla, Fran and Ollie—three lively characters who make the day a little brighter, five days a week.



Fran Allison is the only human member of the cast; Burr Tillstrom (r.) is the producer. Below, Ollie shows Kukla the magnificent set of teeth a dentist listener made for him.



Big BRICK



Jack Brickhouse, who began early to perfect his TV technique, is WGN-TV Sports Manager.

OFFICIALLY, that Saturday morning, WBKB, then Chicago's only television station, was off the air and closed.

But the public had different ideas. The snarling of the unattended switchboard penetrated even distant offices. As the sound sawed into nerves, executives swarmed around it, helpless. Then Jack Brickhouse walked in.

Expert as the blandest operator, he straightened it out, answered calls, gave information, in one of Chicago's highest priced radio and television voices.

"Nothing to it," he told his amazed admirers. "This was my first radio job. WMBD in Peoria paid me \$17 a week as a telephone operator, with the privilege of announcing for free."

A student at Bradley Tech in those days, he strayed into the station because he needed the watch they offered as a prize to the winner of an amateur announcer's contest. He didn't win, but as consolation prize they put him to work on the switchboard.

Shortly thereafter, the station sent him out on tour with Bradley Tech's basketball team. He did the final broadcast from Madison

Square Garden—big thrill for a youngster!

Always an athlete himself, he brought a player's knowledge to the microphone. To this, he added the advantage of being steeped in show business. His father was a trouper who had run a medicine show.

Brick, having covered sports, news and everything else he could find, moved to WGN in 1940 as sports and special events man. He served with the Marines during the war, and free-lanced on his return, covered the Giants' baseball games in New York, came back to Chicago for football season.

He learned his television ABCs by working without charge every assignment WBKB would give him. When WGN-TV went on the air early in 1948, Brickhouse was named sports manager for the Chicago Tribune's three air outlets—WGN, WGN-TV, and WGNB, the FM station.

The girl who watches her television set to find out what her husband is doing is the former Nelda Teach of Peoria. She needs that television viewing to remember what he looks like these days, for busy Brick carries just about the heaviest TV-announcing schedule in the nation.



2. By 10, she's at WNBT rehearsing for *Girl About Town*. Breakfast? A cup of coffee with Director Craig Allen.



3. Hyper-critical tele-cameras require Kyle and Earl Wrightson to rehearse 3 hours for their 20-minute program.



4. Lunch with Earl at the Stork Club is squeezed between TV rehearsal and "Make Mine Manhattan" matinee.



5. Hatless, still clutching taxi change, Kyle arrives backstage at the Broadhurst—finds a phone call waiting!



1. Early Wednesday morning Kyle has a fitting. TV clothes have to be detail-perfect, need constant revising.

LOVELY Kyle MacDonnell is giving television one of its most glamorous programs (*Girl About Town*, WNBT, 8 P.M. Wed.). And TV is doing a lot for Kyle, whose pre-video claim to fame rested on her performance in the Broadway hit revue, "Make Mine Manhattan." This mutual aid society works well—except for New York traffic. For—with TV rehearsals and performances on one side of town, "Manhattan" rehearsals and performances on the other side of town, costume, clothes and career details in between—Kyle's life has become a long series of cross-town gallops during which she leans out taxi windows urging drivers to "please go faster!" Here's an outline of her day in pictures. Work . . . but fun!



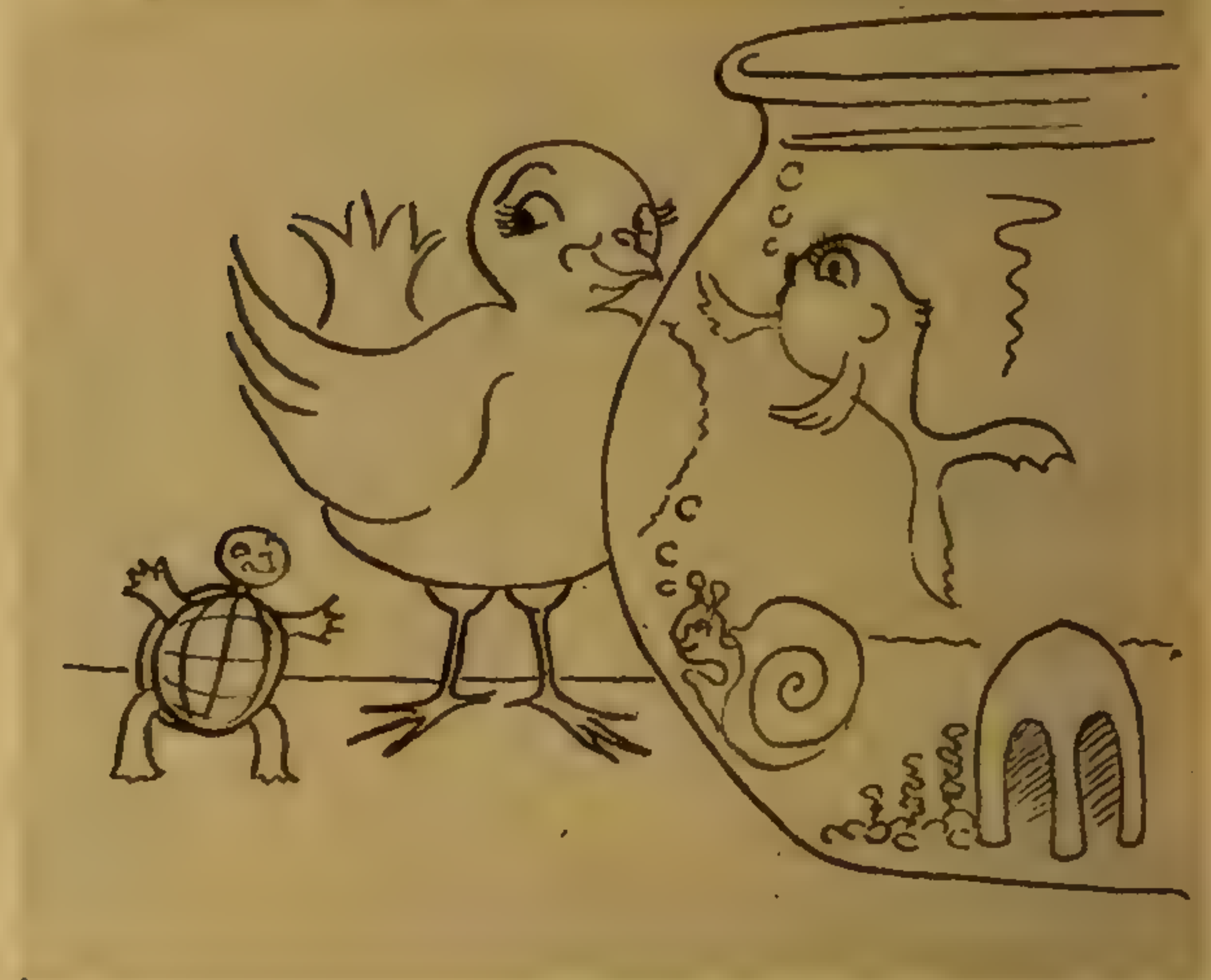
6. Matinee over, Kyle dashes back to WNBT. By 8, make-up and costume must be perfect for *Girl About Town*.



7. Run, don't walk is Kyle's watchword as back to the Broadhurst she goes for "Manhattan" evening show.



Tootsy the Turtle and Gertie the Goldfish help Wilmer tell his child-enchancing tales—after Pat Meikle (left) has drawn them all.



PAT and WILMER

IF a snow-suited youngster comes running toward the pigeon you're feeding in Central Park and begins to yell happily to his nurse, "Look, it's Wilmer,"—he's been listening to Pat Meikle's Dumont Kindergarten on WABD, Channel 5.

Pat's a serious young lady in her mid-twenties. Wilmer, a pre-school age pigeon, is her co-star on the show. Their sole co-purpose in life between 8:30 and 9:00 every weekday morning is to keep pre-school children entertained while mama does the dishes or gets the older children off to school.

Some of the older kids don't want to leave. They like Pat and Wilmer too—and such assorted "guest stars" as Tootsy the Turtle, Gertrude the Goldfish—and even Crosby the Canary, named after "a famous Mr. Crosby," Wilmer explains.

Because Wilmer is merely a big drawing that Pat produces with crayon and paper each morning, Wilmer has to let Pat do his talking. The children, of course, know he *could* talk, even if he is a drawing, but they're satisfied with Pat's explanation that Wilmer speaks only pigeon English.

Although the program's original idea and original title was "Your Television Baby Sitter," it now promises to be i-n-s-t-r-u-c-t-i-v-e. (This is spelled out so the children won't overhear, because they're supposed to think the whole thing is all in fun.)

But there's that alphabet they're learning which turns out to be a drawing game that any child can join. A's an arrowhead with a couple of straight little legs attached. B's a straight line attached to two big bumblebee wings, and of course B stands for bumblebee. C is a cup turned on one side, and so on, right through.

Pat always tells a story about Wilmer that she writes herself, and later in the program she tells one of the fine fairy tales. Her big eyes look right at the watching child, and her face lights up with the excitement of the situation she's relating, just as mommy's does when *she* tells stories.

She is overcome with the responsibilities of her show, and she takes them very seriously. A little girl got so fascinated with the letter D which Pat had taught that morning that she drew big Ds all over the walls in her house. Wilmer the pigeon had to mention on next day's program that when he was flying past her house he noticed she was drawing on walls instead of paper. Her mother reported that it worked just fine.

Pat and her actor-husband, Hal Cooper, met at the U. of Michigan, were married during the war, and now Hal does all the behind-the-scenes work for Pat's show. Also, they do a teen-age show together on Dumont, weekdays at 7:45 A.M.

D.C. TV



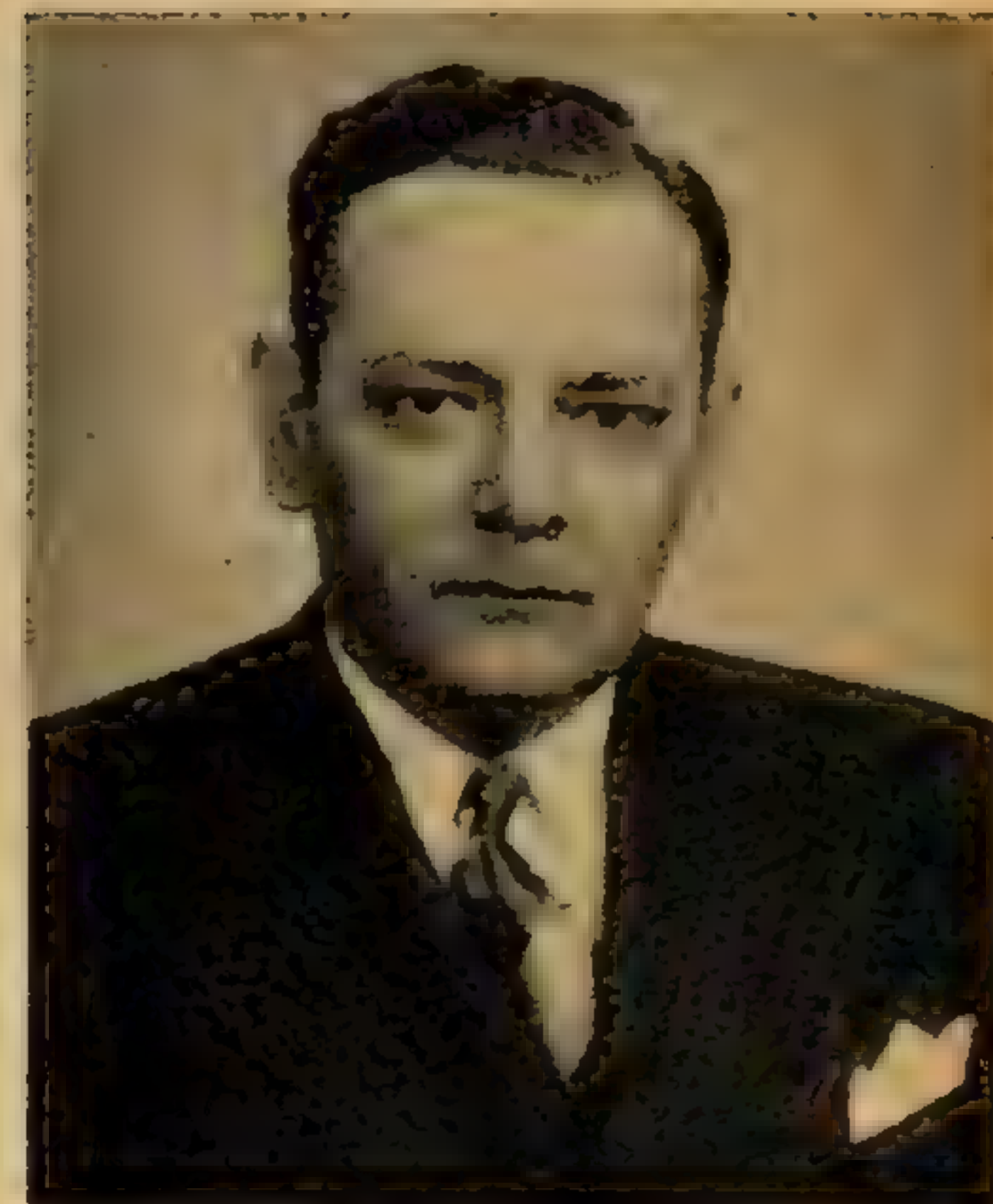
WMAL-TV

Top: Talent Hunt—Jackson Weaver, Ted Dunlap, in a "book-ing office" setting, offer variety show. *Below:* The Modern Woman, emceed by Ruth Cramer (seated in white lace skirt) discusses the intelligent woman's world. Sometimes there's a party, like the wedding shower shown. (Tues., 7:15 P.M.)



WTTG

Top: Hazel Markel (between guests) does woman's angle on Mr. and Mrs. Markel (Tues., 7:30 P.M.) *Right:* Station Mgr. Walter Compton reviews news (Mon.-Fri., 6:45 P.M.). *Below:* On Club Video, M. C. Arnold Fine, right, hosts "Miss Nation's Capitol," and bandman Guy Lombardo.



WNBW

Left: Gene Archer's Music Shoppe holds songs together with comedy (7:10, Thurs.) *Right:* On TV Journal, Johnny Bradford talks about the world. The horse was a guest. (Sat., 6:30 P.M.)





Coast to Coast in TELEVISION

OPENING night tickets for the Metropolitan Opera, even opening night standing room, has been the dream of thousands. But if you were within the range of the ABC eastern television network you had a front row center seat for Verdi's "Otello" at your own television set, courtesy of the Texaco Corporation. Tickets were very nice to have but about the only things you missed at home were the color in the costuming and scenery, and the glamor and excitement of the traditional first night

audience in all its furs and finery.

You got some of the latter in the long shots of the interior of the Opera House and the between-the-acts interviews with famous operatic and society personalities. Even a few of the standees had their moments at the mike and cameras—the devotees who had stood in line all day in the rain for the privilege of standing through the performance.

It was the first time any stage production had been telecast in its entirety from the theater where

Tokio Hayes' exhibition of paintings was well attended: WPIX caught Walter Abel and Gloria Swanson.



"Uncle Danny" reads the funnies to Dick Wigginton and Toby Sommers on WPIX's Comics on Parade.



WABD's cameras cover producer Jack Rayel's Sidewalks of New York interviews (Mon.-Fri., 12:45 P.M.) on New York's Madison Avenue.

WJZ-TV's telecast of "Otello," from the Met., also caught opera-goers between the acts. Gordon Fraser (l) interviewed Margaret Truman, Dorothy Kirsten, George Hicks and Gladys Swarthout in the Green Room.



it was playing. It was the first telecast of the opera. It was the first use of a special infra-red light adapted especially for this occasion. Known as "black light," it's invisible to the audience but effective for TV. The lighting might have been better, but that's not the point. It was good, very good, for a "first."

Milton Cross, whose forte is opera commentary, handled this one in his usual capable way, and George Hicks and Gordon (Continued on page 94)

Pretty Tawny L. sprawls lazily while chatting with boyfriend Buggy on the Tawny L. Show, WPIX, Tues.



CAROLE COLEMAN



IS the girl who teams with dancer Bill Skipper and singer Larry Douglas in Make Mine Music, on CBS-TV, 7:45-8:00 P.M. EST, Monday through Friday. How she signed a three-year contract with CBS-TV is quite a story.

Carole came from Charlotte, N. C., a few years ago, and after a while she was understudying big names in musicals. She began to dream of those lights on Broadway that would spell out her name.

Then suddenly one day there was a gap in Barry Wood's Places, Please, television program. Quite at random, Barry picked three minor cast members from "High Button Shoes." They went on with hardly any rehearsal. One of them was Carole.

The big brass at CBS-TV took one look, took another, signed her to that contract. The lights were turning on.

WENDY BARRIE



HAS BEEN leading a double life. Monday through Friday, she's the hostess of Inside Photoplay, WABD, 4:30-5:00 EST. On Wednesdays, at 8:20-8:30 EST, she's hostess to the country's leading cartoonists on Picture This.

Wendy is Irish and English, was born in China, went to school in England and Switzerland, and at seventeen had been around the world seven times.

Hollywood couldn't pass her up. She made a great number of pictures. But real stardom was still waiting for her—on television.

TV gives her the scope for her talent, her easy ad libs and her quick wit. And somehow or other, the warmth of her personality comes right through that cathode-ray tube in your set and lights up your living room.

Sorry, boys—she's married. He's a New York business man, David Meyer. And she says it's for keeps.

One of the projects Johnny and Penny most enjoyed was the party they arranged for Pamela Lamphere (head of table).



HIGH SCORE *in*

Piggy-back race was won by Pam, with Basil Rathbone her steed. Johnny, carrying a young guest, came in second.



YOU think radio stars have no problems? That the only worry is income tax in the lives of the boys and girls who talk happily into the microphones as though everything were just too, too right with the world?

Here's the story of the Olsons, Johnny and his ever-present Penny, who, while giving away thousands of dollars worth of gifts to radio listeners, themselves owned only the clothes on their backs. This is how it happened:

You know Johnny and Penny. They've visited with you in the past on Rumpus Room and at various times they've interviewed you and given you prizes on Ladies Be Seated, Get Rich Quick and Whiz Quiz. They long ago lost track of the dollar value of merchandise they have handed radio listeners.

Their bad luck started with two telephone calls.

The first reached them in Chicago when a veterinarian phoned to say that Suzette,

Johnny Olson is heard on What's My Name?,

Giving things away is a

thing Johnny Olson enjoys

doing—for he and Penny

know how it feels to be given

something you really want

HAPPINESS



their beloved Pekinese, had died while they were on tour.

The second came during a broadcast of Get Rich Quick from ABC's Radio City studios in New York.

Phones don't ring in control booths during coast-to-coast broadcasts. Network operators simply say, "They're on the air. Will you call back?"

Yet despite soundproofing, Penny, on stage, heard the insistent, constant ring of a telephone bell. Through the glass she saw the frowns deepen on the faces of the producer, director and engineer. Even though it bothered them, they couldn't answer.

She could tell Johnny heard it too. She could see him grow tense. Already he was tired, for Monday was their long day. It began with Rumpus Room, continued with their television show, Doorway to Fame over WABD, and ended with a wild dash up Manhattan to (Continued on page 95)

It was after Penny and Johnny had been "burned out" that they learned how it felt to be on the receiving end. Their families gave them a gift shower to replenish their household stores; one replacement was a beautiful handmade quilt.



Alan's not exactly a handy man around the house. Even a simple badminton net takes all four Young hands.

MY HUSBAND *Alan Young*

By VIRGINIA McCURDY YOUNG



But he's many things that, for a husband, are more important—cheerful, warm-hearted, thoughtful. And sentimental!

Blind date . . . with a *comedian*?

Never, said Gini. And that was where

she was very nearly wrong

IT WAS late one afternoon back around the beginning of the year 1946 when my agent telephoned me. The place, New York City.

"Gini, will you do me a favor?" he began. I thought he was about to ask me to do a benefit show—there was that tone in his voice. I wouldn't have been surprised. I was understudying Ella Logan for a Broadway show at the time and also singing in the Four Chicks and a Chuck group on radio; benefits were routine. My answer, as I remember it, was something highly original like "I'll try."

"Gini, will you join us on a double date tonight with a client of mine? The girl he was to go with has

developed a bad cold and she can't make it."

"Frank Cooper," I retorted—logically, since that was and is his name—"I loathe blind dates. You're an enterprising, talented and honest agent. Don't get out of character trying to play Cupid."

"Gini, listen. You'll like this chap. He's a young comedian. . . ."

"A comic? Oh, no! Blind dates are bad enough without that!"

"Well, this one is different. He's quiet. And he's tall and blond and has blue eyes and you'll like him. He's practically shy!"

I won't bore you with the (Continued on page 79)



Virginia and Alan are in love
and love makes anything — even
housecleaning and Blue Monday
— fun when they work together.



A very young contestant joins Tom Moore for a song-hint.



When Aunt Jemima talks about food, everyone listens!



Producer Phil Patton looks as solemn as a professor but the zany stunts he thinks up for the show have a different kind of wit.

Your ticket to

LADIES BE SEATED

This big Chicago program is always a party. Here's your invitation! ➡

YOUR ticket to Ladies Be Seated, which RADIO MIRROR brings you this month on these pages, is going to admit you into one of the fastest, funniest—and most colorful—half hours you've ever enjoyed. Against the gold-toned backdrop of the stage, Aunt Jemima's vivid calico clothes balance the brilliance of M.C. Tom Moore's very special raiment. Tom may start the show in a bright green Prince Albert with an orange weskit and finish in a somber purple swallow-tail. (He changes clothes at the program's midpoint, when he changes sponsors.) Whatever he's wearing, you get a good look at it as he circulates through the audience, microphone alert to catch

your answer to his questions-in-song. For example, he may sing: "Let me call . . ." and if your answer is ". . . you sweetheart," up you go to the stage as a contestant. From there on out, of course, the melody-quiz gets more difficult. But the prizes are well worth your most concentrated effort. If you keep on being right, you may leave the big Merchandise Mart studio with a diamond ring, a chest of silver, a lounging chair.

The day you're there, Tom may have himself brought in on a stretcher. But there'll be nothing pale or weak about the fun he master-minds when the show gets started! Ladies Be Seated is an ABC Monday-through-Friday feature, at 2 P.M. CST, 3 P.M. EST.



Why wouldn't they crowd into the studio well before air-time? Some of them are going to come out of it with diamonds, silver.



At Ladies Be Seated, l. to r.: Organist
Porter Heaps, contestant Mrs. Evelyn
Brett, Producer Phil Patton, Tom Moore,
Aunt Jemima (Edith Wilson), Announcer
Claude Kirchner, Assistant Gil Gordon,
second contestant Mrs. Ralph Metcalf.

When the Dennings (Richard, right) visit the Arnazes (Lucille, left) the visit may begin . . .

. . . with gin rummy for the men (that's Desi, Lucille Ball's real husband, on the left) . . .



My Favorite

By RICHARD DENNING

AFTER twenty weeks of playing "Mr." to Lucille Ball's "Mrs." on *My Favorite Husband* on CBS, I find that I have a favorite husband of my own. He's my wife's.

Now in case that first sentence confuses everyone else as much as it does me, I'll put it this way:

I think Desi Arnaz, Lucille's real husband, is great.

I had never met either of the happy-wacky Arnazes before Lucille and I got together across a microphone and I didn't know what I'd been missing.

Until you get acquainted with Lucille and Desi on their own home grounds, you haven't lived.

Soon after the show got rolling, Lucille asked me quite casually to bring Evelyn—Evelyn is Evelyn Ankers, my wife—out for a Saturday afternoon at their house.

"If Desi feels like cooking," she said tentatively, "you can stay for dinner."

Their place is in Northridge—the swell-ranch country about twenty miles north of Hollywood.

We were a little late. For one thing, Northridge is one of those places people in Hollywood talk about as just over the hill, and it isn't. It's a lot farther than you think. And for another thing, Evelyn and I slowed down at every fancy ranch gate we saw after

we turned onto Devonshire, which is the Arnazes' street.

We were surprised when we came to a very simple wooden gate where there was no house visible at all, to find that the numbers on the mailbox matched the numbers on the map Lucille had drawn to show us the way.

We drove in through a line of orange trees and there was a house—a lot of houses, in fact, low and scattered, somewhat as though they had been thrown there out of an airplane.

We rang the bell at the biggest one and Lucille popped it open.

"We're sorry to be late . . ." I began. "We thought it would be—"

"Don't say it," she said, "*Everybody* says it, and they sound so disappointed. 'Why, we thought you lived in that big place up the road.'"

"We'll impress you yet," she added with a grin. "'Desilou' is a lot bigger than it was when we moved in nine years ago. Come on in. Desi will be along in a minute. He's cooking."

We came into a room which was so riotous with color that Lucille's flaming hair seemed no longer particularly remarkable.

Wallpaper on the walls, (Continued on page 92)

... because the girls are busy going over
Lucille's treasure-trove (Evelyn Denning, right).



Generally, a man with two wives
is a man in trouble. But, for a radio
star, it's simple . . . one wife is
real, one make-believe, both wonderful

Wives

But the division doesn't last—Desi's
rhythm reminds them that they've all
got the same kind of music in their blood.



Speaking of Women-



Mary Margaret McBride

Mary Margaret won't
stay in the kitchen, and her
audience proves a lot of
other women feel the same way

EVEN if Mary Margaret McBride wanted to—which is doubtful—there's probably no way she could escape being called the First Lady of Radio. Too many eager female listeners stand ready to defend to the death her right to this title. There's no question, either, of her strong claim to a high rank among radio's best salesmen. Her breathless, chatty commercials have sold so much of everything, from life insurance to syrup, that no sponsor would dare request a greater degree of formality in the handling of his advertisement than Mary Margaret is prepared to give it. It's enough that she's willing to endorse a product at all, for her listeners know that she isn't merely reading the product's label: anything testable, Mary Margaret has put to the test herself.

Born on a Missouri farm, Mary Margaret worked her way through the state university, often so short of money that she lunched on half a chocolate bar. (That's very likely why it's so easy, even now, to turn her thoughts to food. And where her thoughts turn, there turns her conversation; a program that starts out with contemporary art may easily wind up with Mary Margaret's version of the ideal dinner menu.) By way of cub reporting in Mexico, Missouri, and Cleveland, Mary Margaret finally worked her way to New York's Greenwich Village and a feature-writing job with the old *New York Mail*. She followed this with traveling assignments that took her all over the States and Europe for leading magazines, and wound up as the author of eleven books.

In 1934, when Mary Margaret became "Martha Dean" on a local New York station, she almost made a mistake. She started out being exclusively a homemaker. But instinct swiftly told her she wasn't "jelling" in this role, so she came out of the kitchen and relaxed into the chat-about-anything technique which has crystallized into her present radio personality.

Undoubtedly, some of Mary Margaret's success with the ladies is due to the phenomenon of "identification." When listeners hear her exasperated mutterings as she tries to find a misplaced note among her papers, they can't help thinking of all the misplaced telephone numbers cluttering up their own purses. And—in spite of the fact that a staff of twelve does careful research for every broadcast—Mary Margaret's broadcasting manner would not disillusion her radio friends into mistaking her for a high-pressure executive. Informal, friendly, woman-to-woman—that's the Mary Margaret the studio audience (a small one) sees, and the radio audience hears. And the ladies love it!



One of Mary Margaret's most memorable guests, a while back, was Eleanor Roosevelt (l.). With them, a group of Goldwyn Girls who helped decorate the broadcast.

The foods Mary Margaret advertises are first well tested, and products that do not meet her standards are turned down. There's always another sponsor along!



The Mary Margaret McBride Show is heard at 1 P.M. EST
Monday through Friday, wherever WNBC can be tuned in.



A particularly rousing cheer for cheesecake, smooth and creamy and melt-in-your-mouth. Serve it, and you'll know you've found one of the best possible ways to a man's heart!

Cheers for Cheese

GRANDMA liked good food, too. What she called a light supper was sure to end up being a hearty one. She'd serve a big bowl of steaming soup, hot biscuits and a crisp salad. Then, the main part of her meal would be the dessert. I'll never forget her yummy cheese cake—rich, and oh, so smooth!

So, many times, I purposely plan my menu backwards and start with the dessert. Those with cheese, I think, must be my favorites. Cheese is hearty enough for light Lenten meals. Because it's made mostly of milk, cheese is rich in food value. It is comparatively low in price, too. Most of all, cheese can be fixed in so many different irresistible desserts.

A cheese tray is perhaps the simplest way to use cheese as a dessert, especially if you serve cheeses of different flavor, color and consistency. Have several different kinds of crackers on the tray. Include one familiar soft cheese such as cream, cottage or the commercially processed cheeses. Guests may prefer their mildness to that of the nippy, unusual flavors. The mellow ones, like Camembert, Brie, or Leiderkranz are served with crisp crackers. The firm Swiss, Edam, and Cheddar types of cheese call for buttered wafers. It's fun to have a "specialty"—a home-made cheese spread whose flavor builds up your "host-ess rating."

The ones I've included may be changed to suit your individual taste. Or use them as a starting point for developing something new of your very own.

Mild cream cheese served with fruit on the side is an exceptionally good dessert. Preserved or candied figs or a clear guava jelly are wonderful with cream cheese. Perhaps Bar-le-Duc, the sophisticated combination of French currants preserved in honey, appeals to you.

Cheese Cake with Cornflakes Topping

- 4 cups cornflakes
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup confectioner's sugar
- 1 tbsp. cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or margarine
- 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, divided
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- 4 eggs, separated
- 3 cups ($1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.) cottage cheese
- 2 tbsps. grated lemon rind
- 3 tbsps. lemon juice
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cream or evaporated milk, whipped

By

KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR

FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen to Kate Smith Speaks, heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EST, on Mutual network stations.

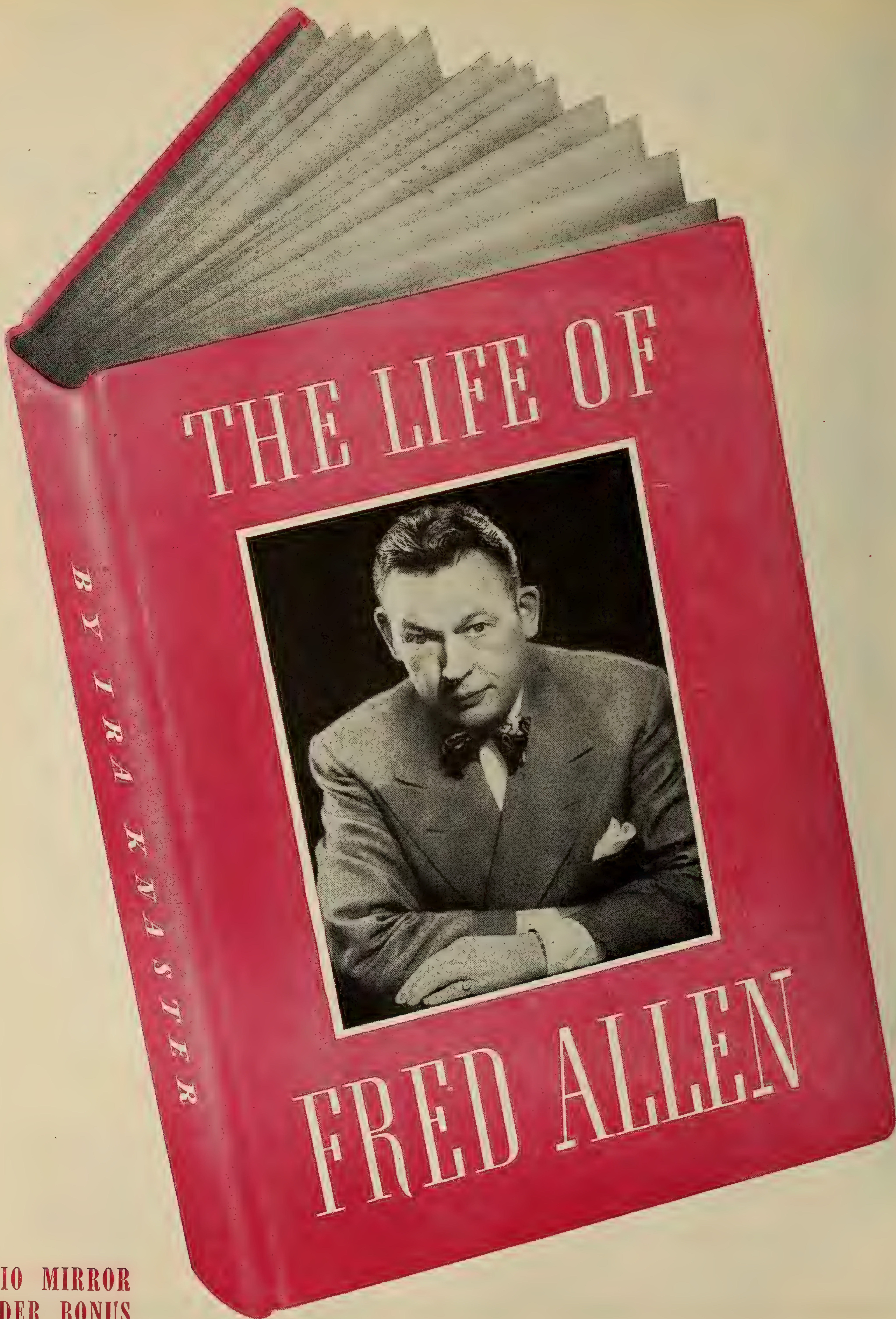
Crush the cornflakes into fine crumbs. Mix well with confectioner's sugar, cinnamon and butter. Press half into the bottom of a well greased 9-inch spring form. Soak the gelatin in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water about 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks slightly. Place in a saucepan with the other $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water and the sugar. Cook until slightly thickened on medium temperature about three minutes. Remove from heat. Add cottage cheese which has been rubbed through a sieve. Stir in lemon rind, juice and salt. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and mix until smooth. Then gently fold in the whipped cream or evaporated milk. (To whip the latter, first chill thoroughly by storing overnight in refrigerator.) Pour cake mixture onto crumbs in spring form. Top with remaining crumb mixture. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Unmold. Makes 12 to 14 servings.

Liptauer Cheese Spread

- 2 packages (6 ounces) cream cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- 1 tsp. capers
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 2 tbsps. anchovy paste
- 1 tbsp. finely chopped scallion or green onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. caraway seed
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

Cream the cheese in a bowl. Blend in the butter until smooth. Add the remaining ingredients. Blend well with a rubber scraper. Press into small mold or form into a roll in waxed paper. Cover or wrap well and season in refrigerator. Serve on cheese tray with plain crackers. Makes 1 cup of spread.

(Continued on page 91)



RADIO MIRROR
READER BONUS

FRED ALLEN says to Fred Allen, "Take a letter!" So Fred Allen sits down at his portable typewriter and knocks out another pungently-worded epistle. He's at it day and night, week after week, year in, year out.

As thousands of people must already know, Fred's personal stationery is decorated with a shrewdly drawn sketch of himself done by the inimitable theatrical artist, Hirschfeld. It pictures Fred seated at his desk, buried deep in thought. And buried, also, beneath stacks of scripts, news-clippings and correspondence. It's a clever caricature, but it also gives you a fairly accurate glimpse of Allen's chief pre-occupation during most of his waking hours.

"He's the hardest-working man I know," declares Jack Haley, stage-radio-screen comedy star and friend of Allen's for more than twenty-five years. "When Fred is invited over to someone's house, I'm sure Portland has to beg him not to take his typewriter along. If he isn't working on a script, you can bet he's busy writing letters."

A different side of the Allen personality is seen by another of Fred's old vaudeville cronies, the veteran comic, dramatic actor and jokester, Benny Rubin. "Fred was always quick, mentally and physically," he'll tell you. "Not many people are aware of it, but Fred was a great boxer—could have been champion in his own weight. He always had the priceless gift of being able to concentrate on a problem until he had it solved. He could have been a success at anything. He chose to be a successful entertainer."

Obviously, there is more than one side to the Allen story . . . so many angles, legends and anecdotes that confusion is the result unless his story is unfolded in fairly chronological fashion.

The starting point is Cambridge, Massachusetts, on May 31, 1894. That's when a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Sullivan. The boy was christened John Florence. Four years later John's mother died, and Mr. Sullivan, a man who earned only a meager living at the bookbinder's trade, moved in with his sister Elizabeth, on Bayard Street.

"Dad was the local humorist," Fred recalls. "Always ready with a joke or a gag. He died while I was still a kid in school. I like to think I inherited dad's wit. Of course, if I'm only fifty percent correct in this belief . . ."

Aunt Elizabeth took over the job of John Florence

Sullivan's upbringing. With what equalled a mother's devotion, she guided him through all his childhood troubles and growing pains. She sent him first to parochial school and later to Boston's High School of Commerce.

Nowadays, Fred Allen speaks of that school with noticeable pride. "Commerce High was one of the first to equip youngsters who came from poor families with a really practical education," he says. "We were trained to step right into useful jobs because, for most of us, college was out of the question. A lot of the fellows who graduated from Commerce High later became leaders in their respective fields. Why, Mayor Tobin of Boston was one of them. Later, he became Governor of Massachusetts and now he's Secretary of Labor."

Fred (known as "Twit" to his school chums) took the commercial course and, along with it, economics and languages. Fred liked to clown around but high marks consistently appeared on his report card. He was a good student and a good athlete, too . . . notably a fast, long-limbed forward on the junior basketball team, which won many an interclass championship. It is also recalled that Fred edited, single-handed, a one-page daily school paper. Its columns were loaded with news—and with wisecracks concerning students and teachers alike.

Outside of school, Fred played sand-lot baseball and all the other kid games. He had another not-so-usual boyhood hobby—attending vaudeville shows. They fascinated him. Every spare nickel he could muster was hoarded for his regular weekly admission to variety shows at B. F. Keith's or the old Columbia Theater on Washington Street.

Those days, however, nickels were not plentiful at Aunt Elizabeth's house. Fred fully realized that fact and so he decided to pick up a few nickels of his own. He took a part-time job . . . and perhaps the Fred Allen story really begins here.

It was in the bookish atmosphere of Boston's Public Library that Fred first began to develop his talents as an entertainer. After school hours, he worked as stackboy down in the library's vast basement, which contained a million-odd volumes dealing with just about every subject under the sun. His wages were twenty cents per hour. (Today, all Fred Allen need do is peck out a measly little semicolon on that typewriter of his and he's richer by twenty dollars!)

The Fred Allen story proves

that comics are both born and made.

Born with wit, made by hard,

hard work. Plus that something extra . . .



As John Florence Sullivan, he practiced juggling when he was supposed to be stacking library books.

THE LIFE OF FRED ALLEN

Since that head of his contained a lively and inquisitive mind, Fred took full advantage of his surroundings. At off moments, he packed in plenty of book-learning. One fateful day he came across a tattered volume on the technique of juggling. On that day, the die was cast . . . the pattern of his future was set.

To keep half a dozen bright objects spinning and tossing in mid-air, his deft hands never faltering for a moment; smooth, self-assured, while out beyond the footlights his audience watched breathless, spell-bound—such was the dream inspired by Fred's newly-discovered book. Visions of future greatness on the stage beckoned, but common sense told him the dream would never come true unless he practiced untiringly.

He did just that, day and night, at home and down in the library stack room. At length, he mastered one little trick. Crooking his right elbow, he would place a book on it and then let it slide off. Quick as lightning, his right hand would dart after the falling book, catching it an instant before it hit the floor.

After putting a polish on that one, he went on to more ambitious things. His fellow-employees began getting butterfly stomach as they watched him practice with pencils, golf balls and the supervisor's derby hat. Before many months passed, their jitters gave way to undisguised admiration. Fred was missing and fumbling only *half* of the time. And, at long last, when the library's staff held its annual entertainment, the snappy juggling act put on by that kid from the stack room was a high spot on the program.

A real, honest-to-goodness audience had applauded his very first performance. To Fred's way of thinking, that applause was practically a mandate. It said: "Son, this is your profession. Get busy."

In the year 1910, America's high-brow minority could turn to drama, concerts and the opera for its amusement. But for the vast majority, there was only vaudeville. No radio, no movies . . . just vaudeville.

And, in the Boston of 1910, there were two types of vaudeville. Type One was the legitimate kind, the Big Time which brought to town all the really important headliners. Type Two was a relatively new racket called Amateur Night. As applied here, that word racket meant an almost unlimited supply of local talent, dirt cheap, available for every promoter of stage shows. It also meant audiences so infernally



Aunt Elizabeth Lovely—Fred's "second mother."

tough and noisy that anyone who voluntarily appeared on a stage before them could rightly be regarded as a candidate for the lunatic asylum.

Fred had his choice of several Type Two theaters. His public, armed with ripe tomatoes and rotten eggs, was waiting for him and he chose to make his debut at the old Hub Theater.

"Only," says Fred Allen, "I usually refer to that vaudeville house as the Pandemonium. It was that noisy."

Wearing his best suit, his latest-style notched collar and his pointed tan shoes, Fred stood in the wings waiting to go on. On stage a would-be basso profundo was bellowing "Asleep In The Deep" while at the same time trying to avoid being hit by a variety of ancient vegetables hurled by hooligans in the audience. He was more agile than talented.



The beginning of a long, profitable (and fake) feud: Benny faces Allen when both were new in radio.

"Holy smoke!" Fred muttered to himself. "If they'll do that to a guy who can actually sing, what'll they do to me? I'm not *really* a juggler."

Out front, the audience booed, howled and cat-called. The pit band struck up lively exit music. The basso profundo was finished.

"And next, ladeez and gennelmen," trumpeted the master of ceremonies, "we give you Young Sullivan, The Talking Juggler!"

"B-o-o-o!"

"Get the hook!"

"I went into my act frightened silly," Fred relates. "As I missed one trick after another, I kept up a frantic monologue to cover my fumbling. For instance, as I'd drop a hat or a plate, I'd say, 'Now, that there was a mighty difficult trick, folks. You should have been here last night when I did it.' At least, I was trying to get alleged witticisms like that across but, against all the uproar, I didn't stand a chance."

Finally, Fred finished and ran off. He was met in the wings by the house manager who growled, "I heard some of that patter, boy, but the audience didn't. There's another amateur contest here next week. Come back and really live up to your billing as The Talking Juggler."

One week later, Fred returned to confront another bloodthirsty audience at the Hub. He was more confident, he talked louder and he won the first prize. Something of greater importance, however, was the outcome of that return engagement. As Fred left the theater, tired but triumphant, he encountered the man who was going to play a significant part in that early phase of his career.

Sam Cohen was a big, good-natured fellow. His original profession was that of circus strong man and, during the season, he toured with various tent shows throughout the neighboring states. With the approach of winter, though, Sam would return to Boston where he had built up a solid reputation as New England's leading booker of amateur talent.

To state it more accurately, Sam had amateur nights in Boston and environs in the bag. He made a pretty penny out of his operations but it was profitable for all concerned. The theater managers were provided with an entire evening's program in one convenient package, and the stage-struck kids who aspired to stardom were assured of steady engagements on the Sam Cohen Circuit. Maybe it wasn't B. F. Keith's, but it was a start in show business.

Sam outlined all these advantages within one minute after introducing himself to The Talking Juggler and, as of that moment, figured large in Fred's scheme of things. Under Cohen's management, Fred became a professional-amateur and was booked seven nights a week, each night at a different theater. It was Cohen's system to send his boys out in teams, or units, of five. Pretty soon, Fred became a team captain . . . recognition not only of his artistic merit but also of his honesty. It was Fred's job to bring back the team's winnings to Cohen.

"Winnings" was a highfalutin word. After every performance the theater's master of ceremonies would line up his crew of magicians, comics, jugglers, tenors and tumblers. He would then hold a fistful of dollar bills over each of their heads. The volume of applause coming from the audience decided which of them had won the ten dollar prize, the five dollar prize and the three dollar prize, respectively.

"It was strictly a routine," Fred explains, "because no contestant ever received more than a single buck for his efforts. If carfare was involved, maybe he got a dollar and a half. The difference between what the audience thought we got and what we actually received went to Sam Cohen who, by the way, did not originate that lop-sided arrangement. That pay-off system was standard practice long before he entered the field."

The fact is, Cohen's personality was such that he contributed more to the amateur night business than he took from it. He built Amateur Night into a flourishing institution, a proving ground for talented New England kids like juggler-monologist Fred Allen, comic Benny Rubin, singer Jack Haley,

dancer Hal Sherman and many other "names."

"Sam often appeared as master of ceremonies and was a sure-fire attraction with his slapstick heckling of the contestants," Fred says. "Some poor bird would be drawing loud razzberries from the audience and so Sam would rush in from the wings with an enormous hook and drag him offstage. Sam originated that device and pretty soon 'Get the hook!' became a national catch-phrase. He also invented a trick curtain. It had several doors in it and while some hopeful was trying to sing or dance, Sam would keep popping out of a different door every few minutes, heckling him. Many a time, Sam startled an ad lib out of me when he'd suddenly open a door behind me and tip over my juggling props. The audience would howl."

Even with those wild audiences and Sam Cohen's crazy distractions, Fred (and every other amateur, as well) pitched hard each night to win first prize. Fred did his juggling routine with ever-increasing skill. He enlivened it with bright patter. And yet, it was not entirely talent that determined a winner. Sometimes, first prize was won by means of a certain thing called schmaltz . . . a bald-faced, unabashed bid for audience sympathy.

Fred preferred to trick his audience into cheers rather than tears. Then, as now, he would win them with his born showmanship and his clever monologues. While his quick hands tossed things in fascinating fashion, that nasal, sandpapery voice of his would keep up a lively, amusing comment. Living in Boston, he knew (and made it a point to know) all the local news and, playing neighborhood theaters, he took advantage of local names and characters to get laughs.

But Aunt Elizabeth wasn't laughing. Right from the start she had a low opinion of this outlandish activity of Fred's. What had got into the boy, she asked. Was this to be the result of her careful upbringing? Was it for this that she had been practically a mother to him? Hadn't she hoped that his training at home and in school would lead him into a decent, respectable livelihood? Look at him now! Gallivanting around town every single night in the week . . . falling in with heaven knows what kind of disreputable people . . . making a public spectacle of himself! Let Fred mark her words . . . all this night-lifeing and all this mixing with low company would lead to no good!

"I couldn't seem to make (Continued on page 105)



In 1942, Portland Hoffa and husband Fred celebrated their first ten years on the air.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN TIME
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00	Story to Order Bach Aria Group	Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News
9:15		Chamber Music Society		E. Power Biggs
9:30				Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:45				
10:00	National Radio	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Pulpit			
10:30	Voices down The	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:45	Wind			
11:00	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform	Fine Arts Quartette	Bill Costello
11:15		Church		The News Makers
11:30		Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Who Said That? Eternal Light	Alan Lomax Lutheran Hour	 Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning People's Platform	
1:00 1:15	America United	William L. Shirer	Edward "Ted" Weeks National Vespers	Joseph C. Harsch Elmo Roper	
1:30	Chicago Round Table	American Radio Warblers Mutual Music Box		Tell It Again	
1:45					
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	NBC University Theater	Army Air Force Show Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Longine Sym- phonette You Are There	
3:00 3:15		Ernie Lee Show	Harrison Wood The Future of America Dance Music	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony	
3:30 3:45	One Man's Family	Juvenile Jury			
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids News Living—1949	House of Mystery True Detective	Ted Malone Metropolitan Opera Auditions	Skyway to the Stars	
5:00 5:15	Jane Pickens Show	The Shadow	Quiet Please		Festival of Song
5:30 5:45	Robert Merrill	Quick As A Flash	David Harding Counterspy		Strike It Rich

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson Don Gardner	Family Hour of Stars
	Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard	Nick Carter	Greatest Story Ever Told	Spotlight Revue
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Horace Heidt		Go For the House	The Jack Benny Show
	Alice Faye and Phil Harris	Mayor of the Town	Carnegie Hall Musicale	Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Sam Spade
		Memos For Music		Life With Luigi
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	Under Arrest	Walter Winchell	Electric Theatre with Helen Hayes
	American Album	Jimmie Fidler	Louella Parsons	Our Miss Brooks
		Twin Views of News	Theatre Guild on the Air	
10:00 10:30	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions		Lum 'n' Abner
	Who Said That?	Starlight Moods	Jimmie Fidler	"Cabin B-13"



ARTHUR FIEDLER conducts the Boston "Pops" orchestra every Sunday on NBC's RCA-Victor Show.



BETTY MANDEVILLE is producer-director of CBS's FBI in Peace and War. While at the U. of Minn., she worked with the Bainbridge Players. In New York, she tried to find a niche for herself on Broadway but the plays she was in failed. So she tried radio production work and in a very short time was chosen to direct "FBI." She is the only woman director of a night-time crime series in network radio.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30	This Is Nora Drake We Love and Learn Jack Berch	Passing Parade Victor Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag Lanny Ross	Kay Kyser Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Kiernan's Corner	

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:15		Luncheon at Sardi's	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	Boston Symphony	Cedric Foster Happy Gang	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
1:15	Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Checkerboard Jamboree	Dorothy Dix	
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake "Get More Out of Life"
2:15	Today's Children Light of the World	Golden Hope Chest	Bride and Groom	
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins	Red Benson Movie Show	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
3:15	Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Ozark Valley Folks	Galen Drake	
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Second Honeymoon	Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family	Ethel and Albert	Winner Take All
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs		
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time
5:30	Just Plain Bill			
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and ——"		
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn			Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone			Straight Arrow Sherlock Holmes	The Railroad Hour Henry Taylor	Inner Sanctum Talont Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.			Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Fishing and Hunting Club Bill Henry	Music of Glenn Osser Stars in the Night	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program	Korn's-A-Krackin' Dance Orch	Arthur Gaeth Earl Godwin On Trial	My Friend Irma The Bob Hawk Show		



JOHN GRIGGS, story-teller Roger Elliott on House of Mystery, Sundays, 4:00 P.M. EST, Mutual, has been telling stories to little children ever since his high school days when he worked in five libraries in DuPage County, Illinois. Griggs, an enthusiastic devotee of the silent screen, founded the Sutton Cinema Society of New York which is composed of others who love the silent drama.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:00 8:45	Do You Remember News			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaire	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life The Brighter Day	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag Lanny Ross	Kay Kyser Ted Malone Kiernan's Corner	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	Luncheon At Sardi's	Maggie McNellis	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Dixie Barn Dance Gang	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Second Honeymoon Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and —" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothies H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Relaxin' Time	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	This Is Your Life Ralph Edwards Alan Young Show	George O'Hanlan Show Official Detective Hy Gardner	Youth Asks The Government Earl Godwin America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 9:55	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee Molly	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Lone Wolf Bill Henry	Erwin D. Canham Detroit Symphony Orch.	We, The People Morey Amsterdam Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	American Forum of The Air Dance Orchestra		Hit The Jackpot

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaire	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life The Brighter Day	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag Lanny Ross	Kay Kyser Ted Malone Kiernan's Corner	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Wash- ington	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	Luncheon At Sardi's	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Ozark Valley Folks	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Second Honeymoon Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and —" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothies H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Blondie Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This High Adventure	Original Amateur Hour, Ted Macks, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Family Theater Bill Henry	Milton Berle Show Groucho Marx Show	Your Song and Mine Harvest of Stars with James Melton
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	Manhattan Play- house Dance Orch.	Bing Crosby Meredith Willson	Time's A-Wastin' Capitol Cloak Room



PAULENA CARTER, the pianist on Meredith Willson's program, is one of the many reasons for this show's popularity. Born in San Francisco, Paulena, at 7 was soloist with the Stockton Symphony Orchestra; at 9, she had won a scholarship at the Philadelphia Conservatory; and at 13, she had graduated from high school and appeared as soloist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Symphony.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaies	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barney Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30	This Is Nora Drake We Love and Learn Jack Berch	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Kay Kyser Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Luncheon at Sardi's	Welcome Travelers Maggie McNellis	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Dixie Barn Dance Gang	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Ethel and Albert Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and —"
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Art Van Damme Quintet	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Theatre U.S.A.	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	What's the Name of That Song? Hollywood Story	Abbott and Costello Jo Stafford Show	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Al Jolson Show Dorothy Lamour	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Mysterious Traveler Bill Henry	Personal Autograph Our Job Is Manhattan	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Fred Waring Show	Adventures of the Thin Man Dance Orch.	Child's World	Suspense Crime Photographer Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter



JEFF CHANDLER considers himself a lucky guy playing opposite Eve Arden in CBS' Our Miss Brooks. Born and raised in Brooklyn, Jeff studied art but gave it up; acted in vehicles ranging from modern sophisticated comedies to Shakespearean tragedies; did some picture work, and finally wound up in radio. He's married to Marjorie Hoshelle, and they have a seventeen-month-old girl, Jamie.



JUDITH ABBOTT who is Agnes Lawson on the Henry Aldrich show has always had her eyes focused on the bright lights—which is only natural, as her father is producer George Abbott. Versatile is the word for Miss Abbott—she paints, refinishes furniture, and has assumed the casting and costuming chores of many of her Dad's revues. And her skill in the culinary department is not to be scoffed at.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaies	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barney Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air The Listening Post	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15 11:30	This Is Nora Drake We Love And Learn Jack Berch	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Kay Kyser Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From the Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Luncheon At Sardi's	Welcome Travelers Maggi McNellis	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Milton Katim's Show Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Ozark Valley Folks	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Second Honeymoon Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and —"
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cities Service Band Of America Jimmy Durante Show	Great Scenes From Great Plays Leave It to the Girls	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Cantor Show Red Skelton Show	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Yours For a Song	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Jack Carson Show Mr. Ace and Jane
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Sports	Meet the Press Dance Orch	Boxing Bouts	Ford Theatre
				Philip Morris Playhouse The Pause That Refreshes on the Air

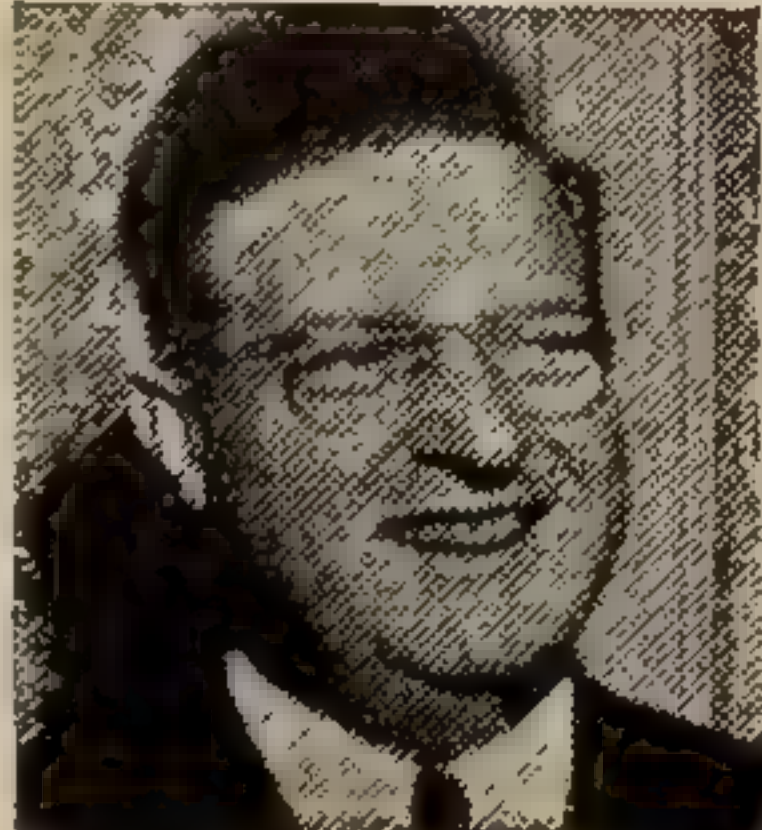
S A T U R D A Y				
A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Folies
9:30	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News		
9:45		Ozark Valley Folks		Garden Gate
10:00	Mary Lee Taylor	Ozark Valley Folks	Concert of American Jazz	Red Barber's Club-House Romance
10:15				
10:30	Archie Andrews	Albert Warner, News Misc. Programs	This is For You Saturday Strings	
10:45				
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Hormel Girls Corps	Abbott and Costello	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Magic Rhythm	Don Gardiner Round-up Rhythm	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault Public Affair	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Junior Junction	Theatre of Today
12:15				
12:30	Frank Merriwell		American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute	Maggie McNellis, Herb Sheldon Recorded Music	County Fair
1:15				
1:30	Edward Tomlinson Report From Europe	Dance Orch.		Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Music For The Moment	Macalaster College Choir Dance Orch.	Metropolitan Opera	Stars Over Hollywood
2:15				
2:30				
2:45				
3:00		Poole's Paradise		
3:15				
3:30	Local Programs	Sports Parade		Local Programs
3:45				
4:00		Wings Over Jordan		
4:15				
4:30	Local Programs	Charlie Slocum First Church of Christ Science	Local Programs	Local Programs
4:45				
5:00		Take A Number		Chuck Foster's Orch.
5:15				Make Way For Youth
5:30		True or False	Dance Music	
5:45	Lassie Show			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Music	Speaking of Songs	News From Washington
6:15	Art of Living			Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony	Bands For Bonds		Saturday Sports Review
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Treasury Bond Show	
7:15				
7:30	Vic Damone, Hollace Shaw	Robert Hurliegh News		Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45				
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	Sing It Again
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Life Begins at 80	The Amazing Mr. Malone	
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Lanny Ross	Gang Busters	Winner Take All
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova Show	Meet the Boss		It Pays To Be Ignorant
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air		Hometown Reunion
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	National Guard Military Ball



MILTON J. CROSS came to radio twenty-seven years ago as a musician and stayed to become one of the most distinguished announcers on the air. As announcer for the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts on Saturdays, he says he's in love with his work and wouldn't trade it for anything else. During the summers, he hides away on his snug farm in Woodstock, Vermont. Naturally his favorite hobby is music.

QUIZ CATALOGUE

NOTES TO KEEP YOUR RADIO MIRROR QUIZ CATALOGUE UP TO DATE

JUST HOW does Stop the Music select its irritating and tricky mystery melodies? Affable m.c. Bert Parks gives this inside information: there are three unidentified musicologists, known only to orchestra leader Harry Salter, who research the obscure melodies that bring lucky telephone listeners bountiful loot.

These three song sleuths do not even know each other. They live in different parts of the country. Salter selects some typical folk tune like "Old Grey Mare" and then has each researcher work independently to trace the song's origin back through the years until it is possible to find its original title. The use of three tune detectives gives the show triple checking.

By the time newspaper columnists and quiz experts have retraced the paths of the Salter researchers, Stop The Music's giant jackpot has become king size and grown to an average amount of \$26,000.

The merchandise accumulated for the show is not paid for but received in exchange for those liberal, wordy plugs that you hear each Sunday night on ABC 8-9 P.M., EST.

If you detect a woman's touch in the type of prizes selected for the show's jackpot, it's because Producer Mark Goodson's pretty wife is the program's imaginative shopper.

Since Stop the Music started last March, over \$250,000 in prizes have been given away. Largest loot totaled \$32,000. Biggest individual haul was a \$3,500 nineteen-foot speedboat. Most spectacular was an "in person" visit to the winner's home town by Cab Calloway. A little, sixty-seven-year-old lady who "won" Cab, made him hi-de-ho for her church supper. Turned out fine.

There are always about fifty tunes in Salter's books ready for playing on each hour-long broadcast. Soloists Kay Armen and Dick Brown learn about fifteen apiece. The rest are instrumental numbers.

The show originates from a former theater, the Ritz, on West Forty-eighth Street, New York. Studio tickets are at a premium, since lucky stub holders get a chance to win the smaller prizes which phone contestants fluff. However, studio players don't qualify for the big jackpot.

Don't call Stop the Music. They'll call you . . . if your name is in a phone book. They've got most U.S. phone books. A celebrity is blindfolded and picks from a fishbowl the names of various phone books. Then by a series of refining processes, actual listings and numbers are drawn. These are sent up to the three telephone operators and they go to work contacting the names selected.

Listeners contacted are invited to play and given the call letters of their nearest ABC station so they can tune it in. The telephone operator then signals the control room where the director gives the high-sign to the sound effects man. He simulates a telephone bell, an actor shouts Stop The Music and Parks is on the wire to somebody, somewhere in the U.S., much to the pleasure of the listener and the continuing discomfort of one Fred Allen.

* * *

You Should Know That:

Even if the FCC decides against the telephone giveaway shows as illegal lotteries, no definite action will be taken until July and the Stop the Music impresarios will appeal the decision to the highest courts . . . Todd Russell, m.c. of Strike It Rich, had his good friend, quiz m.c. Bill Cullen, standing by ready to pinchhit during Mrs. Russell's serious and prolonged illness. Mrs. R. is making sure but slow recovery . . . CBS's fast growing quiz, Sing It Again, has moved up from 8 to 10 P.M., EST on Saturdays and looks set for sponsorship . . . Walt Frammer, producer of Strike It Rich, is readying a new audience participation show for CBS called Exchange For Happiness. It's modeled after the Swap Shop Show Pittsburgh listeners may remember . . . Don't be surprised if Stop the Music expands to an hour and a half . . . Ralph Edwards tells close friends he would like to abandon Truth or Consequences now that imitators have watered the original down . . . On Sing It Again a parody about Miss America was recently sung. M.C. Dan Seymour asked a listener to identify the parody. "Who is the All-American miss?" Dan riddled. "Tom Dewey," was the prompt but technically inaccurate reply. Come to think of it, the contestant should have received some consolation prize for quick thinking.

FAMILY COUNSELOR

IT'S BETTER BUSINESS

By TERRY BURTON



Mr. John J. Burke, of the Better Business Bureau, gave Terry Burton and listeners sound advice on the conduct of business transactions.

WE WERE pleased to welcome John J. Burke, executive staff member of the National Better Business Bureau, as a recent Family Counselor. The Better Business Bureaus, located in principle cities of the United States and Canada are non-profit, service corporations, maintained by ethically-minded business firms to elevate the standards of business conduct, fight frauds, and assist the public to achieve maximum satisfaction from its relations with business. Bureau men are experienced also in preparing evidence for presentation to law-enforcing bodies.

Mr. Burke pointed out that while nearly all business is fundamentally honest and deserving of support, an unscrupulous minority of schemers and cheats does exist. For instance, complaints are now reaching his office telling of the "survey approach" used by phony pollsters. The bona fide opinion researcher has nothing to sell, but the phony pollster, once he has his foot in the door, may be able to get signatures on contracts the customer doesn't understand and wouldn't enter into if he did.

Mr. Burke reported the case of a woman who has defrauded a midwest community and may approach others. Using a personal sympathy appeal, she offers to publish a history of the local church in the town, to be financed by advertising. She solicits the advertising (on a payment-in-advance basis), then leaves town.

He also told us about two appeals which had all the earmarks of being honest: investigation proved otherwise. Quite recently a letter asking for donations to purchase a Seeing Eye Dog was sent to remote sections of the country. Mr. Burke explained that the Seeing Eye, Inc. disapproves completely of such appeals, and while the dogs cost \$150, no applicant capable of using a dog has been refused one, for payment can be made at the blind person's convenience. "The other type of letter appeal which bears watching is the plea from unknown persons abroad asking for food, aid and information," he remarked. "These letters might represent the workings of an organized black market and should be turned over to reputable relief agencies."

In closing, Mr. Burke told us that schemes can be recognized by three ifs: IF you are offered something for nothing, or a lot for a little, IF the offer is made especially and confidentially to you, and IF you are asked to act now, immediately, without a chance to think it over . . . watch out. If you suspect dishonesty in your business transactions, call your nearest Better Business Bureau and check. They make no charge for services; they have records and files—and they're there to help you. *Investigate before you invest.*

If you have a problem that you would like to hear discussed, won't you send it along to me, in care of RADIO MIRROR?

Mrs Anthony J. Drexel, III



Back of beautiful distinction like Mrs. Drexel's is *always* perfect grooming

Her Lovely Face shows you
the gracious charm that is
her Inner Self

Famous for her vivid starry beauty, the world responds to Mrs. Drexel's loveliness wherever she goes. The minute that you see her, you are aware of her inner serenity, of the cultured, friendly charm that is the keynote of her exquisite self.

Your face is the only You that others actually see. It is the You they first take to their hearts. It is the You that they remember best. Do, then, help your face to say only pleasing, lovely things about you. Its loveliness, its charm, rest very much with *what you do for it*.

She uses Pond's!

*"I think it's a superb cream—the best I know,"
Mrs. Drexel says*

Let *your face* show you to others as the delightful person you really are. Keep it softly lovely with the cream-cleansings that do so much for skin. *Always* at bed-time (for day cleansings, too) do Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment, *this way*:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

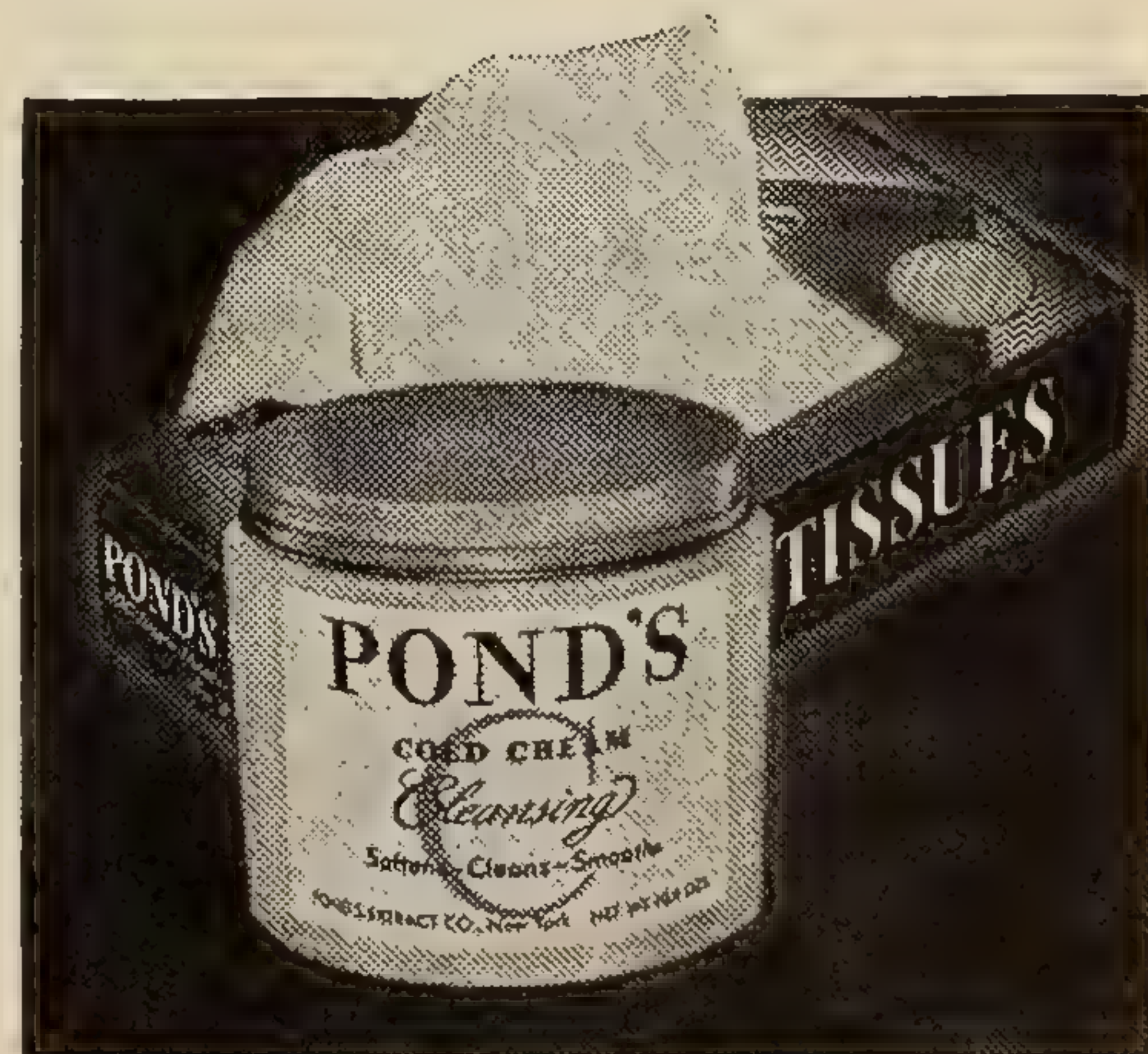
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore-openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment literally acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt and make-up as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Never feel it is merely vanity to develop the beauty of your own face. When you *look lovely*, it spreads out from you to all who see you. It gives you a charming air of happy confidence. It brings the real *Inner You* closer to others.



Pond's—used by more women than any other face creams. Today—get this favorite big, dressing-table size of Pond's Cold Cream.

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is **guaranteed** not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

Advertisement

Come and Visit Andy

(Continued from page 29)

Each child has his own bedroom. The playroom is equipped with a stage, a 16mm. moving picture outfit, and a big screen—a child's dream of a playroom. Or, at any rate, a show-business child's dream. Little Charlie, Jr., is—so far—the only young Correll to show an inclination toward show business.

He's crazy about television and sits and watches it by the hour. And one of his favorite shows is Hollywood Opportunity which N. T. G. emcees, a sort of Hollywood amateur show. Currently Charlie, Jr., is in a pre-primary Catholic school. Shortly after he was enrolled one of the Sisters told the class an exciting story, showing, apparently an excellent feeling for drama.

When she had finished, there was only the briefest pause before Charlie, Jr., piped up with, "Give her a great big hand!" It was suggested that young Charlie confine the language he's picked up from the show to his after-school conversation.

Charlie Sr. doesn't encourage or discourage Charlie Jr. He thinks there's plenty of time to come before definite interests will be forming. "But," he says with a twinkle, "I show them pictures in the playroom almost every night. And for those who don't want pictures—well, there's always television in the next room!"

Something new is always being added at the Corrells'. Currently, Charlie is in the process of putting in another bathroom in the servants' quarters. (Four servants run the Correll household.) He was going to get Paul Williams to figure out a new arrangement, and then decided to do it himself. And very well, too. He took out the pantry and made it into the new bath, made a new pantry out of the utility closet, and added on another utility closet in such a way that no new roofing or foundation was necessary.

Soft pastel tones are the basis of the house's color scheme. Alyce's bedroom is a dreamy thing, all in lush pink satin. Charlie cares a great deal about the people who take care of his house, since for him—outside of his work—that home is his world. The Corrells seldom go out for their fun. They have it all right where they live.

Charlie met Alyce in Fort Wayne, Indiana, while he and Gosden were doing a personal appearance there. At the time, they were doing their broadcast from Chicago. Weekends they

went around and played personal appearances in the smaller towns nearby. Alyce, who is still a very accomplished toe dancer, was on that bill in Fort Wayne with a dancing act. Charlie was standing in the wings during her act.

She had to come off and make three different changes during her performance. "I kept thinking the poor girl must be hot as the devil. The weather in Fort Wayne in summer leaves a little something to be desired. I'd stand there in the wings with a towel and fan her like mad when she'd come off for a change."

Finally Charlie got up enough nerve to ask Alyce where she lived, because after one look at her, he decided she was something special. When she told him she lived in Chicago, Charlie immediately made it his business to find out all about her. If she was single. If she was still "heart-free." She was. "How about calling you up some night and going out to a show or dinner?" Charlie finally managed to ask through the flapping of his improvised fan.

It was all right with Alyce, so as soon as they got back to Chicago, they got together. A four-year courtship came to a happy ending with marriage in Los Angeles, at the Wee Kirk of the Heather, in 1937. "We were married on Saturday and I had to be back on Monday. I had my own plane then and we took off from here at three in the afternoon, and at five-thirty we were in the Hotel Del Monte."

"I brought the plane in at Monterey. I don't know whether it was the honeymoon idea that made me nervous or just that we had traveled all the way at 10,000 feet and let down so fast—anyway, I lost my sense of altitude. But I hit the short runway at Monterey just in time to see a fence pop up in front of me. So I took off again and made it on the second try."

"I have no time to fly now," he says. "I darned near went back to it, and was going to buy a plane not long ago. Then Alyce said, 'Well, it's all right. But where are you going?' I told her, 'I'll go—well, I'll go—', then, '—where in the devil will I go? What do I need with a plane!'"

"My family is just too sensible. Even my daughter Dorothy, who at nine is in the throes of a grand passion for Hopalong Cassidy, keeps me in line."

"There was the time I wanted to buy a boat. I (Continued on page 76)

an Anniversary to remember

Listen to the human stories of people like you—the humorous, poignant, nostalgic remembrances of life's anniversaries and the secret hopes they inspired on

BEN ALEXANDER'S Golden Hope Chest

Every Day Monday-Friday

Mutual Stations



Read how *you* can make an anniversary dream come true for your dear ones in March **True Love Stories** magazine on newsstands February 23.

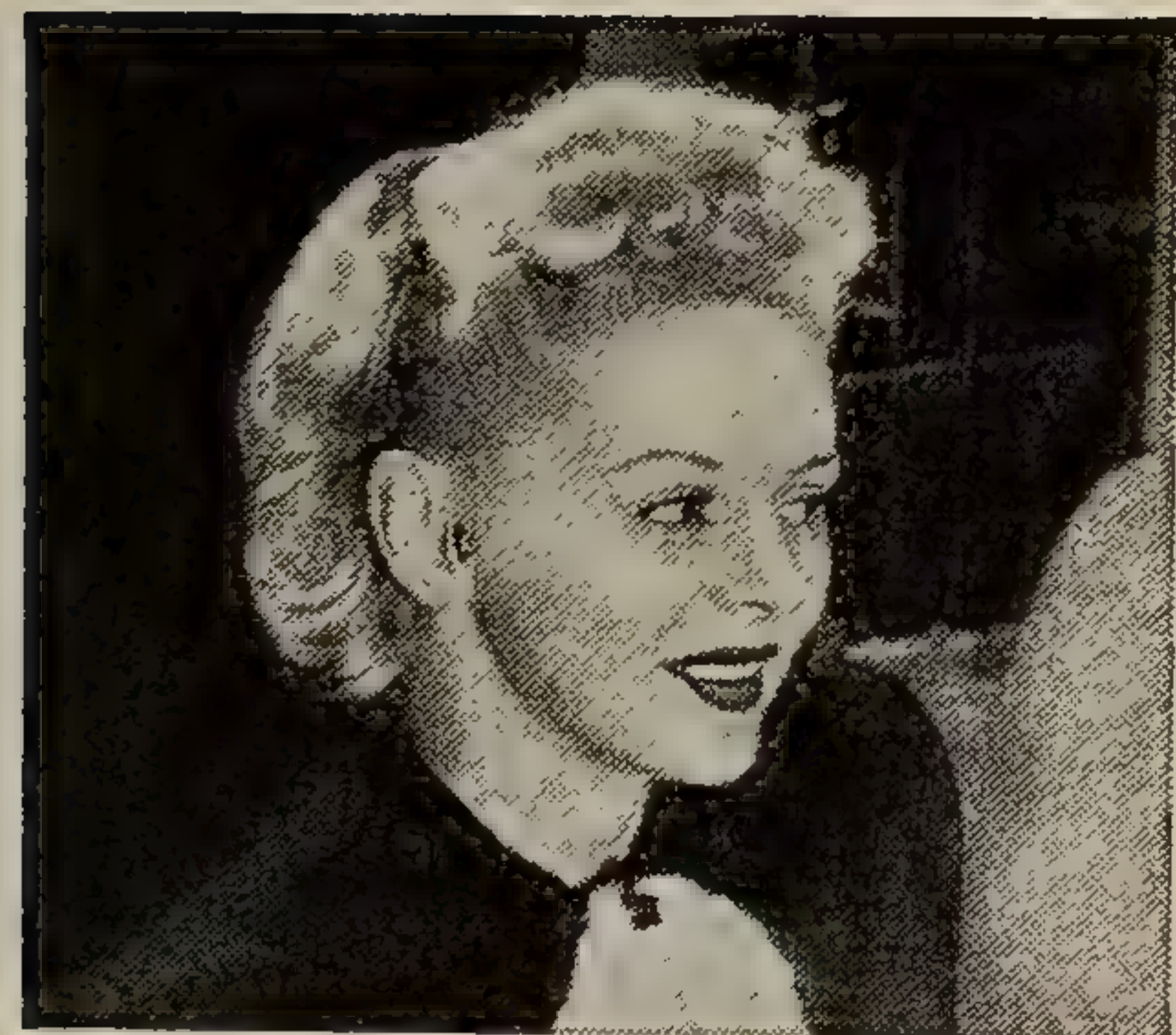


Mrs. Eugenia Roberts of Atlanta had a dry skin problem. "Now," says this lovely young mother, "I use Noxzema as my all-purpose cream, my night cream and powder base. It certainly helps keep my complexion looking soft and smooth."



"I apply Noxzema before putting on make-up and use it before retiring after a day outdoors," states this charming Baltimore sports enthusiast, Jean Patchett of Preston. "I also use Noxzema to help protect my hands against chapping."

Which of these 6 American Women is the **MOST LIKE YOU?**



"Ten years ago I was annoyed by externally-caused blemishes on my face," says Mrs. Eileen Meyer, Detroit. "Noxzema helped heal them so quickly I've used it ever since. It's a real all-purpose cream!"

**If you have some little thing wrong with your skin—
and who doesn't—be sure to read these exclusive interviews.**

• Recently we called on women across the country, asking about their beauty problems. Here are the views of six typical women who are using a new idea in beauty—*Medicated Skin Care*.

New Beauty Routine

It's a simple home treatment developed by a doctor. It has been clinically tested. In fact, 181 women from all walks of life took part in this skin improvement test under the super-

vision of 3 noted doctors—skin specialists. Each woman had some little skin problem.

Based on Scientific Tests

Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema's new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in two weeks!

Yes, 4 out of 5 were thrilled at the improvement in their skin!

For Externally-Caused Skin Troubles

If you want an aid to a softer, smoother looking skin, if you suffer the embarrassment of externally-caused blemishes, rough, dry skin or other similar skin troubles—try Noxzema.

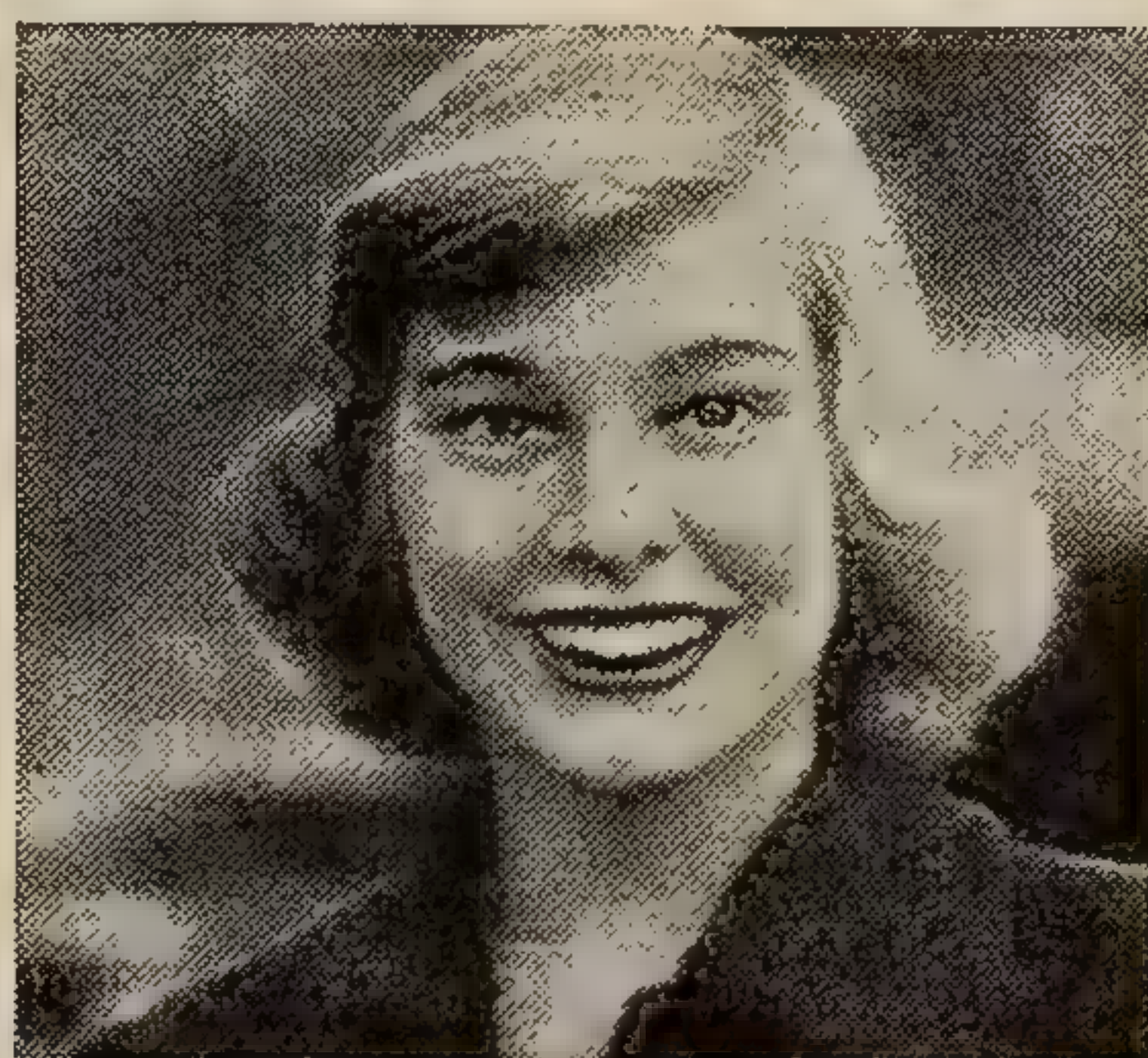
4-Step Beauty Routine!

1. Morning — bathe face with warm water, with a wet cloth apply Noxzema and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. Before retiring, repeat morning cleansing.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over blemishes.

Follow this new routine faithfully morning and night. See if you aren't amazed at the astonishing way it can help your skin. At all drug and cosmetic counters, **40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax—Trial Size also now on sale.**



"My hands were dreadfully chapped. A friend recommended Noxzema and today I use it for everything," says Shirley O'Hara of Los Angeles. "It's my complexion and hand cream—all in one."



Cute blonde Mrs. Sonia Dorsey of Cambridge, Mass. uses Noxzema as her all-purpose cream. She says, "I have unusually dry skin. I've found Noxzema helps keep my skin soft and lovely."



"I put a wonderful-feeling 'mask' of Noxzema on my face before retiring. It's done so much for my skin, I've been recommending it to my friends," says glamorous Jan Barker of Cleveland.

There's Nothing Quite Like Alka-Seltzer



relieving agents for relief from headache which so often accompanies stomach upsets. (3) Alka-Seltzer's fizzing effervescent action, in itself, is soothing to an upset stomach.

For fast, dependable relief from a stomach upset, take Alka-Seltzer! There is nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer. Here's why:

- (1) Alka-Seltzer's alkalinizing agents are wonderfully effective in relieving excess gastric acidity.
- (2) Alka-Seltzer also contains one of the world's most effective pain-

For dependable relief from acid indigestion, take Alka-Seltzer. At all drugstores, U.S. and Canada.

TRY IT FOR ACID INDIGESTION
HEADACHES • DISCOMFORT OF COLDS • ACHEs and PAINS

Wise folks throughout this upset world should welcome this suggestion. Take Alka-Seltzer for RELIEF of Acid Indigestion



(Continued from page 74) chartered a beautiful boat to try it out, took all the kids, and went out for the day. We left from Balboa. Balboa is a little seaside resort about 30 miles south of Los Angeles, on one of the busiest stretches of highway in this part of the country. I was pretty excited about buying the thing. I thought the kids would like it and we could go fishing and sailing. Dottie said, 'Won't you get tired riding down?'

"I got to thinking about that. A three-hour round trip. I drove down once more to see. Coming back in the week-end traffic took me two hours. Why, I wouldn't have one if they gave it to me! It's too tough to get to. I told Dottie that because she saved me that big chunk of dough I'd have put out, I would deposit it in her account."

The Corrells are easy-going, happy people. Friends visit often and stay long. Naturally, their closest friends are Freeman and Jane Gosden. But there are many others. Charlie maintains he plays "fine bar-room piano," and the singing sessions that go on some nights are legendary. He's very proud of his repertoire of old songs. "I can keep going hours after these modern pianists run out of tunes. We started out as singers," he'll remind you. "Worked for nothing in 1924. Neither of us could sing, but we were smart enough to know it. Did patter and comedy songs that didn't need singing voices. I did the piano playing for the act. When I was thirteen, for eight months I got those fifty-cents-a-week lessons. Strictly a saloon piano player—"

But easy-going as Charlie is, he has certain definite standards which he maintains for himself, and which he expects the people around him to live up to. He doesn't, for example, believe in "pushing around"—either for the pusher or the pushee.

The Corrells recently acquired a new servant who was almost too eager to do everything anyone asked him to, whether or not it was his job. Charlie took him aside and briefed him.

"Don't let other people push you around," he said. "Just take care of me, and of the definite job to which you've been assigned. That's all you have to do. If you do that well I'll take care of you—not only now, but in my will."

It seems strange that despite the fact that the boys—Amos and Andy—are great celebrities, they are almost completely unknown. Their names are known in every home in the land, their patter has become definite Americana, their malapropisms a part of American language—but they can walk in any

crowd unmolested.

Furthermore, when Amos and Andy go on television their faces will still be unknown to the general public. Because they do not look like the public's idea of the characters they play, they will get other players to play them, and dub in their voices on film.

This division in the public's mind, between the boys and the characters they have created, does not operate in the minds of Amos and Andy themselves. In fact, they have to be on the watch for slips into "character" which come upon them suddenly and almost unconsciously. Charlie's pitfalls come because he prepares the scripts. (He types every bit of the show.) "I've been writing in dialect for so many years," he complains, "I find myself turning out personal letters with words like 'regusted'."

Though Charlie and Freeman work together like two halves of a beautifully-balanced machine, they're temperamentally so unlike that it's difficult for outsiders to understand their perfect cooperation. Charlie goes all the way to the other point of view for his explanation. Perhaps, he thinks, it's just because they're of such different make-ups that they get along so well—Charlie firm, but calm, relaxed; Freeman more tense, inclined to worry.

It must be something, for, as Charlie points out: "We've been inseparable for nearly thirty years. We've worked together, played together, lived together before we were married. And our personal, business, and social lives still run parallel. We had an idea, for the first sixteen years of our association, that we couldn't live apart. If we didn't actually live in the same apartment, at least in the same building or the same block. It was part practical—because of the necessity of working together. And it was part superstition, I guess."

"In all our time together we never had any real words. I guess we just know each other too well. Sometimes we'll each make cracks, but before one of us begins really to get the other fellow's goat, we realize it and stop. In our program we think so much alike we seldom have differences of opinion. If we do, we simply argue them out. It isn't difficult, because we respect each other's opinions and judgment."

It is an interesting sidelight on the character of "the boys" to know that in more than 10,000,000 words of broadcasting, they never have had a single word censored. And if Charlie Correll is representative of some of the best in American entertainment today, his personal life, too, is an example of the best kind of American living.

Rendezvous for the best in popular music

CLUB 15

Every Night, Monday through Friday, 7:30 EDT—

CBS

BOB CROSBY

Singing
Master of Ceremonies



- Margaret Whiting
- The Andrews Sisters
- Jerry and the Modernaires

Read Bob Crosby's own story in March **TRUE ROMANCE** magazine
At newsstands February 23.

New!

Introducing the Beauty Discovery of the Century... **PENATEN**

in **Woodbury De Luxe**  **Face Creams**

- a revelation in skin care!
- cleanses, brightens, softens as never before!

Now, from Woodbury scientists comes PENATEN—newly developed *penetrating* ingredient. Here in Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams are just-discovered formulas—for deeper, cleaner cleansing!—for superb richer softening!—for sheerest make-up flattery! Your happy promise of flawless new skin beauty!



PENATEN
penetrates deeper
into
pore openings

Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream
...incomparable cleaner cleansing!
PENATEN makes this De Luxe Cold Cream deeper-cleansing. Helps cleansing oils *actually* penetrate deeper into pore openings. Seeks out clogging soil and make-up more effectively. With your first jar of Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream, your skin will be fresh and beauty-clean...as never before!

Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream
...superb richer softening!
Magically, PENATEN aids the skin absorb rich emollients in this De Luxe Dry Skin Cream. Lanolin's softening benefits... four more skin softeners... penetrate deeper into pore openings. Tiny lines soften. Flaky roughness smooths. Your skin looks gloriously younger!

Jars dressed in pink-and-gold elegance. Trial sizes, 20¢ to largest luxury sizes, \$1.39. Plus tax.



Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream—contains Penaten! Particularly effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps keep skin clearer, younger-looking.

Woodbury De Luxe Vanishing Facial Cream—For Glamorous Make-Up: Greaseless, disappearing. A thin veil makes even oily skin look dewy. For a Beauty Pick-up: Apply lavishly to soften skin particles. Tissue off. Skin looks fresher, younger.

Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base Foundation Cream—Petal-Tinted: Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils dry or normal skin in satin-textured base that holds make-up. Helps hide blemishes. Apply sparingly—smooth over face, throat.

Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream—Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this De Luxe All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.

DeLong

Bob Pins

set the smartest
hair-do's

stronger grip—won't slip out



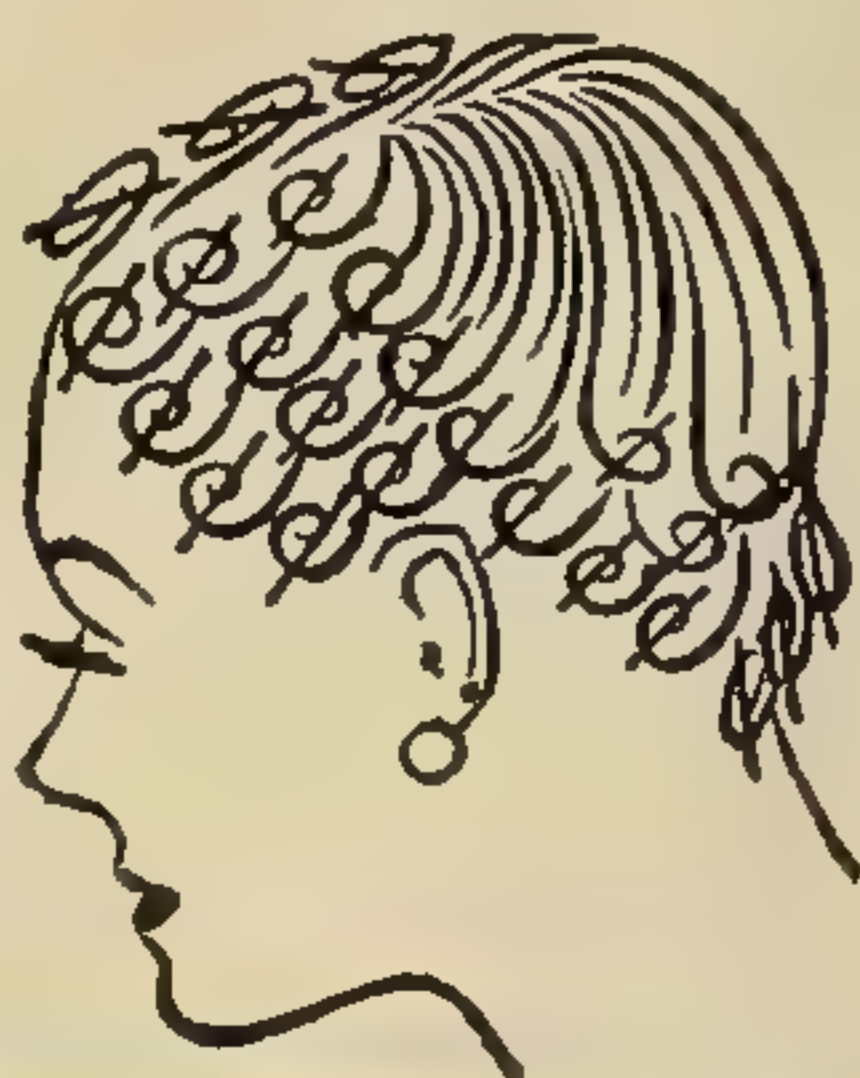
Your hair is short and to the point this season.

The new brief styles are easy on the eyes
—easy to set, *yourself*, with DeLong Bob Pins.

DeLong Bob Pins, with their new rounded
ends, slide in easily, stay in indefinitely.
Get DeLong Bob Pins on the famous blue card.

The Short Halo—

created by Helen Hunt,
famous Hollywood hair
stylist. Make 3 rows of pin
curls. Work clockwise from
left part toward face. Pull
hair slightly forward as you
pin. Brush out hair upward,
away from face. Let ends
fall forward. Brush back
hair upward.



In your favorite chain variety store
Nationally Advertised Brands Week
March 4-12th

Two on the TV Aisle

(Continued from page 44)

of October 3 when Actors' Equity and Philco presented "Dinner at Eight," with the all-star cast of Peggy Wood, Dennis King, Mary Boland, Vicki Cummings, Philip Loeb and Matt Briggs.

"Television means hard work, for everybody in it," Mr. Lytell goes on. "It uses every bit of knowledge you've learned in any other medium. It's completely new, and yet it really gets back to the stock company idea. We do a different play every week and we build new sets for each of these one-hour plays. We have to get actors who are quick studies. They must be accurate, sure of themselves. If they're not, television isn't for them."

"For instance, we did one play in which an actor left out about a page and a half of the script. Luckily, it happened toward the end of a scene. But a thing like that could throw the other actors and ruin the play."

Rehearsals start early in the week, and by Saturday they're on all day, under lights and cameras. It's the same thing most of Sunday. That's why from 9:00 to 10:00 P.M. EST, over the NBC network, you can sit comfortably in your home and see one of the good plays—perhaps one of the great plays—with a hand-picked cast of fine actors in a precision production.

At rehearsal the half dozen men who handle the huge cable work as deftly and quietly as possible, but even then it's disconcerting to the actors. "I have to concentrate completely and get my mind off that boa-constrictor thing being lugged back and forth while I'm working," Lytell says. "It's got to be there, of course. In fact, that boa is more important than I am."

Bert Lytell has worked all four branches of entertainment—the stage, the screen, radio and now television. "Which brings them all together," he says. "But this medium is the most exacting of all. The theater gives you a more leisurely life. If you get a hit play like, for instance, 'Lady in the Dark,' and you know, as we did on opening night, that we had a smash which would run a long time, you can relax. You have your lines, you've learned the 'business' of the part, and except for occasional rehearsals to keep the spirit of the thing fresh and vital, you go on every night."

"Motion pictures are made in fairly short segments, a scene at a time. The actor learns his next day's script. If he fluffs a line or a bit of business, he knows he can do it over."

"In radio you have your script. But on television you're completely on your own. For the young actor, it's a chance to prove his mettle."

In spite of its exacting requirements, actors are swarming to television. "Why not?" demands Mr. Lytell. "It's here to stay, it's going to improve quickly. The lighting will get better, the screen will be bigger. They'll get the 'bugs' out of this whole thing. We may not be quite ready yet for the big musicals with the chorus lines. It would be hard to do the ballet justice at this point. But I'd like to do both."

The techniques of television fascinate him, as they do everyone who works with it. "There is no fourth wall in a room, so we can shoot from any angle and take the audience right with us," he explains it. "The camera will find anything it wants to pick up. It can choose its own angle. You see how flexible this medium is, once you've learned how to handle it!"

When Mr. Lytell forsook his role as host and narrator for one evening and co-starred with Oscar Karlweis in the eighth of their series—the same play, "I Like It Here," in which they had co-starred on Broadway a few seasons back—he was already very much at home as a television actor. Behind him were the seventeen weeks of emceeing Hollywood Screen Test, to which Neil Hamilton succeeded when Actors' Equity asked Mr. Lytell to take this one. The Actors' Fund, by the way, benefits generously from every Playhouse performance.

Bert Lytell was practically raised in the theater. At fifteen, he played Marie Dressler's nephew in one of her most successful farces, "The Mix-Up." At sixteen he was a call boy in a Newark, New Jersey, theater. He played stock on the West Coast and in the East, and at twenty-three he organized his own stock company. He stage-managed and acted, picked the furnishings and the drapes and the props, and constituted himself a one-man theatrical enterprise.

By the time he courted success on Broadway he had learned every phase of the business. After that he went to Hollywood and starred in motion pictures for a number of years.

But this television theater is the most exciting thing that could happen to an actor of his calibre. Didn't I tell you that, besides talent, it takes experience, courage, and the capacity for taking infinite pains?

do you know someone with a

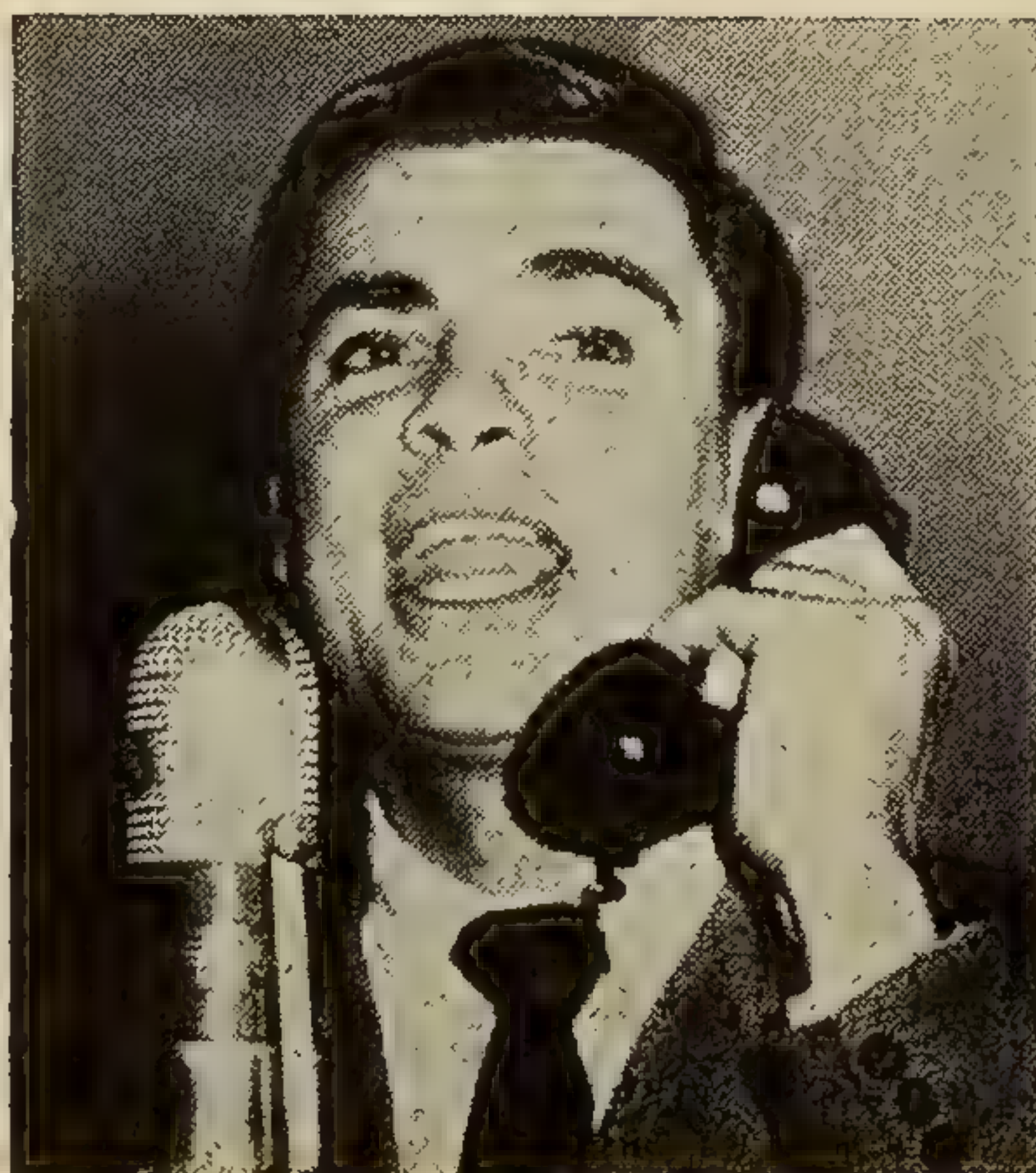
HEART OF GOLD?

Someone whose good works and unselfishness
deserve recognition? You can tell about it
and win a valuable prize on

"Second Honeymoon"

Monday-Friday ABC Stations
featuring **BERT PARKS** and Dick Todd

For details of the "Heart Of Gold" contest, read
the current issue of **TRUE ROMANCE**
magazine now on sale.



My Husband, Alan Young

(Continued from page 55)

ensuing conversational details. Let it suffice that Frank is a born agent which means he's a born salesman; finally he sold me on the idea. I was reluctant, but I went.

My escort that night was named Alan Young. He had been in New York about a year, I had heard him on the radio—and he was a complete surprise. He *was* different. He honestly was bashful. It took him half of the evening to discover which girl was supposed to be his date. I liked him. It wasn't precisely one of those zing-went-the-strings-of-my-heart occasions, but I liked him.

ALAN was gay and amusing, witty and fun, but he didn't corner the conversation for the evening. In the entertainment world there is an expression for a performer who always is acting: "he's always on." Most comedians are constantly "on." Alan wasn't.

Alan asked me for another date. In the following four months we had lots of them, and invariably we went to night clubs. At the end of that time I told him, "Alan, I'm a frank character. I don't like night clubs. Would you mind if we go someplace else?"

Such a sigh of relief I've never heard from anyone as the one which followed from A. Young. "Am I glad to hear that!" he admitted. "I thought you were the New York type who loved them."

So, for our next date Alan planned a surprise. He took me to one of New York's swankiest and most expensive French restaurants. He ordered guinea hen under glass, and it was as tough as the glass that protected it. Then we went to the theater to see "The Late George Apley," at that time a sell-out hit. When we arrived we discovered that some enterprising scalper had sold the gullible Alan two seats in the same row—but at opposite ends of the row! Alan finally traded them for box seats, which at best are not good but at least they were together. Poor Alan, he was so upset! But his embarrassed confusion made me like him all the more.

After that—never underestimate the power of a woman—I took over, gently but firmly, on where we went on some of our dates. Alan, despite his year in New York, was still rather like a little boy from the country. (I had been in Manhattan about four years so I was an old New Yorker!)

I started by taking him sight-seeing. We took rides on the Staten Island ferry, visited the Statue of Liberty, Chinatown and the Bowery. We walked across Brooklyn Bridge. Then we began on the museums. Alan loved them because in his youth he wanted to be a cartoonist, has a real flair for drawing and a great appreciation of art.

Our Four Chicks and a Chuck had meanwhile been booked—happy circumstance!—on Alan's radio series. The show was moved to California. Then Alan stayed in Hollywood and I went back to New York on another job. Eventually I returned to Hollywood and, briefly, two years and three proposals after that agent-arranged blind date on May 11, 1948, I became Mrs. Alan Young.

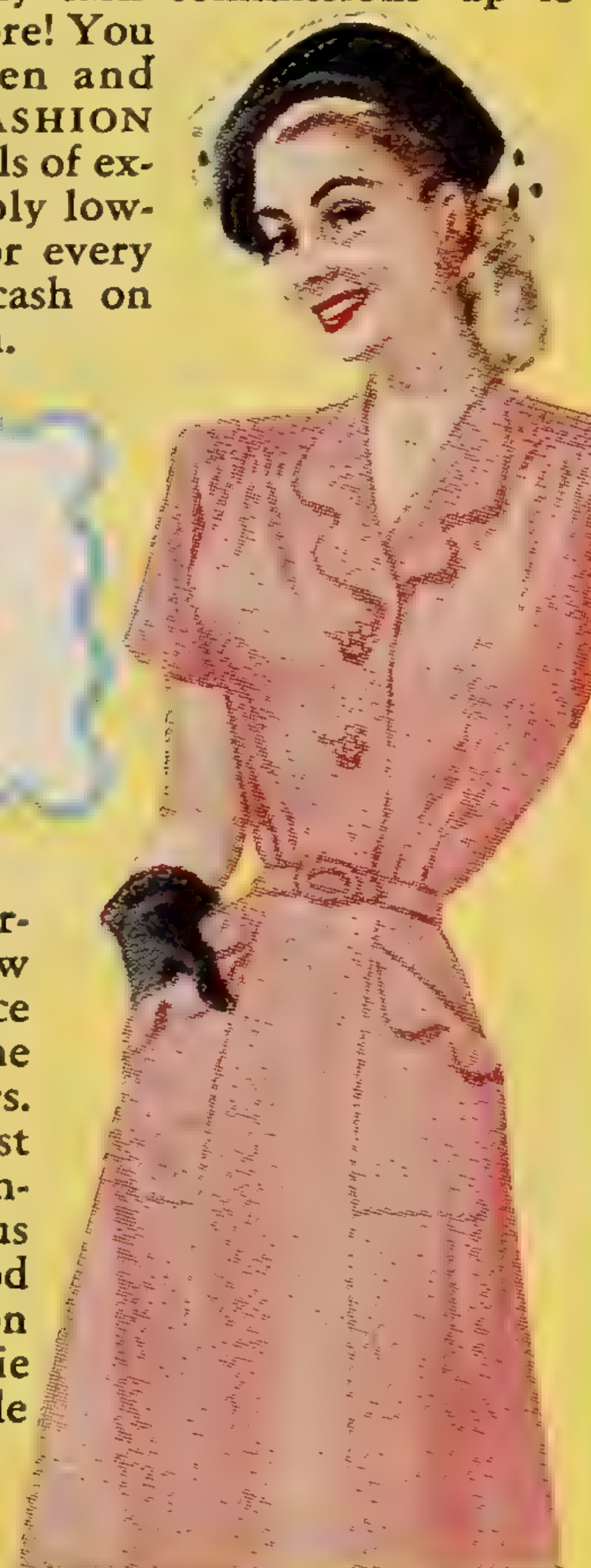
Alan hasn't changed in the years I've known him. He's fun and funny, but not always "on." Like most comedians

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and EARN
Up to \$23
WEEKLY
BESIDES



If there's one thing every woman can always use, it's a NEW DRESS! Especially when it's beautifully made in the latest style and the newest colors and fabrics—such as those shown on this page. How would you like to receive one, two, three or even more lovely Spring dresses, *without paying a penny of cost?* That's right, without paying out a single cent in cash! Well, here's your chance. It's a remarkable opportunity offered by FASHION FROCKS, Inc., America's largest direct selling dress company. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. *We need new representatives right away* to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. Whether you're married or single—housewife or employed woman—you can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—*dresses that will not cost you a penny.* In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to \$23 and \$25 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS—gorgeous originals of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to \$3.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot. It's really a cinch.



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MORE REPRESENTATIVES NEEDED RIGHT AWAY!

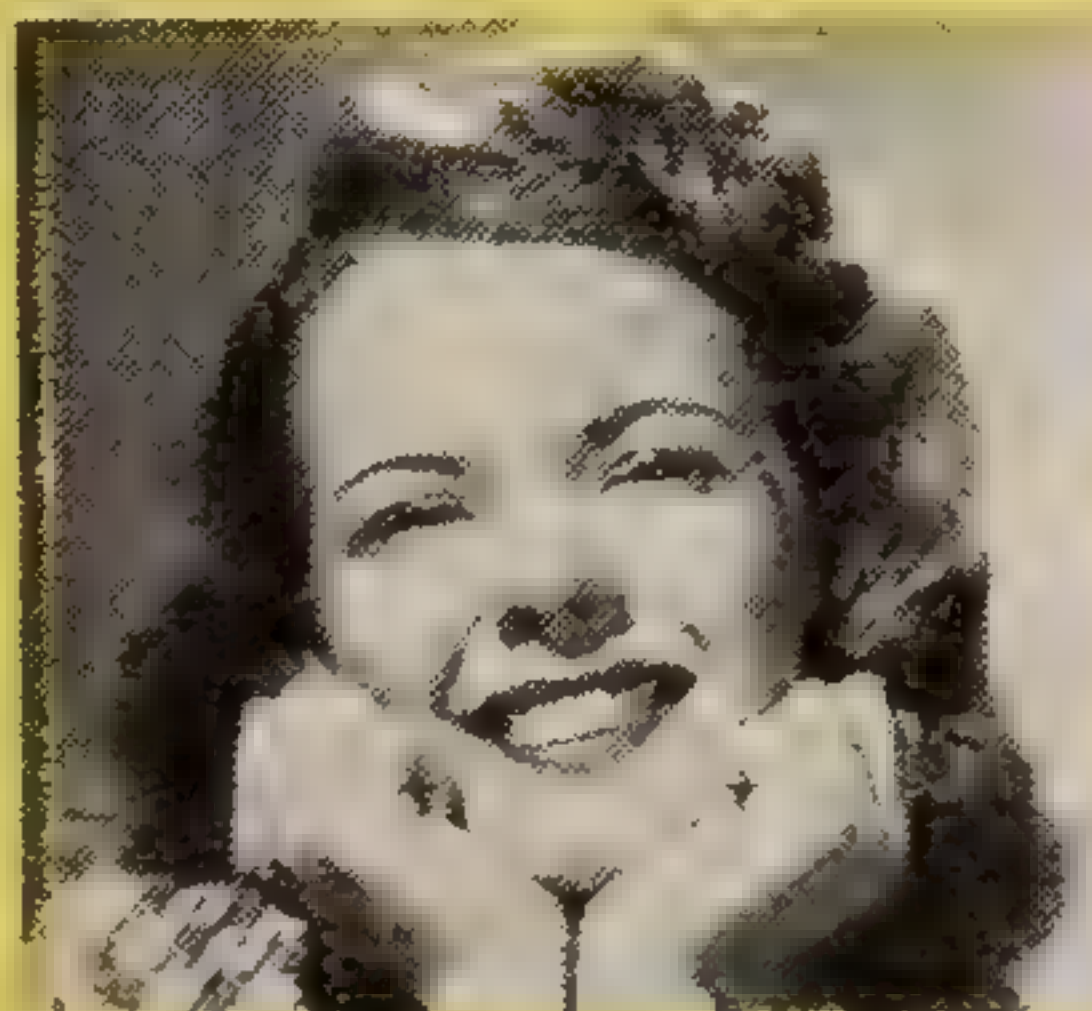
Right now, more representatives are needed to show a marvelous added feature of FASHION FROCKS—sensational new styles personally designed by the lovely screen star, Constance Bennett, "one of the world's ten best-dressed women". Be the one to present these exciting dresses to friends and neighbors. Remember, they can't be bought in stores, so people must come to you if they want to be admired in stunning Constance Bennett originals. FASHION FROCKS carry the famous Good Housekeeping guaranty seal. You can make good money without previous experience. Our special cooperation plan helps you to exceptional earnings like these: Marie Patton, Ill., earned \$28.84 in a single week—Mrs. Claude Burnett, Ala., collected \$27.10.

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Think how wonderful it can be to get all your own dresses, without cost! Mail the coupon now to reserve valuable Style Presentation Portfolio sent FREE. No obligation—and nothing to pay. Just paste coupon to a postcard and mail it today.

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Lois Butler, appealing star of Eagle Lion's film "Mickey", personally selected 8 styles from the exquisite Spring line of Junior FASHION FROCKS.

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—mail now!

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YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

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"We're Not Supposed TO FALL IN LOVE!"

What do two young people do when the powerful emotions of love draw them closer and closer to each other and further from the bounds of convention? Read the breathtakingly tender story of Cathy and Pete whose love hangs in the balance of one fateful night!

In March

True Story

Now At All Newsstands

Other Exciting Stories In This Issue:

★ **INDIAN GIRL**—The ageless story of an Indian maiden who married a white man and tried to bridge the gap between their backgrounds.

★ **WE COULDN'T AFFORD OUR BABY**—Has any woman the right to give up her unborn baby? Read Mary's story . . . the ending will bring tears to your eyes.

plus: ★ **RALPH EDWARDS** Tells His Own True Story—How he rose to his current popularity as radio's top master of ceremonies.

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GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

All this and much more —
fashions, beauty, homemaking
and furnishing features you
won't want to miss in March

True Story

LISTEN TO: "My True Story"
Monday-Friday ABC Stations

At Newsstands Everywhere

he worries about his scripts, but not annoyingly. There is no pretense in his nature. He is completely the artist-actor; he doesn't try to be the handy man, cabinet maker or gardener type. His present success in radio—with Jimmy Durante and on his own new show, both on NBC—rests very lightly indeed on his shoulders and I'm sure always will.

Alan was born in England of Scottish parents who journeyed to Vancouver, British Columbia, when he was four. A few years thereafter he began sketching and planning a future as a cartoonist. At six, however, he made his stage debut—just a walk-on bit, but it sparked the idea that entertaining was as much fun as cartooning. At sixteen he decided his sense of humor might be more profitable on the air than on a drawing board and he started earning \$2.20 a performance on a local radio program.

Alan also did amateur shows in vaudeville, was a junior m.c. at Vancouver clubs and civic organizations. After he graduated from high school in 1938 he was hired to write "Stag Party" on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation network. It was an afterthought that he was starred on the program; for that chore he received \$5 extra!

As is true of most men who worked up through the ranks of radio, Alan became a utility character at his Vancouver station. He wrote a half-hour show, acted in two programs a week, was an assistant news editor and part-time announcer, for all of which he earned \$15 a week. When he asked for a raise he was fired.

ALAN landed on his feet, however. He was signed for a comedy show and after a hitch in the Canadian Navy won a similar spot in Toronto in 1942. It was on the latter assignment that a talent scout in New York heard him and suggested that he come to the United States. In 1944 he was summer replacement for Eddie Cantor, and hailed as the great new comedy find of the year. The Young stock went up and down a few times after that, but now has steadied at a high point.

Besides, Alan now is doing movies. He made his screen debut in "Margie," in which he had to ice skate. The director, knowing Alan was from Canada, just assumed he knew how to skate. Alan had never ventured on blades in his life; Vancouver doesn't have icy winters! So he took some very fast lessons at a local rink and felt confident.

When he reported for the skating scenes the director told him he wasn't supposed to skate too well. That was fortunate. Alan is by nature a good athlete, but camera jitters combined with uncertainty on his skates made him fall twice during the sequence. "That was perfect! Great idea for you to fall!" the director told him later.

Not always does he blunder into things so conveniently. There was the time, shortly after we were married, when we were invited to our first party at Atwater Kent's. Those parties are always plush affairs, so I had bought a silver satin evening gown and spent most of the afternoon getting ready. Alan had loaned his tuxedo to a friend who had thoughtfully sent it to a cleaner—I'd like to meet him some dark night!—and returned it late that very day. When Alan put it on the lapels drooped like a bloodhound's ears and there was a swag effect around the waistline like the valance of old velours

draperies. Alan agreed with my protest that he couldn't go to a dog fight in that, and got on the phone. Eventually he located a friend whose dinner clothes were available and would fit.

The invitation for the Kent party read 8:30 and Alan, who loves to eat, feared that did not imply a dinner party, so he made a reservation for us at the Beverly Hills Hotel. On the way we ran out of gas! When we arrived, late for our reservation of course, there still was plenty of bowing and scraping for we were dressed up like a couple of Christmas trees. We were looking over the menu, about to order something special—although not guinea hen under glass—when Alan put his hand in his pocket and discovered he had left his wallet at home. Between us we had about two dollars in change. You never saw two such scarlet faces as bent over those two cheese sandwiches we ordered.

We arrived at Kent's about 10:30, after all our tribulations. And guess what? There was the most beautiful buffet supper you ever saw!

AS YOU might imagine from Alan's heritage, his favorite food is roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, which I've learned to cook to his satisfaction. He also favors roast lamb, tea, and my own special way of making baked beans. He seems to be eating all the time, adores candy and chocolate cake and when he's around the house is constantly experimenting on fresh fruit milk shakes whipped up in our electric mixer. He also makes a mean batch of fudge!

For a time Alan thought a man should get outdoors more often, so he tried gardening. He bought seed flats, carefully planted the seeds in a special sand mixture—so deep they never germinated. Extra seeds he threw away under a tree. They grew! Then our dogs, Rocky and Freckles, ripped up most of the plants in the back yard; only the thorns on the roses saved them from destruction. Alan stopped gardening.

Rocky is a cocker spaniel that Alan gave me as a wedding present. He was just a pup, but he moved in and took over the household, including Freckles' bed. Freckles didn't seem to mind. He is strictly a mutt, but Alan and I both love him. However, we must have been paying too much attention to the newly arrived Rocky and after a few weeks Freckles ran away. Now follows one of those long-arm-of-coincidences which seem difficult to believe, but it's true.

A few Christmases ago Alan offered, through the local papers, to give a dog to every child who wanted one and would sign a pledge to take care of the pet according to ten rules of the Alan Young Dog Club. He got the dogs from the Los Angeles pound, paid the fees for them and presented them complete with dog tags. Recently Alan has been working with Mickey Finn, the remarkable young Los Angeles policeman who started his own foundation to combat juvenile delinquency. Alan now is vice president of the Mickey Finn Youth Foundation and presents dogs the year 'round, instead of just at Christmas, to boys who will take care of them, in the very sound belief that a dog is good for a boy's morale.

On one of Alan's routine visits to the pound a few days after Freckles disappeared, he was talking with one of the attendants when from the nearby cage room there suddenly came loud and persistent barking with a familiar ring. You've anticipated, of course, that

The Gown Doesn't Fit, Honey...

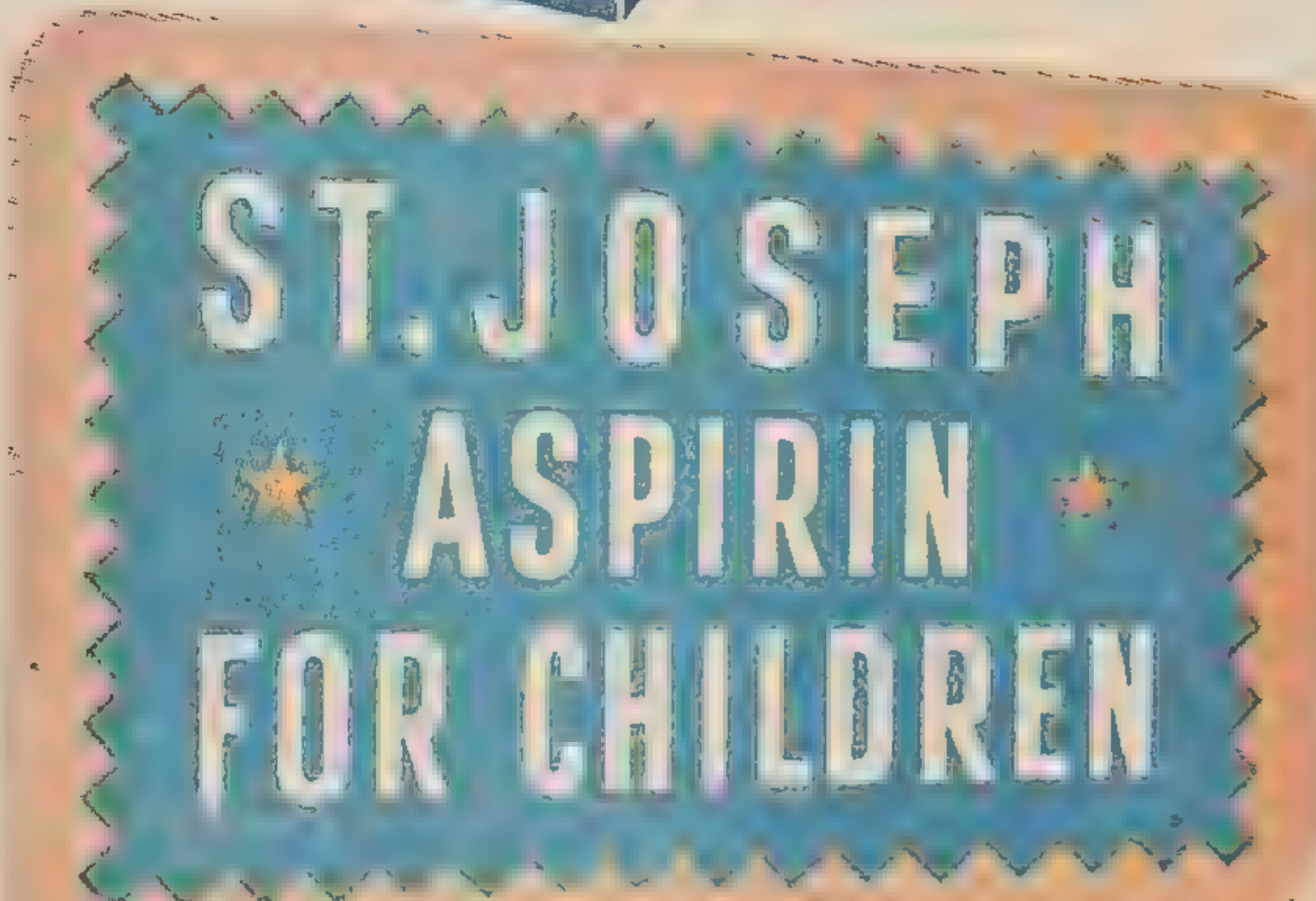
—you're not ready for an adult size yet. . . . And mother knows it's the same in aspirin—you're not ready for a 5-grain adult size tablet because it doesn't fit your special dosage needs.



Mother... HERE'S THE ASPIRIN TABLET THAT "Fits" YOUR CHILD'S NEEDS

IT'S ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN! Approved by mothers everywhere because it solves child dosage problems and eliminates all guesswork about correct dosage. *Easy To Give* because it's not necessary to cut or break tablets. *Assures Accurate Dosage* because each tablet contains $1\frac{1}{4}$ grains of aspirin— $\frac{1}{4}$ the regular 5-grain adult tablet. *Easy To Take* because it's orange flavored and sweetened to a child's taste. Bottle of 50 tablets, 35c.

Be sure to always ask for the original and genuine St. Joseph Aspirin For Children because there is no other product just like it! Buy it now!



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DOLE lifts

***Hot Buns, Cold Beverage** Happy inspiration—when hunger catches up with you, somewhere between noon and nightfall! Treat yourself—and the home-from-school crowd—to frosty Dole Pineapple Juice and fresh hot cross buns. How good that sunny juice tastes going down! Just as good for you, too — Dole's bright with goodness, blessed with dancing flavor. Keep a can in your refrigerator—ready for a tropic intermission, any time!

for Senten days -

Freckles had recognized Alan's voice and set up that clamor to attract attention. Freckles hasn't run away since.

Alan had bought our house, a white clapboard cottage in North Hollywood, before we were married, but he gave me a free hand in redecorating. He agreed that he liked the colors I chose—chartreuse in the bathroom, cocoa brown in our small sunny dining room, gray-rose in the bedroom and an old green in the kitchen. His sole objection was to the deep gray I used for one wall in the living room. He said it was too close to Battleship Gray, of which he had seen enough in the Navy.

As I said, Alan's not the handy man around the house that you read about. Somehow the fires he builds in the fireplace just don't burn. (But he never fails with those in the barbecue pit. Do you suppose he's encouraged by the thought of food?) With all good intentions he bought a Home Manual, determined to learn how to fix things around the house. His first try was to plaster around the laundry sink; it all flaked off. Perhaps that is why now he never uses the work bench or the tools my Dad gave him.

But one can't expect everything. Much more important to me is the fact that he's consistently cheerful, even early in the morning when I can't say the same for myself. Alan always gets up first, makes the coffee and gives the dogs their milk. And he's warm-hearted and sentimental—those things you can't buy for all the money in the world, and goodness knows you can always hire a handyman! And furthermore, I wouldn't trade Alan's eye for women's clothes for all the plastering skill in the world. Several times he's just gone off on his own and bought me things he liked—and what's more, I liked them too. It's not any old husband who has this particular talent!

WHEN Alan spent several weeks in Dallas with the Jimmy Durante show last Autumn he brought me an Empire style dinner dress and a stunning peg-top skirt, in just my size. As he gave them to me he said he hoped we'd never have to be separated again. That's one reason why I'm not trying to continue my career, although I was trained as both a coloratura soprano and dancer.

I'm singing now, with our quintet, on Alan's show, and that's fun—working together—but nothing else. I want to be free to go on trips with him, when he wants me, as I did on the location near Reno for "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College" in which Alan is appearing with Clifton Webb and Shirley Temple.

Besides, I honestly believe that one career in the family is enough. I like being domestic. I like picking up the little scraps of paper, matchbooks and old cigarette packages on which Alan writes gag ideas as he thinks of them. I like having to remind him of appointments, for which he is always prompt, if he remembers them. I like our lazy evenings at home, listening to records—mostly classical, but Alan also has a weakness for Spike Jones. I like discussing the books we read, and there Alan is always way ahead of me. He reads very rapidly and always three books at once—serious, too. I like Alan's sentimental presents to me, like the heart-shaped earrings and pin he has just given me.

For the record, I'll admit that now I am a hearty rooter for blind dates—in theory, that is. For myself—I'm going steady with my husband, so I'll never need a blind date again.

***Two-Crust Pineapple Pie** Grand finale to a meatless dinner...a pineapple pie starring the crisp-cut, tender, flavor-rich morsels of the new Dole Crushed. Drain a no. 2 can of Dole Crushed. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 tbsps. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt; mix with drained pineapple. Pour mixture into pastry-lined 7" pan; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of pineapple syrup, dot with butter or margarine; put on top crust, bake as usual.

*By PATRICIA COLLIER
Dole Home Economist

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., San Francisco 6

America's Shopping Wonderland!★

...your "5 and 10"★

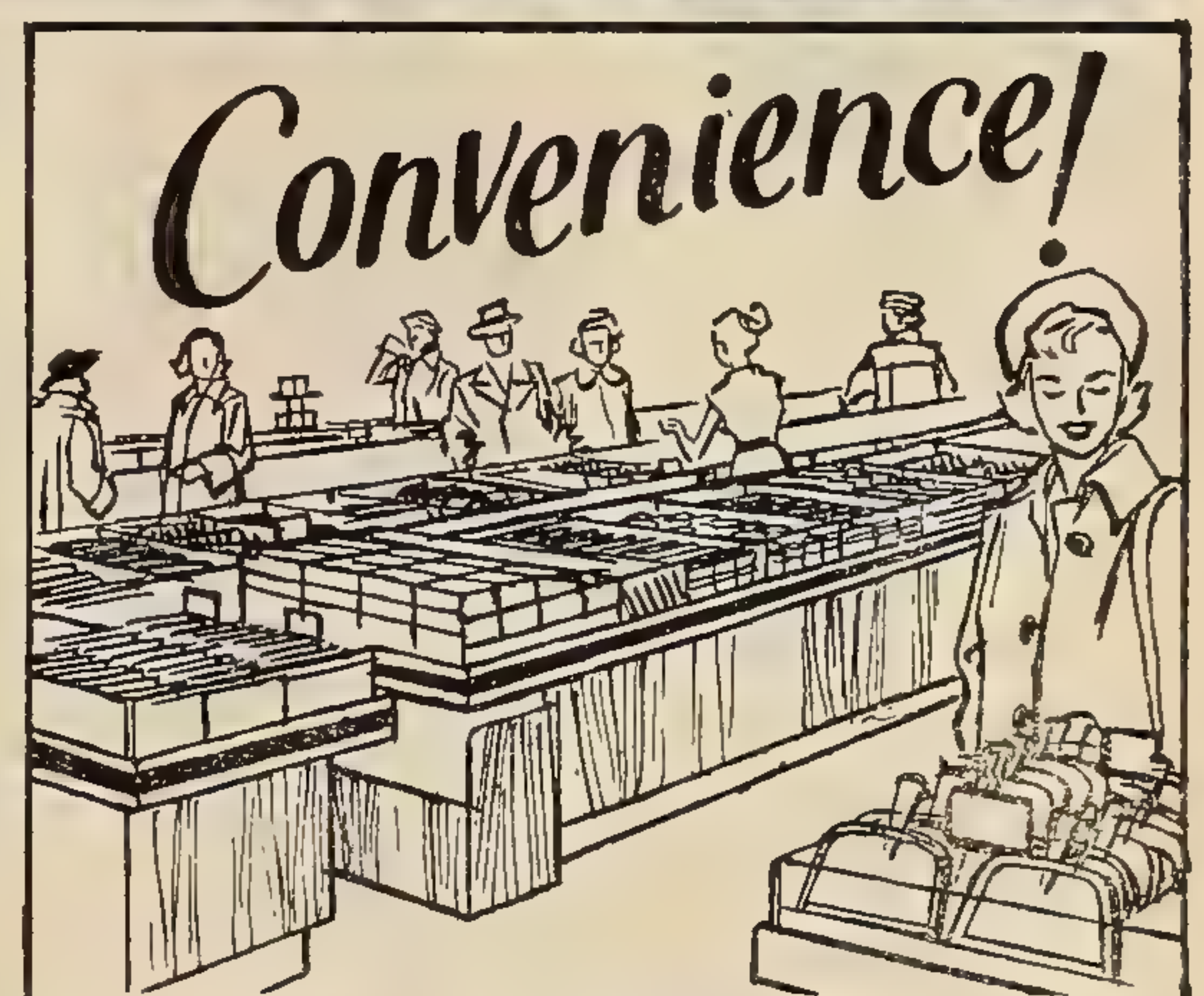
VARIETY STORES



... famed the world 'round for penny-ful values, "5 & 10" variety stores feature many articles at original pre-war prices.



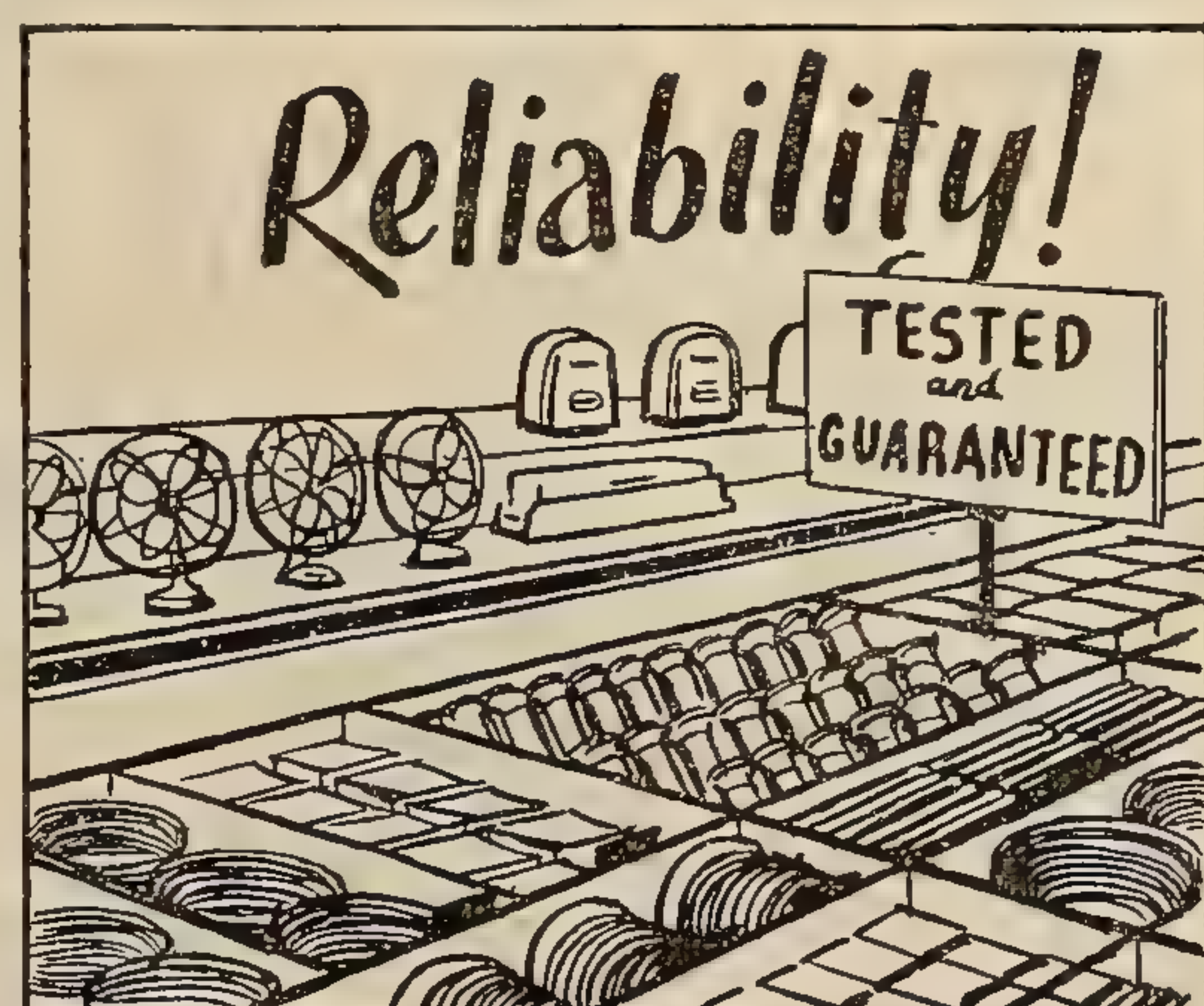
You'll find it at the "5 & 10", because the average store carries many thousands of articles for the family and the home!



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To emphasize their high standards of quality the nation's "5 & 10" are celebrating NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK in Variety Stores March 4 to 12, 1949.

Nationally Advertised Brands Week in Variety Stores, N. Y. C.

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on

Hold-BOBS



...because HOLD-BOBS really hold. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

More women use
HOLD-BOBS
than all other
bobby pins combined



*T. M. REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF.

HOLD-BOB* is a GAYLA hair beauty aid

Life Without Father

(Continued from page 33)

admit that in pioneer days, a woman left alone with children to care for was in a precarious spot. I shrink to think of firing at Indians with one hand and changing diapers with the other.

I'm not going to be dull by going into all the reasons why family life as lived in the dawn of history has no relation to family life today. Avoiding starvation was a two-party undertaking in the days of the dinosaurs. The man had to beat a bear to death; the woman had to skin the carcass and tan the hide to make a blanket. She had to cook the flesh on a fire built by an antediluvian boy scout. She had to dry the bones and carve them with stones to fashion her kitchen utensils.

The old days had one definite advantage over our era. It was possible, even as recently as grandfather's time, to make plans for the future with a reasonable hope that the plans would be fulfilled. "Security" was a fundamental word with unshakable meaning. Families lived in the same house through succeeding generations for a hundred years. Fortunes could be established; a way of life could be built up and maintained.

In short, our American world—although vast and constantly expanding—operated along established lines. Our grandparents' era was a closed corporation. They knew it. They liked it.

Our parents made the nasty discovery, revealed by the first World War, that an ocean no longer had protective meaning. Our cherished line of physical security had been wiped out.

The country was just beginning to recover from that shock when the 1930 depression broke the forlorn news that there had ceased to be such a thing as economic security.

World War II introduced such chaos into family relationships as they had never before known in America, and the development of the atomic bomb forever blasted from the minds of thinking people any conviction that the future is a commodity on which we can count.

Furthermore, not only wars and depressions have been responsible for dispersing our old notions of security, but the small facts of our daily life have caused them to vanish. With traffic as cataclysmic as it is in every large city today, who knows when he will start to the corner drugstore for a pack of cigarettes, and end in the traction ward,

or some other division of a hospital?

Considering that geographic, economic, and physical security are things of the past, I suppose we human beings would be in a bad way if it weren't for the fact that a new type of knowledge of basic human needs has been developed. I know that there has been a good deal of kidding about psychiatry; nevertheless, the earnest people I know agree that our only chance for contentment lies in understanding one another. We must, in the absence of all other types, establish emotional and intellectual security.

Psychiatrists have found that the very first need of a child is to be loved. Tests have proved that it is definitely bad for a child to grow up in a home where there is obvious friction. If one parent gives the child one hundred percent love and understanding, the other parent is indifferent, the child feels only fifty percent successful. Clearly, sometimes the child of a "broken" home has an advantage over a child in a two-parent home, if those parents use the child as a net across which to fire volleys of anger at one another. And we know inescapably that the "ideal"—or even nearly ideal—home, in which both parents are emotionally mature and equipped for parenthood, is more unusual than otherwise.

I, personally, feel that there is too much mish-mosh in the business of adopting children. An adoptive parent must be protected, by investigation, of course, and a child must be placed in an investigated home. But it seems to me that there is too much attention paid to absurd detail. For instance, there are definite rules in most states that an adoptive child must be given into a home which has so many square feet of floor space or more, thus-and-so much window space, a monthly income of such-and-such.

Not the possession of some riches, and not the owning of a certain type of home in a certain type of neighborhood, should be the basis for awarding children, but a study of the adoptive mother's capacity for love and her ability to meet life situations with mature common sense.

Although I hope it doesn't sound fatuous to say it, I feel particularly qualified to write about the one-parent home because I was what is now described rather pityingly as "a child of divorce."

Statistics (Continued on page 86)

Save the date—

**MONDAY
NIGHT
FEB. 14**

for the most popular movie
of 1948!



Hear the
Lux Radio Theatre's
presentation of the winning movie in the
**PHOTOPLAY
GOLD MEDAL AWARDS**

for the best movie and most popular stars of 1948 selected by millions of movie-goers in PHOTOPLAY's annual Nationwide Election.

You will thrill to the well-remembered moments of 1948's best motion picture—with the original stars.

Don't miss **THE LUX RADIO THEATRE
PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS**
Monday, February 14—CBS

Who are the winners? For a sneak preview, get the March issue of PHOTOPLAY magazine—on sale February 9!

Are you in the know?



How to cope with a cowlick —

- ☐ Fight it
- ☐ Favor it
- ☐ Forget it

Ornery critters—cowlicks. You can neither take 'em or leave 'em. But if you favor a cowlick by parting the hair directly into the center of that stubborn tuft—it behaves! There's another smart plan you can favor, at certain times. That's trying all 3 *absorbencies* of Kotex—to find the one just right for *you*. Regular, Junior and Super are designed for different girls, different days. Why not be sure to have a Kotex napkin that's very personally *yours*?



What "new note" does this coat bring?

- ☐ Back interest
- ☐ A break for tall teens
- ☐ Another beauty ritual

Each answer is correct. The coat shown has new "back interest;" styling that flatters "glamazons." The new beauty ritual? Neck care! That collar-rubbing means extra scrubbing and softening (with lotion) to save your neck. Back interest in *dresses* is often a matter of eye-catching *trimming*, rather than flare. So on "those" days, choose the napkin that prevents telltale outlines! With those special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex, you're smooth—from *any* view!



While someone's 'phoning, should friends —

- ☐ Go dumb
- ☐ Keep talking
- ☐ Comment on the conversation

During a get-together, if a keen dean gets a buzz—don't let your conversation lapse. You may think it's polite, but *he'll* think you're listening! So keep up the charmin' chatter (tuned low) and spare the buzz boy needless blushes. Embarrassment is always needless, for clever girls—on calendar days. Because with the *extra* protection of Kotex, "accident" worries say bye-bye—thanks to Kotex' exclusive *safety* center. Keeps your confidence shatter-proof!



Which square dance is he calling?

- ☐ Birdie in the Cage
- ☐ Address Partners
- ☐ Dosey-do

How about giving a square dance party! Scene: your home (playroom preferred!). Music: courtesy of folk dance discs or the crowd's own vocal cords. First, learn the steps and calls—such as "Birdie in the

Cage" (see picture above). Don't let difficult days keep you "caged," when Kotex can free you from discomfort. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. You're ready for *every* gay fray!



More women choose **KOTEX**^{*} than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

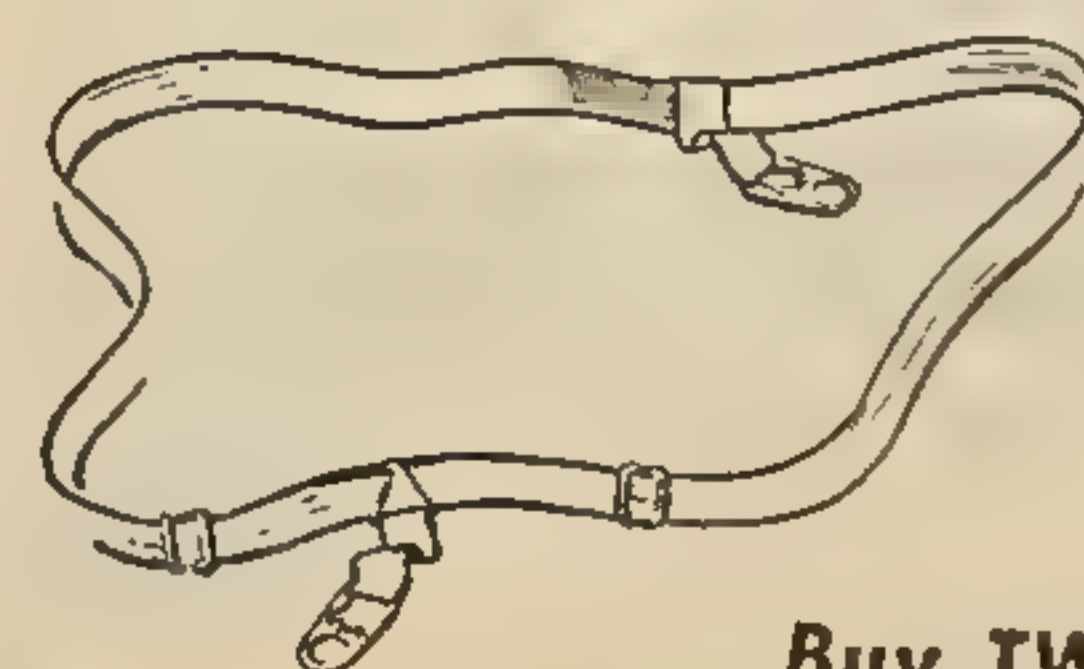


When buying sanitary needs, should you —

- ☐ Wait 'til next time
- ☐ Buy a new sanitary belt
- ☐ Buy 2 sanitary belts

After a bout with the daily grind, you welcome a shower . . . a change to fresh togs. Of course! But to make your daintiness complete, on "those" days you'll want a fresh sanitary belt. You'll need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a change.

Remember, the *Kotex Belt* is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You'll find your adjustable Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. (It's all-elastic.) So—for extra comfort, choose the new Kotex Sanitary Belt, and buy *two*—for a change!

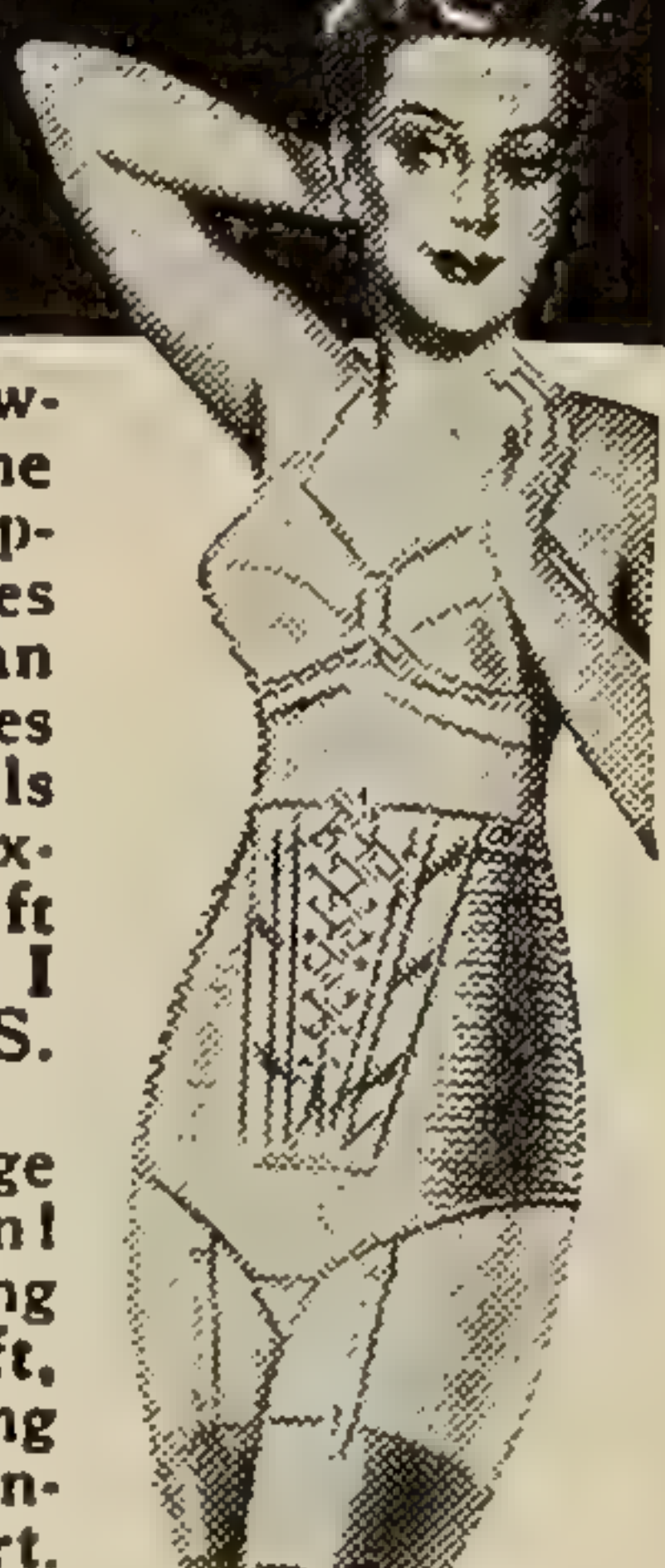


Kotex
Sanitary
Belt

Buy TWO—by name!

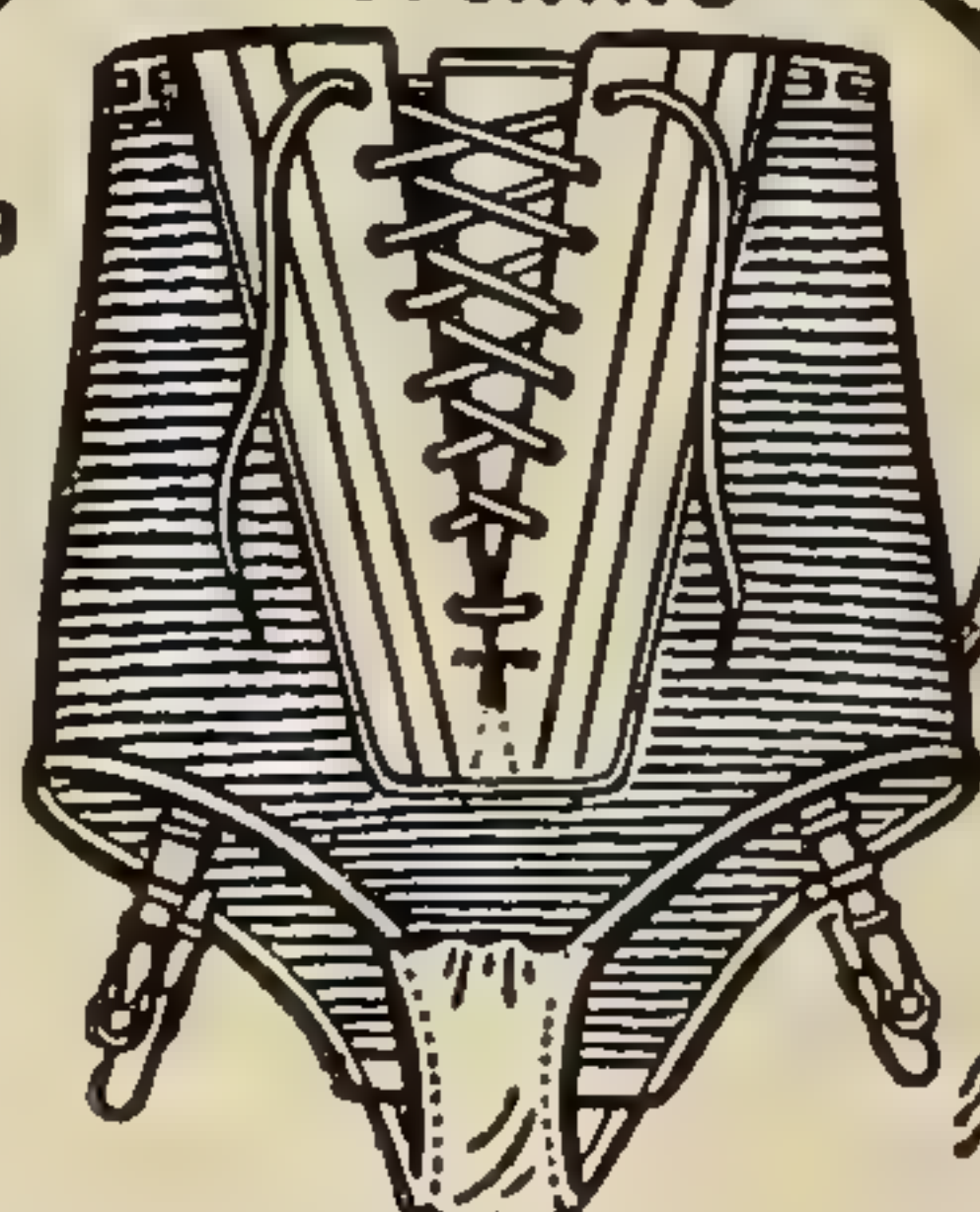
NOW I FEEL LIKE SIXTEEN AGAIN!

"Droopy posture gone . . . low-down feeling banished . . . the energy of a young girl recaptured. . . Tum-E-Lift makes me feel like a new woman again!"—such are the phrases in the voluntary testimonials we constantly receive. For example: "I like my Tum-E-Lift . . . I feel like 16 again and I am 37 now," says Mrs. A. S. of Detroit. So don't let waistline bulge and a tired back get you down! Lift up that dragging, sagging abdomen with a Tum-E-Lift, the controlling, slenderizing supporter-belt which brings invigorating mid-section comfort.



You Will Feel New, Too!

Because you'll find Tum-E-Lift a pleasure to wear. You'll rejoice in its energizing all-day support. Mrs. C. L. of Arizona writes: "I can't tell you how much your Tum-E-Lift has meant to me. It made a lot of difference in my figure, and I feel great comfort wearing it. Don't think I'll be able to do without it again." . . . Mail coupon below for your Tum-E-Lift today ON 10 DAYS TRIAL and see for yourself how it will make you feel and look fresher and younger at once!



EASY TO SLIP ON AND OFF!
WITH FRONT LACES FOR
PERFECT ADJUSTMENT

Tum-E-Lift is scientifically constructed to provide perfect comfort, perfect support. Lightweight—amazingly strong! Adjustable front panels, of lustrous rayon satin, control your figure the way you want it—merely tighten or loosen the laces—and presto! your mid-section is reshaped to a slenderized, beautiful flat-fronted posture—and with energy-giving comfort!

HOLLYWOOD INSPIRED! HOLLYWOOD DESIGNED!

NEW IMPROVED MODEL

Here's the secret of Tum-E-Lift—it's made of 2-way stretch—light-weight, "miracle" cloth that's powerfully strong. Washing actually preserves its strength. Long metal ribs in front—short ones in back—absolutely prevent "riding-up", curling, rolling, or bulging. Detachable garters. Color: Nude. Detachable crotch of soft melange for personal convenience. Genuine Tum-E-Lift is an exclusive, slenderizing abdominal support—obtainable only from us—accept no substitutes. Remember, you get the same fit and comfort you would expect from a made-to-order supporter-belt costing 2 to 3 times the price of Tum-E-Lift.

LOOK INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE!
Just like magic. Tum-E-Lift smooths and lifts your bulging "tummy", lending prompt and comfortable support to weakened abdominal muscles. You look inches slimmer instantly. Yet, Tum-E-Lift is flexible—it allows complete freedom of movement. Bend, stoop, walk, sit, recline—this marvelous support is always delightfully comfortable. Yes, the vitality and comfort you get from Tum-E-Lift will actually increase from day to day. **SEND NO MONEY.** For thrilling satisfaction, try the slenderizing Tum-E-Lift on 10-DAY TRIAL. Send no money—just mail coupon. Pay postman \$3.98 plus few cents postage when package arrives. If Tum-E-Lift doesn't make "a world of difference" send it back and your \$3.98 will be promptly refunded.



FREE TRIAL COUPON

S. J. WEGMAN CO., Dept. 864
9 East 45th Street, New York 17, N.Y.
Send me for 10 days' approval . . . genuine Hollywood Tum-E-Lift Supporters. I will pay postman \$3.98 each plus postage (\$4.98 if over size 38). If not 100% satisfied, I may return it for refund. I enclose dimensions asked for in picture above. My present waist measure is . . . Hips are . . . (Waist sizes from 22 inches.) Height is . . . I am accustomed to wearing a ☐ long, short ☐ girdle. Send also . . . extra crotches at 59c each.

Name . . .
Address . . .
City . . . State . . .
☐ We pay postage if you enclose payment now.

TUM-E-LIFT IS OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM US.

(Continued from page 84) indicate that most juvenile delinquents come from broken homes, but I have a strong suspicion that broken homes are not the primary cause of delinquency. The trouble usually lies in the fact that the parents of delinquents were human beings who did not want to be parents in the first place, and made no attempt to mature into proper parents.

I am also putting out my neck when I say that too many women use the alleged horrors of the "broken home" as a cudgel to keep their husbands in line, but I'm afraid it's the truth. It is easier for some women to scare good old John by pointing out the miserable fate that would snatch Baby if John were to run out, than it is to be a good and competent wife. Too many women use "scare" tactics involving their children in order to save their marriages.

IN THE case of my own childhood, I was very small when my parents parted. I had no sense of loss or deprivation at all. My mother, a rare human being, completely satisfied my need to feel loved and protected. Moreover, she studied constantly so that she grew up along with me.

I knew that some of the other children at school had fathers, of course, but there were several children like me whose fathers were divorced or dead. I accepted my parental situation as casually as I accepted the fact that I had blonde hair and blue eyes.

One fact which is, I sometimes think, overlooked by the mourners who decry the one-parent home, is that all human beings live in a private world in which they are the core. A child is the star of his own life drama, and he or she is interested in parents primarily as they contribute to that drama—as bit players, of course.

When my mother said "no," that was final; I couldn't take the question to a higher court. When I had spent my pocket money, it was gone (a good lesson to learn in this world in which, unfortunately, money-trees do not grow.) When there was a circus in town, Mother arranged for me to go if we could afford it and if she could make arrangements to accompany me herself or to have someone take me. (It was good for me to learn early that gratification of my desires was then—and would always be—dependent upon the plans of those with whom I lived.)

I am trying to instill those concepts in my two young daughters. Even now, when Liza insists that I remain at home to play with her instead of going to the studio, I explain that men and women must work in this world. She must pick up her toys every day, she must hang up her clothes, she must help Nana look after Baby Constance . . . and I must go to the studio. One parent can teach that cardinal lesson as well as two—though, of course, two whose ideas and projects are shared make an unbeatable combination.

Far happier is the home ruled by one understanding, firm but loving and reasonable parent, than a home in which the stupidity of one adult nullifies the efforts of the other no matter how wise and affectionate those efforts may be.

I am deeply thankful that the termination of my own marriage was entirely cordial and that my former husband and I are good friends and see one another often. The thing that happened to us also happened to thousands of couples throughout the world.

We wanted children; nature did not provide them, so we adopted Liza. Then my husband went to war and when he

returned we made the rather ordinary discovery that we had become strangers. We tried to work out our personality differences, but found that it was impossible. We had traveled too far in opposite directions; we had become quite different types of people from what we had been when we were first married.

My former husband is a frequent visitor in our home and Liza calls him "Daddy." He is an accepted part of her life. She has the advantage of the occasional presence of a man around the house.

However, had I been widowed by the war (thank God I was not) as so many girls were, I would still have found many ways of entertaining my married girl friends and their husbands so that Liza—and now Constance—would have become accustomed to the idea that the human species is divided into two sexes.

During my own childhood I can remember that my only emotional hunger was for brothers and sisters. My mother satisfied my need for authoritative care and affection, but I yearned for someone of my own generation. Even when my young friends quarreled with their brothers and sisters, I was envious. Those quarrels seemed like the hidden face of the moon: something dark which had a marvelously bright side. The arguments and the agreements were two necessary parts of family life—and a good and necessary toughening-up process, too.

I made up for my lack of blood brothers and sisters by adopting all the neighborhood children. I was always bringing some child home after school, washing its face and hands, and feeding it cookies. "When I get big," I used to tell my mother, "I'm going to adopt ten or twelve babies."

For some obscure reason I never had the idea—as my friends did—that I would bear children. My babies were to be adopted.

WHEN we secured our brown-eyed Liza, I began to prepare her for the advent of future brothers and sisters. When I went to call upon friends who had a new baby, I tried to take Liza along. I had her extend her chubby finger to be clasped by the baby's hand; I called upon her to admire the baby's tiny feet, funny little nose, and fat cheeks. I always referred to Liza's dolls as her babies.

Just as I had hoped, Liza began to ask when we were going to have a new baby of our own.

The newcomer turned out to be Constance, who has blue eyes, dimples, and the disposition of a cocker spaniel puppy. Liza thinks her baby sister is the most entertaining thing in the world.

During the first few months after Constance's arrival, I was careful not to hold her and fuss over her without first cuddling Liza, and then suggesting that we pick up the baby and teach her to talk.

Liza has been my partner in rearing Constance, so there is a fine devotion—instead of a rivalry—deepening between them. In all these months, Liza has voiced only one criticism of her small sister. When Constance began to cut teeth, she drooled all the time. Liza dried the round pink chin again and again, using the gentlest motion.

Finally, however, she said to me with a sigh, "Mother, that baby is just too juicy."

When Liza was just past two, I made arrangements for her to attend nursery

school a few hours each day. I felt that this was an important part of her development, and I wanted her to be around little boys so that she could get used to the idea of having a small brother. We are now ready for a boy in our household whenever the agency can find one for us, as revealed by Liza's recent observation, "When our brother gets here, I hope he's nice like Bobby instead of being a cry-baby like Jack," she observed in reference to two of her nursery school buddies.

"If he starts to be a cry-baby like Jack," I suggested, "we'll simply have to teach him better. We'll have to help him."

"Constance gets nicer all the time, so I guess a brother would too," said my philosopher!

I intend for my children, both boys and girls, to attend co-educational public schools throughout their educational training. I believe strongly that all American children should be trained in our public school system, and I believe, kingsize, that children of singleton parents should have the advantage of mingling with children of both sexes and getting to know youngsters from many different types of homes.

CHILDREN are more analytical than the average adult thinks, and—if given very little guidance—can arrive at correct interpretations of life. A child who sees many homes and meets many children is better equipped to meet all types of social emergencies than one whose field is limited. Singleton parents are sometimes more acutely aware of this need than team parents.

Another pet theory of mine is that every child should learn, early, how to earn money. I think that one of the saddest things that can happen to a person is to inherit vast wealth which has been unearned. Everything has to be paid for in this world, and I wouldn't want my children to pay for economic security by giving up the self-respect that comes from knowing that one can earn his own keep.

After I have given the above fifteen-minute lecture on one-person parentage, my long-suffering friends usually observe, "So you don't plan to marry again?"

That gets a big rise out of me. Of course I *hone* (one can't "plan" such a thing) to marry again. I would make it a point to have the candidate join us for dinner often before we made marriage plans so that I could indoctrinate my family, while making notes of the man's candid attitude. I would want to be quite certain that he wasn't pretending an interest he didn't really feel, simply to be polite to the children.

Once I had satisfied myself that we were right for the man and he was right for us, I would marry without hesitation.

However, I don't want my motives to be misunderstood. I would marry again, not because I think it is difficult or hazardous for a woman to bring up a family alone, but simply because I think a woman needs a husband every bit as much as she needs children. Everyone's life should be as complete as it's possible to make it!

Children belong, not to their parent or parents, but to the future.

A real home houses love and mutual respect between the generations. It is wonderful if that older generation consists of a man and a woman who are equal partners; wonderful, but not absolutely necessary, for the welfare of the children!

Lots of our customers are converts



In recent months many young house-keepers have learned a valuable lesson — "*you can't wash clothes with coupons*". Nearly every day this very practical experience makes more converts to Fels-Naptha Soap.

It doesn't take long to see why Fels-Naptha is the real 'bargain' in laundry soap. Fels-Naptha combines two great cleaners—mild, golden soap and active naptha. It gets out the grime most soaps can't budge. It is quick and ever so gentle with delicate fabrics—especially baby things. It's a positive time and labor saver for "The Lady of The House".

These are the "specials" and "extras" you always get with Fels-Naptha Soap . . . at a fair and modest price.



MADE IN PHILA.
BY FELS & CO.

GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

This Quiz Business

(Continued from page 31)



Please don't walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There's big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year. . . . As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

But the "big" news deals with a very tiny product indeed, no longer than your little finger! It is called *Tampax* and it is worn internally. This principle is well-known to doctors and it has many advantages. *Tampax* frees you from the tyranny of belts, pins and external pads. It causes no odor or chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. *Tampax* is only 1/9 the bulk of older kinds and you can shower, tub or swim without removing it!

Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty patented applicators, *Tampax* comes in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips readily into purse. Compare today's price of *Tampax* with the price of nationally-advertised external pads. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

intended to spend only the summer in Chicago. In my pocket, I proudly carried the draft of a contract to teach that coming fall at Northwestern College, Alva, Oklahoma.

That June, I had been graduated from Southwestern College, Weatherford, Oklahoma. Weatherford was my home town. My folks had moved there when I was five. And even then, I was interested in dramatics.

MY FOLKS viewed my interest first with apprehension, finally with sympathy. They ended up by sending me to a dramatic school. Here, I cavorted around to my heart's content.

Shortly after I was graduated, I received a letter from my Chicago uncle, asking whether I would care to work in his firm that summer.

It was during that summer that I was bitten by the radio bug. I sensed its vast possibilities, its tremendous future.

And I wanted to be a part of that future.

At the end of the summer, I wrote to Northwestern declining the teaching job. I decided to stay on in Chicago and make a place for myself in the gangly and adolescent world of radio.

My first job on the air was to read poetry twice a week.

Soon after, I was in charge of a news broadcast. I worked myself into a good spot; I became sports announcer.

Then, at long last, I landed the position of a disc jockey. It was here I found myself.

It all happened accidentally.

One afternoon, while awaiting the signal to go on the air, I suddenly decided to toss away my prepared script and just let myself go. During the intervals in which I changed the records, I spoke about everything under the sun, ranging from the latest women's fashions to Adolph Hitler's mustache.

When the program was over, the men in the control room marched out and strode over to me. Before I could apologize, they had surrounded me, congratulating me on my "swell show."

Frankly, I was a little bewildered by their praise.

I asked one of them, an electrician, why he had liked the show so much.

"I couldn't say exactly," he responded. "It just struck me right, that's all. I guess it was because you were acting yourself all the way through. And that's what I like to see and hear the best—people acting themselves."

What a debt I owe that man! It was he who put me on the right track. It was he who, unwittingly, gave me the idea of putting on a show that would be spontaneous and unrehearsed. A show that would do away with paid writers and paid performers. A show that would write itself while on the air. A show whose star performers would be Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen playing themselves. A show in which I could extract all the natural wit and humor and shrewdness inherent in the American people.

A QUIZ show was the only answer. It was the perfect hat rack for the type of entertainment I envisioned.

I put my first quiz on the air in 1936. I've been in the business ever since.

I go to the studio, on quiz show night, with twelve to fourteen question routines which I have prepared for the evening's program.

By the time I arrive there, the contestants have already been chosen from among the audience; an assistant of mine, Art Gentry, has seen to that job.

Finally, the show goes on the air. The first contestant is called. His name is Tom Smith. He's married and has two kids. Tom owns a hardware store in Lansing, Michigan. He is here in New York City on a two-week vacation with his wife and children.

Tom is nervous. His hands are trembling. He keeps darting frightened glances at the microphone.

I spend the next thirty to forty seconds kidding around with Tom. I'm trying to put him at his ease.

But my harmless, bland bantering also serves another purpose. During these thirty to forty seconds, I'm testing Tom, feeling out his interests and range of knowledge.

I finally decided that sports is the field with which Tom is best acquainted. I take out my sports routine and proceed with the questions. I am on the alert lest Tom make a bad slip. A decent, humane quiz master will never allow the audience to laugh at any blunder committed by the contestant. If Tom should make such a slip, I am prepared to cover up for him immediately.

Tom fails on the third question. He doesn't take his defeat badly. He's had a terrific experience up there in front of the mike and he knows it. And the crowd in the studio gives him a big, sympathetic hand.

The next contestant, a woman, is called. With her, and with all the succeeding contestants, I follow exactly the same pattern of conduct I employed with Tom.

From the beginning to the end of my program, I am busy working away on my contestants, trying to open them up, to get them to think freely, to talk freely, and to act freely.

Before signing off, I want to say that I didn't intend this piece to be an unalloyed eulogy of the quiz programs.

There are some pretty serious defects in the way some of the present quiz shows are being run. I'd be the last to deny it.

For instance, I am completely against the huge prizes offered by some of the quizzes. I have a very decided feeling that the sponsors of these shows are attempting to gain an audience by the size of their awards rather than by the excellence of their entertainment.

SPEAKING for myself, I wouldn't tolerate the device of large prizes on my program. It would destroy the entire atmosphere of my show. When people are competing for \$5,000 or \$10,000 in prizes, all naturalness, all friendliness, all folksiness, fly out of the window. Then the Quiz, instead of being entertainment, becomes a tense, grim sort of business—like playing a roulette wheel.

But outside of this accusation, I doubt whether any other serious charges could be flung at the quizzes. At any rate, there can be nothing wrong with a quiz show as such; there can be only something wrong in the way a quiz is handled.

If a quiz is controlled correctly, if its sponsor and quiz master hew to the proper line, it should outlast any other program on the air.

There's only one thing that can beat a good quiz show . . . a better quiz show.

Come and Visit Amos

(Continued from page 27)

might be married. Just a fast minute, though. One look at the wedding ring finger, and three quick questions, and I had determined the status quo. I spent the whole evening talking to her and finding out all about her—and then didn't go out with her again for a year and a half.

"Jane was from the east—New York. The family lived in Westchester, and her old man was Charles Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants. Jane and her brother still have an interest in the team. I don't have any stock in it, but I think I'd like to get some. I'm interested in baseball. Jane is a quiet girl. She never was in our business.

"ANYWAY, like I say, she and her brother and mother were living right out here in the valley, but we didn't start seeing each other for a long time. One night a friend of mine, Paul Hesse, the photographer, wanted me to go out to dinner. 'Get me a girl,' he said. I told him 'That's carrying coals to Newcastle—you have forty gorgeous models, forty.' He said, 'I know, but I want to meet someone new.' So I said, 'I know someone you might like,' and I called up Jane and said 'Let's all go out together—I'll chaperone you.' We went to dinner some place, and Jane looked so darned cute that I paid the check to make an impression—and asked her out the following night for dinner—alone this time. That did it. We went together about a year before we were married."

Freeman and Jane were married on September 1, 1944 at a ranch up in the heart of the redwood country. The place was the home of their friends, the Stanwood Murphys. Murphy is the president of the Pacific Lumber Company. Everything in the house is built of redwood, including the dishes. A stream runs through the house—you can fish off the front porch.

"Jane and I had planned to spend a week there as a sort of vacation. The kids—my two kids, Freeman and Virginia—were with us. And we were going to come back to Hollywood and be married September 5, in 1944. But the Murphys thought it would be nice to have the marriage up there, so we agreed. Charlie and Alyce (the 'Andys') drove up and brought a little portable foot organ for Charlie to play. Because we changed the date from the fifth to the first, I took a fingernail file and changed the date from 5 to 1 on the inside of the wedding ring. For gosh sakes, the preacher's name was Andy! Andy Anderson, from Eureka."

Charlie played the wedding march for his partner's marriage on the little portable organ. Freeman Jr. and Virginia stood up as best man and maid of honor. Jane and Freeman went on a fishing trip for their honeymoon.

Not content with being a one-man orchestra for the newlyweds, Charlie Correll found the house for them in Beverly Hills. When Freeman and Jane came home, they got to work remodeling it together, putting in everything that they both wanted.

"Everything they both wanted" has accomplished a miracle in the way of a gracious home. The house is smooth-looking, with simple, plain lines, from the outside. A small place, California-Mediterranean style white stucco, only five rooms. They took out the whole inside and opened little rooms into each other, making large ones.

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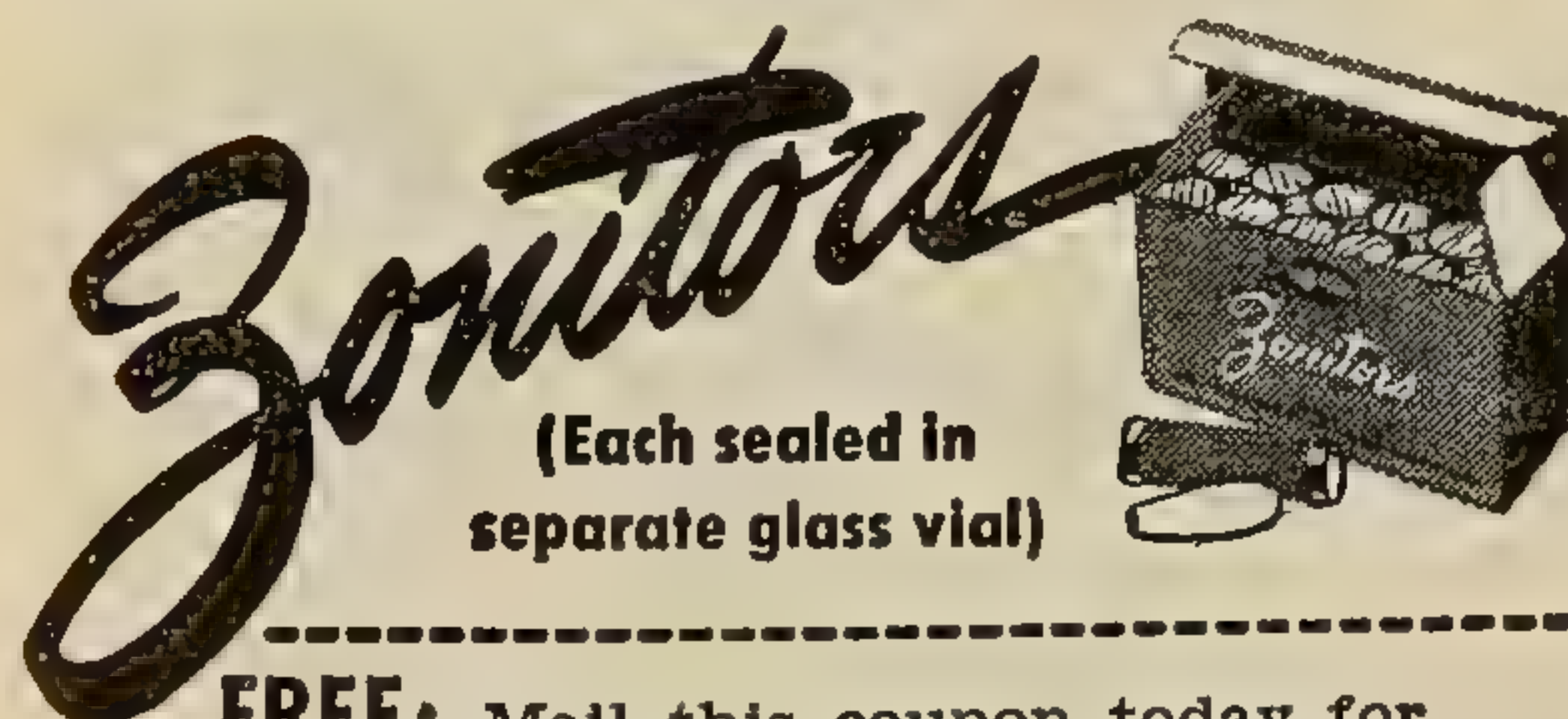
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Their outside garden is their living room most of the year. They have great floor-to-ceiling windows which open into the garden from the main section of the house, making each a part of the other. This arrangement, by which the garden is brought into the house, gives a feeling not of a small place, but of a great deal more space than actually exists. But two servants can take care of all household needs.

"We're all on one floor," Gosden says. "Hallway, living room, sun room, and library—and two bedrooms. That's all we need. Virginia, my daughter, who is eighteen, goes to Bradford Junior College in Massachusetts. When she's home, she uses one bedroom, and Jane and I have the other. When Freeman Jr. is home, he sleeps out in the guest house over the garage. He's twenty, a junior at Princeton. The two of them come home in the summer time and at Christmas. Virginia graduates this June, and we're going to the graduation if we have to move the show!"

Freeman's children are by his first marriage. He was a widower for some years after his first wife's death.

The Gosden place is one of the prettiest small houses in Beverly Hills, beautifully decorated and appointed. The color throughout the house is a restful bottle-green and white. Their furniture shows exquisite taste. Moderns and antiques are combined for unusual effect. Beautiful French Victorian chandeliers and candelabra reflect themselves in the many smoked mirrors which line the walls to make the place seem larger.

They have no "collection" of art, but what they have is carefully selected for their own pleasure rather than fad or style. A wonderful Grandma Moses painting is prized by both of them. Freeman's most important hobby is short wave radio. He has a transmitter at the house and spends a lot of time contacting other "hams."

"The other night I was talking," Freeman said, "and a guy in Cleveland came on. I listened and then responded, and he said, 'Oh, hello, Kingfish!' 'How'd you know it was me?' I asked him. 'I listen to you every week on your CBS show,' he told me."

Both the Gosdens and the Corrells take a large part of their outdoor life down in Palm Springs, a place that has always been a favorite with Amos and Andy during the California winter. Back in the thirties, for four months each year, they broadcast from there.

The evolution of Amos 'n' Andy from the characters they originally created,

Sam 'n' Henry, is a classic that bears repeating. "Sam" equalled "Amos," "Henry" equalled "Andy." The Sam 'n' Henry idea was owned by the Chicago Tribune at the time.

"We'd been on the air for two years, a ten minute nightly program, as Sam 'n' Henry, when we got some ideas of expanding. The Chicago Tribune had the program idea sewed up for local stations, and the networks were not yet going through. In 1928, we switched over and went to work as Amos 'n' Andy at WMAQ. We made records and sold them to sixty stations around the country, so when we went on the air in Chicago at ten at night, they were playing that same record all over the country in the big towns at the same time. NBC started wondering why they couldn't sell ten o'clock anywhere, in any of the big towns, and they researched the deal. They found out—it was us." NBC signed Amos 'n' Andy on the network in August 1929 as the first fifteen-minute program on the air, and the first nightly continuity broadcast.

"We're in the sixth season of our weekly show now, as a change from the daily," Freeman continues. "A half-hour show takes as much time and work as perhaps several weeks of the daily programs. The weekly show is a complete little story, with a beginning and an end, but the daily shows just ran on, one fifteen minutes growing out of another. So—if a listener missed a daily broadcast, he could always pick up the action the next day. But now, a program that's missed by a listener is one he'll never know about."

Both Freeman and Charlie enjoy their work so much that a major portion of their energies goes into it. They work harder than any team on the air. Sometimes they'll have three complete shows written and polished by the end of the week, before they finally decide which one will go on the air.

Their long-time secretary, a charming woman named Louise Summa, has the task of charting their busy days away from home, and keeping their office running smoothly. Both Charlie and Freeman know and like music, and they are very particular about the music used on their program. They sift through hundreds of songs to find the right ones and work as hard on the music—which takes about two minutes of air time—as they do on any other part of the show.

Freeman and Jane do some entertaining, but go out very seldom. Most of their time is occupied with living their very full life—just together.

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Both On Your Local NBC Station—Check Paper
For Time

Read the thrilling life story of Ralph Edwards in
TRUE STORY magazine
now at newsstands!

Cheers for Cheese

(Continued from page 63)

Potted Cheddar Brandy Cheese Spread

- 2 cups (½ lb.) grated Cheddar cheese
- 2 tbsps. soft butter or margarine
- ⅛ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. paprika
- ½ tsp. confectioners' sugar
- ½ tsp. cider vinegar
- 2 tbsps. brandy

Cream together cheese and butter. Add salt, paprika, sugar and vinegar. When well blended, add enough brandy to make a stiff paste. Pack into a small jar. Cover. Allow to ripen in refrigerator. Serve on cheese tray with crackers. Makes ¾ cup spread.

English Cheddar Savories

- 1 cup (¼ lb.) grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 2 tbsps. worcestershire sauce
- ¼ tsp. dry mustard
- 6 slices bread

Blend the cheese with butter or margarine, worcestershire sauce and mustard. Trim crusts from bread or cut into fancy shapes. Toast on one side. Spread untoasted side with cheese mixture. Broil a few minutes until cheese is bubbly. Serve on individual plates, after dessert. Makes 6 servings.

Cream Cheese Petite Suisse

- 2 packages (6 ounces) cream cheese
- 4 tps. heavy cream
- 1 tsp. confectioners' sugar
- strawberry jam

Blend the cheese with enough cream to hold its shape. Add sugar and stir until smooth. Pack into small molds lined with wet cheesecloth, using about three tablespoons to each mold. Chill in refrigerator. Unmold on individual serving plates and serve with strawberry jam. Makes 4 servings.

Normandy Sauce for Pears

- 1 package (3 ounces) cream cheese
- 4 tbsps. heavy cream
- 2 tbsps. confectioners' sugar
- 4 tbsps. sherry
- 8 canned pear halves
- 1 tbsps. finely chopped candied ginger

Cream together the cheese, cream and sugar until fluffy. Add the sherry and stir until smooth. Refrigerate for 24 hours. When ready to serve, place two pear halves, cut side up, on each dessert plate. Fill with the sauce. Sprinkle top with the candied ginger. Makes 4 servings.

Frozen Strawberry Cottage Cheese Pie

- 1 8" baked or graham cracker pie shell
- 1 cup cottage cheese, sieved
- 2 cups (1 package) frozen whole strawberries
- ½ cup sugar
- 3 tbsps. cornstarch
- 1 cup heavy cream or evaporated milk, whipped
- 1 tsp. lemon juice (if evaporated milk used)

Spread cheese over the bottom of cool pie shell. Drain defrosted strawberries. Save some of the best-shaped berries for top decoration. Place half of those remaining in the cheese-coated pie shell. Mash and strain the other half until juice is well extracted. Bring to a boil over medium heat. Slowly stir in the sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed together well. Reduce heat and continue cooking 8 to 10 minutes or until slightly thickened, stirring occasionally. Cool. Pour over berries in pie shell. Top with whipped evaporated milk and lemon juice or whipped cream. (To whip evaporated milk, chill first overnight in the refrigerator.) Decorate with whole berries. Makes 6 servings. If fresh strawberries are used, increase the sugar to 1 cup.

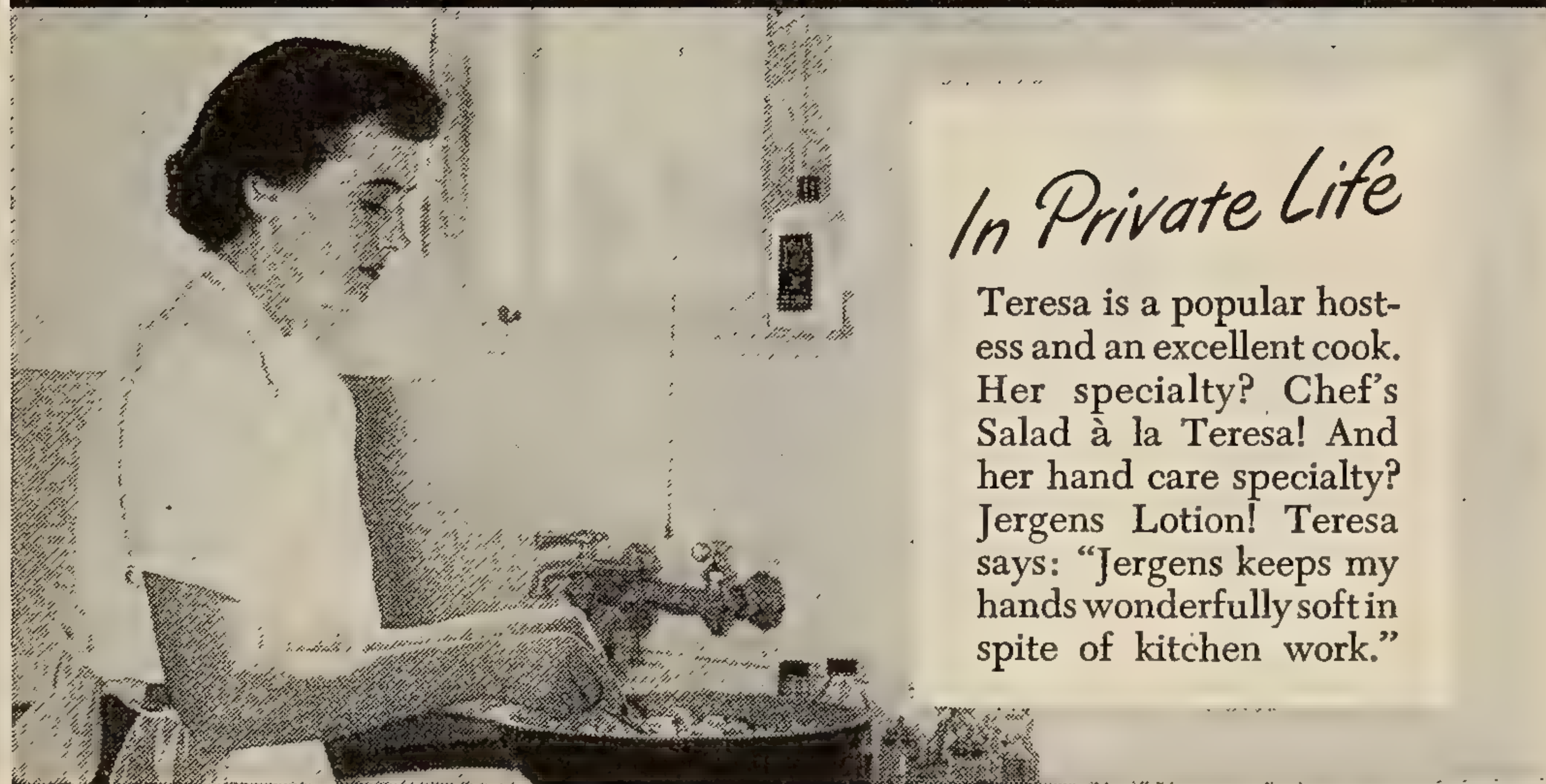
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Teresa plays a love scene enchantingly . . . thrills millions with the magic of her graceful, smoothly perfect hands.

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YOU had to be without it for years—but now it's available again! Yes, a natural rubber girdle—to give you the slenderizing figure-control you've been waiting for.

Regardless of what you're now doing to slim down your figure, you need this amazing Slimline Rubber Girdle. It's scientifically designed to smoothly control unwanted fat . . . to fashionably shape your figure to its slimmest lines!

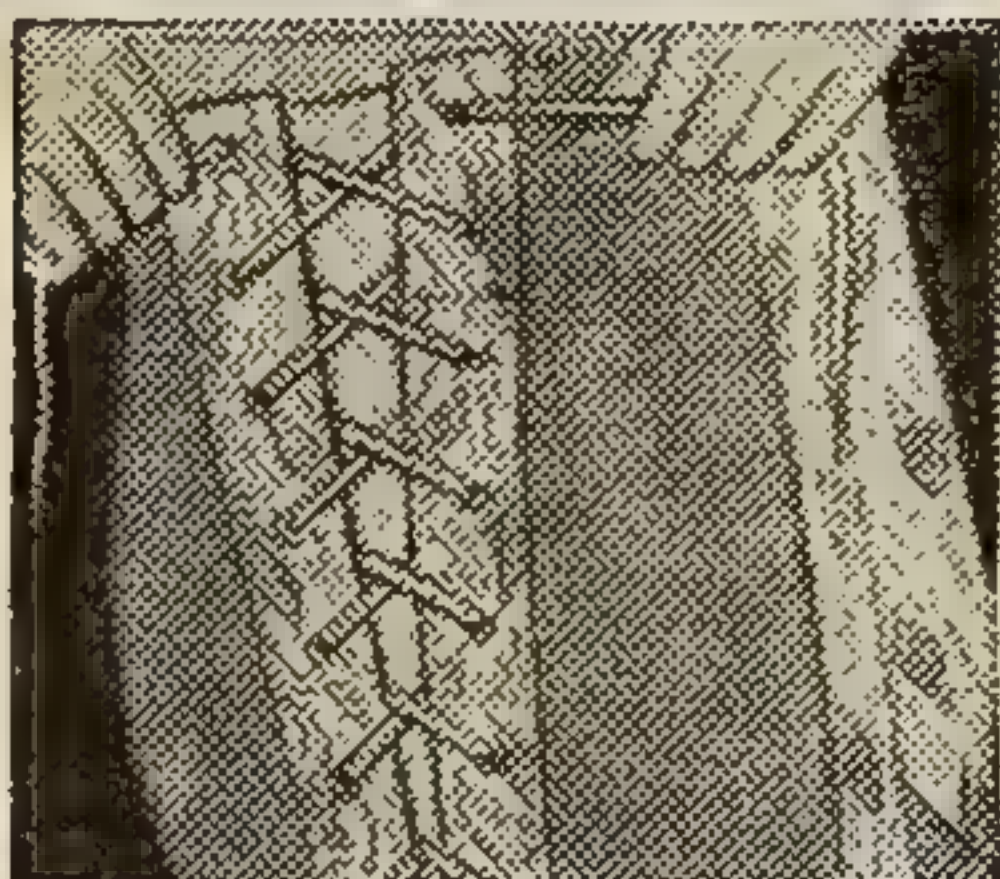
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Slimline is made of natural rubber covered underneath and outside with stockinette—to absorb perspiration. Run your hand over it—feels as smooth as your skin. You get the marvelous figure-shaping benefit of natural rubber—yet no rubber actually touches you.

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My natural waist measure is.....Hips are.....

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☐ **SAVE MONEY.** We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same **FREE TRIAL**, refund privilege.

My Favorite Wives

(Continued from page 59)

with big red flowers. Bright colors on the furniture, green, yellow, more red.

"We're going to do it all over," Lucille said, waving a stack of upholstery swatches. "Red carpets, blue upholstery, white curtains."

"White?" Evelyn said, and I knew the girls were off.

Evelyn and Lucille settled down to their swatches, and I looked around. The big fireplace with a fire all laid for the evening, stacks of clown pictures on the window seat—"Perry Charles did 'em," called out Lucille as I hovered over them—an empty antique picture frame with a scribbled message, "Sorry, we have nothing for this as yet."

At the dining end of the room—this big room is one of those living-dining combinations so popular in California ranch houses—I stopped to admire a wonderful old cranberry glass chandelier suspended over the big pine table.

Just then the door from the kitchen burst open and in came Desi, in a white apron and a cloud of flour.

Indicating that he was glad to meet his wife's "husband," and his wife's husband's wife, Desi climbed out of the apron.

There was nothing more to do in the kitchen for now, he said, and he would show us around the place.

"Wait," Lucille said suddenly, "I think I ought to warn you—about Desi. He has a hammer and nail complex. If he gets up in the morning with that hammer and nail look in his eye, I'm in trouble. I have to think of something I want built before he gets to the toolshed or *anything* could happen."

Thus warned, we wandered on out into the garden, in the middle of which was a rustic swimming pool, designed by Desi.

We met, as we wandered, the Arnazes' family—Captain Dandy, Sir Thomas of Chatsworth, and Pinto the Great, the three cocker spaniels; Hi Ball, the fox terrier, who entertained us by diving into the swimming pool after a ball; Princess Lydia, the cat; Harold and Helen, the pair of friendly humming birds who came to Desilou on their honeymoon at the same time its owners did.

"I'm sorry we can't show you the Duchess of Devonshire," regretted Desi.

The Duchess, Lucille explained, was their cow. "She was just wonderful, until she fell in love with Desi and tried to climb in our bedroom window. We found her a husband, and took her away."

Since our family is fairly small—just Evelyn and me and Deedee (for Diana

The latest fashion — these



These are two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks of Holmes and Edwards silverplate. They make it finer, different...keep it lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece service for eight \$68.50 with chest, also 76-piece service for twelve at \$99.95. (No Federal Tax.) *All patterns made in the U. S. A.*



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"My True Story"

Denning) our four-year-old daughter—we were impressed, and said so.

"What?" said Desi, "no humming birds?"

And Lucille, serious for a minute, said "We'd rather have a Diana."

A second later, she was off to the bath house, calling over her shoulder to us to get into our bathing suits.

We swam, and chased the water ball with Hi for a while, and wound up in the play-room for some cool drinks. Evelyn found one of Desi's Egyptian drums, Desi picked up a Cuban one, and things began to happen.

"That's enough pure percussion," Lucille said after a while, and handing me a pair of mysterious looking gourds, she sat down at the piano. We had an orchestra.

Desi was magnificent. The drums, guitar, piano—he dazzled us with them all. He even made up a song on the spur of the moment—something about his wife's husband and his wife's husband's wife.

It was always like this, with Desi around, Lucille said. On her birthday, for a surprise, she told us, Desi had filled the place with musicians—his whole band—and a chorus of wonderful singers, the Guadalajara boys. There were brand new songs about everybody. And nobody went home.

"And he cooks too," sighed Evelyn, I'm afraid a little wistfully.

"I suppose he has his faults," Lucille put in quickly. "He never answers a wire or a letter or a phone call unless at the point of a gun."

SUDDENLY it was eight o'clock and Desi was calling us to dinner. He stood in the doorway beaming. Back of him, on a table beautifully set with Lucille's best blue and white china and cranberry glass goblets, candles were burning.

"Everything ready except Cuban Pete," said Lucille, going to a cupboard. She came back with a colorful little figurine of a Cuban boy, carrying two bulging fruit baskets.

"Desi gets Cuban Pete for a centerpiece whenever he gets dinner all by himself," she explained.

Dinner, naturally you will say by this time, was sensational. Arroz con Pollo, a wonderful chicken and rice thing with saffron, fried green bananas, hot French bread, an avocado salad, and a bottle of authoritative red wine. For dessert, guava jelly and cream cheese with toasted crackers, and black, steaming coffee.

We were all in a delicious coma when we collapsed around the roaring wood fire after dinner. Lucille and Evelyn managed a little lazy girl talk, but I was content just to lie back and muse about my good fortune in meeting up with the husband of my wife.

I guess most of the girls in the world dream of finding a husband like that. But my radio "wife" got him.

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The shows YOU prefer—
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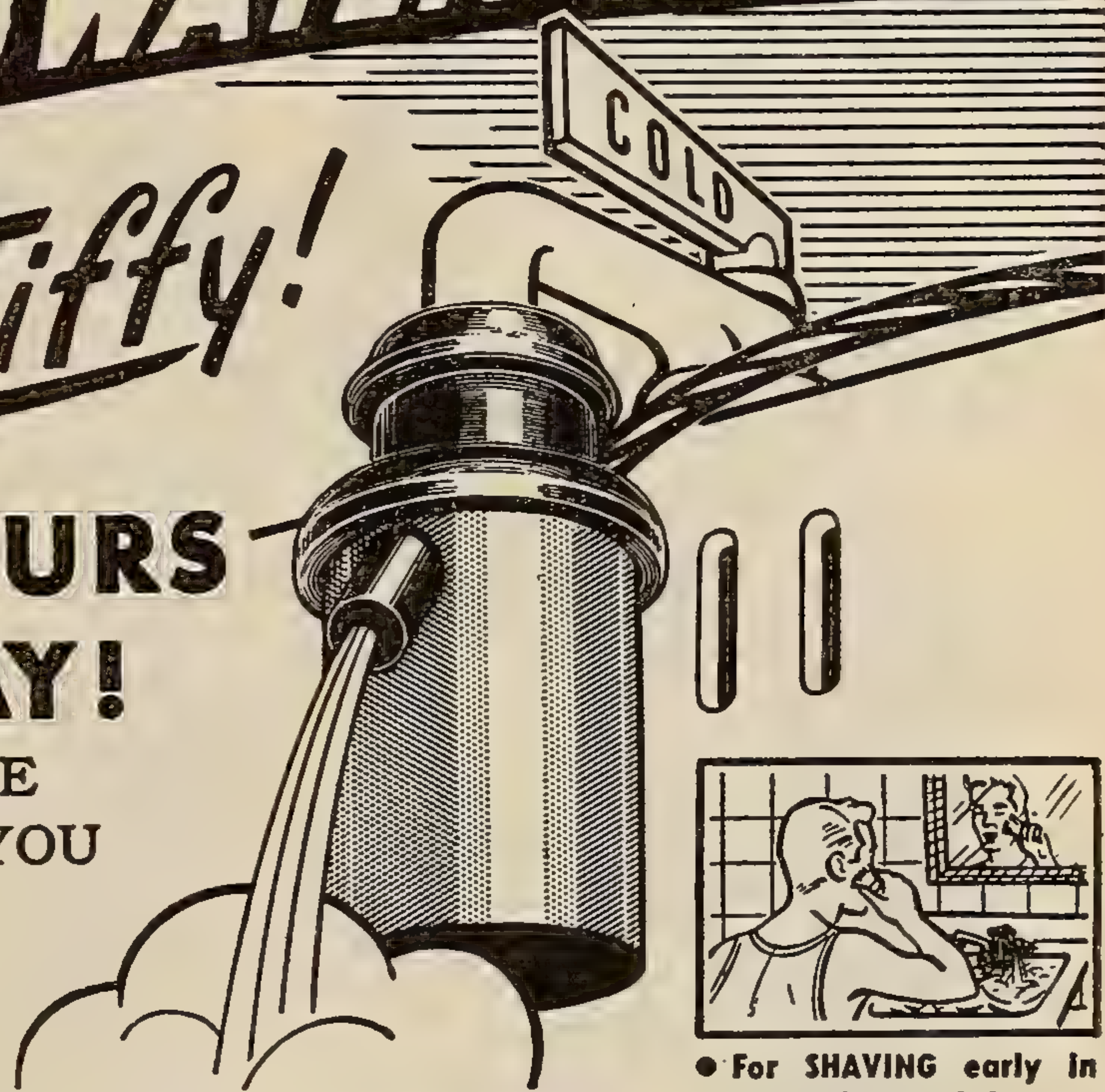
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MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 51)

Fraser manned the interview mikes. There were eight TV cameras on the job, and the far-from-perfect but thrilling telecast paved the way for many more to follow.

It's just a question of who'll pay the bills indefinitely. We understand it cost in the neighborhood of \$20,000.

On January 12, when the eastern and midwestern NBC television networks were interconnected, the seven mid-west stations joined the eight eastern ones. Besides those, eight additional stations got kinescope recordings of the programs, so the actual total became twenty-three. The plans for NBC alone will bring the total number of TV network stations up to at least forty-five before the end of 1949.

* * *

You may not know that Korko, the monkey puppet on CBS-TV's Kobb's Korner program, got his name from an entry that a little boy's mother thought he ought not to send in, at least without re-copying. It seems that eleven-year-old George Pross, Jr., of Valley Stream, Long Island, had decided to take the first two letters of the name "Korn Kobbler," featured on the show, but he got a little too earnest about his writing and ended up with a pretty smudged looking piece of paper.

Mamma Pross thought he ought to be neater, but George was a little weary from all the effort and begged a stamp to send it in "as is."

So George is richer by an Emerson television set and an imported Korji motor scooter. Won by a smudge, you might say.

* * *

It's a field day for fans of western movies. New York's WPIX started a new daily program (at 6:05 EST) featuring action films last December. But a lot of other stations are in the syndicate too, among them WBAP, Fort Worth; WGN-TV Chicago; and WWJ-TV Detroit. By the time you read this they may be on one of your stations, if you can't get these.

This particular series is called "Six Gun Playhouse," and the featured players are Jack Perrin, Tom Tyler, Bob Custer and your old friend Rin Tin Tin, Jr., noble son of a noble father.

* * *

And if you're a "Hopalong Cassidy" fan, you have probably been having a wonderful time these early winter Sunday evenings watching that rootin' tootin' character played by Bill Boyd.

* * *

The USO isn't forgotten, even though the war years are beginning to dim in our memories. Its goal for 1949 is \$7,000,000.

Dumont's Fashions on Parade program is doing its big bit with a slogan and identification contest. The three best slogans each week win \$50 in fashion merchandise. Then, if one of them has identified the "mystery girl"—whose face would be familiar, except that she wears a mask on the program—that person has won a complete wardrobe valued at \$3,500.

* * *

Incidental Intelligence: The door of the ladies' powder room at the Dumont Television Station in New York is labeled "Tillie Vision."

Relieve Constipation Pleasantly!

Get away from harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! *Relieve constipation pleasantly* with Ex-Lax!

First, you enjoy that delicious chocolate taste. Then you get *gentle* and *thorough* relief. What's more, Ex-Lax is so easy on the system. Take this *dependable* laxative many doctors use in their practice. *Still only 10¢.*

Got a COLD?

Don't let constipation add to your troubles. When you need a laxative, take *gentle* Ex-Lax. It gets thorough results without upsetting you.

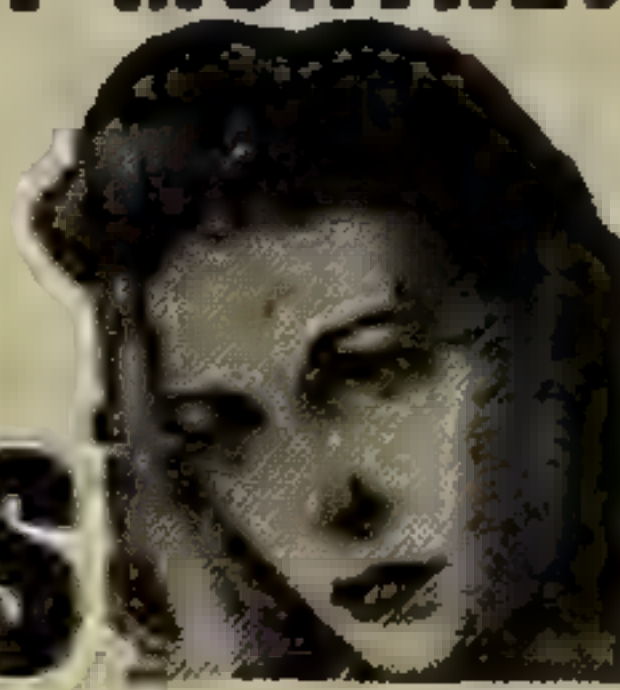
When Nature "forgets"...
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FEMALE COMPLAINTS



Are you troubled by distress of female functional periodic disturbances? Does this make you suffer from pain, feel so nervous, tired—at such times? Then do try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's has a grand soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs!

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EASY NEW METHOD
SHOWS HOW TO

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TRY IT ON
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45 PHOTOS
show exactly
where to put
your fingers

101 SONGS
words & music
INCLUDED!

Now let Bob West, radio's favorite guitar player, show you how! Most "Courses" have only 6 or 8 pictures—but Bob's new method has 45 actual photographs! It not only teaches but shows exactly where and how to place your fingers, etc. Most others offer a few songs—Bob provides 101!—chosen for their radio popularity so you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio program or records!

SEND NO MONEY: Just send name and address to Bob West and pay postman \$1.69 plus COD and postage. Start playing beautiful chords the very first day. Be playing beautiful music in two weeks or get your money back.

BOB WEST, 1101 N. Paulina, Dept. 413, Chicago 22, Ill.

High Score in Happiness

(Continued from page 53)

reach Radio City in time for Get Rich Quick.

Catching Johnny's eye, Penny tried to steady him. She shaped her mouth into the word "home." Johnny caught it, grinned, gave away \$1500, and the show was over.

The ringing stopped. Some one in the control booth had answered the phone.

The producer dashed out the door, pulled Johnny and Penny away from the autograph seekers. "Kids, you heard that call? Your apartment is on fire."

Even as they urged their taxi driver to hurry, Johnny and Penny couldn't believe it. That apartment was the first real home they had furnished in eight years of marriage. Just that morning, on Rumpus Room, they had told listeners that it finally was completed. For weeks they had talked about it on the air. In their enthusiasm they had made the listeners, too, see the way it was arranged. And this was their undoing.

The flames were out when they arrived, but the stench of smoke and wet charred wood burned in their nostrils.

Johnny, climbing over debris to inspect a bedroom, called back, "Penny, we've been robbed."

They took stock. The closets were empty. Dresser drawers were stripped. Clothes, furs, bedding and jewelry were gone. The living room was the same. What hadn't been stolen had been destroyed by fire.

They had no insurance.

Police pointed out that through the conversation on their shows they had given a blue print for the robber.

All the Olsons had was the clothes on their backs. They searched the ruins until 4 A.M., then in the show-must-go-on tradition, they left to play a four-day personal appearance at Reading, Pennsylvania.

But the Olsons' bad luck didn't end there.

BACK in New York, Penny's physician decided she must have an immediate operation. She went into Doctors' Hospital. The exploratory operation showed Penny did not have cancer, as the doctor had feared. She was out of the hospital in a short time, but with no place to recuperate.

At that point, Penny's aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Haas, came to the rescue. She invited the young couple to Sunny Slope, her farm just outside Waterford, Wisconsin.

It was a chance to relax, and reminded them of their courting days. They met at a dance where Johnny, then a band-leader for WTMJ, was playing. Penny and her parents were there. By the time the evening was over, Johnny's history was an open book to Penny's Irish father. He had, he informed the family, come from Windom, Minnesota; he had worked a bit at WCCO while at the University of Minnesota, then set out to conquer the airwaves.

Conquering started humbly. To support himself while breaking in as an announcer at Mitchell, South Dakota, he had also been janitor for a jewelry store. When he worked up to being Harness Bill, he was really achieving fame. In due time he had moved on to WIBA, at Madison, Wisconsin, where

Go Without Lipstick and Have a Wider Choice of Men!

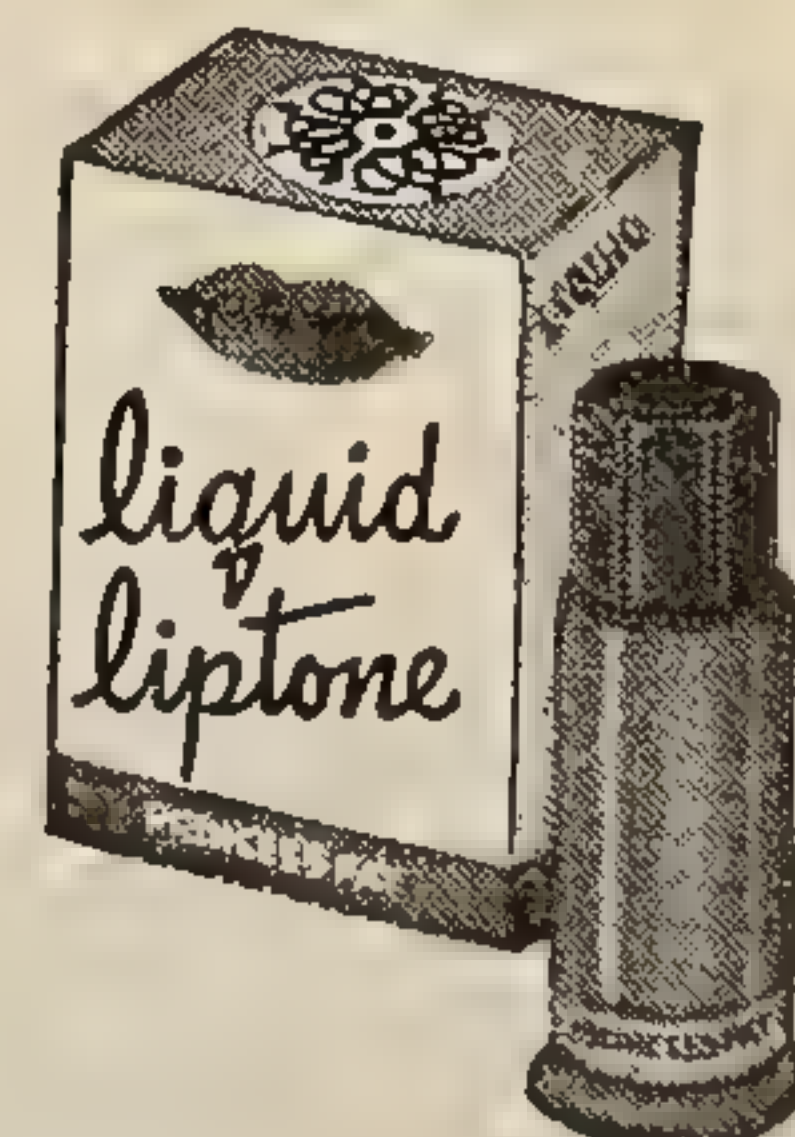


It's only Natural that Men are More Attracted to Lips that Wear Thrilling Color — BUT NO GREASE

Think of it! No more lipstick to come off on him. Men will adore you. No more staining tea-cups and napkins. Hostesses will welcome you. Other women will envy you. You'll be the star of every party—the most desired girl of all, with your lips radiantly colored in your favorite red, but entirely without greasy coating. Yes, it's true. The new Liquid Liptone does *not* rub off! It does NOT come off on anything—at anytime! Put it on once before you meet him and your lips will remain completely beautiful until long after "good-night."

CHOOSE YOUR COLORS FROM THE COUPON BELOW Let me send you a trial flacon

You cannot possibly know how beautiful your lips will be, until you see them in Liquid Liptone. These exciting colors that contain no paste or grease give your lips a tempting charm they never had before—and of course, they DON'T RUB OFF ever! Choose from the list of shades below. Check coupon. Send it at once and I will send you, by return mail, trial bottles of the shades you order. Expect to be thrilled! You WILL be!



Liquid liptone

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PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 9143, 2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. Tax) for each, as checked below:

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- ☐ **Gypsy**—Vibrant deep red.
- ☐ **Regal**—Glamorous burgundy.
- ☐ **Scarlet**—Flaming red.
- ☐ **Orchid**—Exotic pink.
- ☐ **Clear**—Colorless.
- ☐ **CHEEKTONE**—"Magic" natural color.

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MY HAIR
NEEDS
COLOR
TO GLORIFY
ITS NATURAL
SHADE



I WANT
MORE
LUSTRE
WITHOUT
ADDED
COLOR

There is a GOLDEN GLINT Rinse for BOTH!

GOLDEN GLINT RINSE gives the finishing touch to your shampoo. Whether you want added brightness to glorify your natural hair color . . . or whether you merely want cleaner, more lustrous hair without added color, there is a Golden Glint Rinse for you.

Golden Glint Lustre Rinse (colorless) dissolves dulling soap and hard-water film instantly. Tangles and snarls vanish. The natural color and lustre of your hair is revealed in all its glory, and your hair is so responsive to your comb that setting it is no problem.

Each of the eleven other shades matches a natural hair color, adding just a whisper of true color for a tiny tint highlight. Whether your hair is raven black, platinum blonde or any shade between, there is a RIGHT shade of Golden Glint Rinse for you. The color shampoos out, but will not rub off.

SIMPLE, EASY TO USE

A Golden Glint Rinse after your permanent leaves the curls tight, but the dull lifelessness of your wave is gone. Even hair that changes color an inch or so from the scalp can be naturally blended with a color rinse.

So simple, so easy, so economical to use, Golden Glint should be a regular part of your shampoo. Buy a package today. Try it tonight. A single rinse will show you why America's loveliest women have bought over 60 million packages.

5 RINSES, 25¢ — 2 RINSES, 10¢

SEE COLOR CHART AT
COSMETIC COUNTERS IN
DRUG OR DIME STORES



he swapped that title for the one of Buttermilk Kid, and took part of his pay in meal tickets.

Johnny made himself sound so respectable that he was granted permission to take Penny home.

He didn't know that home was fifty miles away. They arrived at daylight, with Olson sound asleep in the back seat and one of his musicians driving.

Johnny's courtship continued in the hectic manner. When he reached the state of mind where he couldn't live without Penny, he (proud of his Viking heritage) invited her to take a boat trip from Milwaukee to Chicago.

Lake Michigan bucked, but that didn't deter Johnny. He went right ahead and proposed.

Penny is no sailor. Recalling that day, she says, "I'll bet I'm the only girl who listened to a proposal between dashes to the rail to be seasick, and said yes wearing a pale green complexion."

THEY had rented an apartment before they left on their honeymoon, and the WTMJ engineers had found out about it. They wired it with microphones, and to the young Olsons' chagrin later played back for them a recording which began with the opening of the door and a long pause. Then Penny's voice was heard saying, "Well, aren't you going to carry me over the threshold?"

Johnny's groan was very distinct. "Honey," he pleaded, "I've driven nearly five hundred miles today. I'm too tired."

Memories like those brought laughs to heal the hurt of the ruined apartment, the lost possessions. Penny gained health and strength fast, and was soon able to go out on some of the Whiz Quiz tours.

So it went from city to city, until at last the show returned to Chicago where two past contestants played a return engagement.

Fred and Irene Lamphere, whose marriage broke up due to the stress and worry of their daughter's physical condition, were the two who came back. With them was two-year-old Pam, the baby who was born with her bladder outside her body.

It was during the divorce suit of her parents that the public learned of the baby's condition. Noted surgeons had volunteered to perform the dangerous operations needed to give Pam a normal life. The parents reconciled, and Whiz Quiz had given them items needed at their first appearance on the show to furnish the apartment they had found.

Now, on the return, Pam was out of the hospital, two of the three operations safely performed. To mark the occasion, Whiz Quiz teamed with Ernie Byfield, owner of the Sherman Hotel, to give a party where Pam entertained young friends. Stage and screen celebrities joined the fun. The youngsters went home loaded with presents.

A few days later, the Olson luck turned. A New York real estate agent had found them a house in Connecticut; Penny's and Johnny's families gave them a shower. From their own homes, each member had selected an article of furniture. Mr. and Mrs. Powers were giving dishes and a dinette set; the hostess aunt, Mrs. Haas, was turning over a love seat made by Penny's grandfather, a rocker, and a homesite on the Fox River.

It took a fire to do it, but at last it had happened. Johnny and Penny Olson, the radio team who had handed out more than a million gifts, were on the receiving end. The Olsons had hit the jackpot themselves.

So soft!

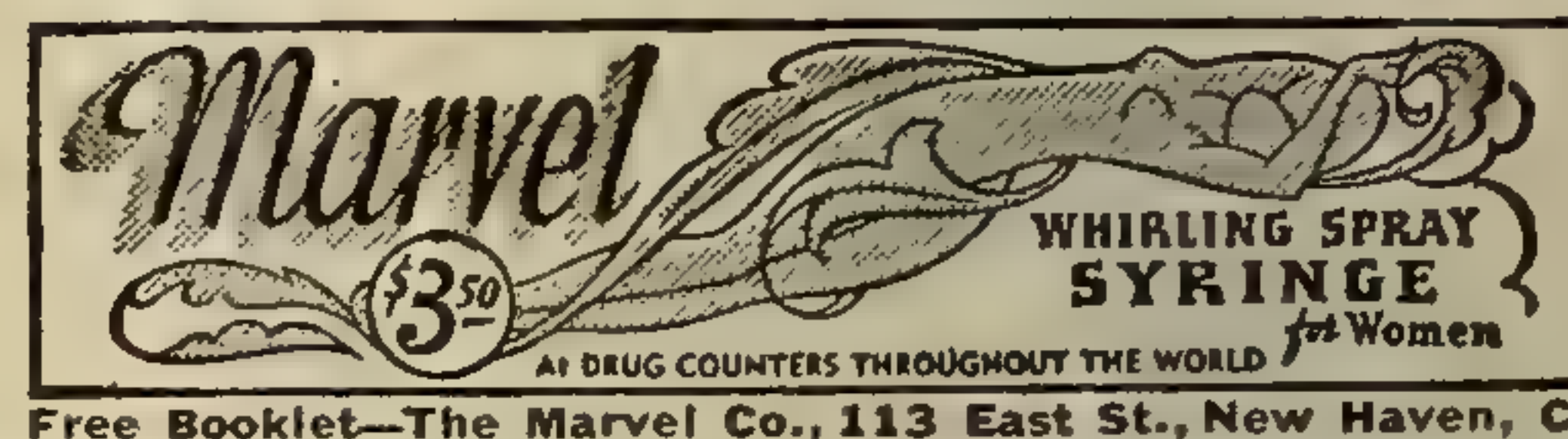


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When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 41)

business he means, he'll have to go to a bigger place than this. But there are other things in life than getting somewhere, that way—and we've got them all here. Understand me—I'll go anywhere with Ken. But I just don't see how it will work out, his way. Am I keeping him back? Or should I try even harder to talk him into staying? Dorothea O'C.

Dear Dorothea O'C:

Maybe this will sound a little bit old-fashioned to you, but it's true—a man is the family bread-winner, and he likes to be respected as such. Of course, I don't know your Ken, and I'll have to generalize, but I do feel very strongly that if you talk him into staying at home instead of striking out for himself in the world, he may—well, perhaps "hold it against you" is too strong a term, but I doubt that the little unconscious resentment would ever quite die out. (Particularly if he doesn't do well in his small town job!)

As for making new friends, creating a new world for yourself—that's not nearly as hard as you might think. I'm inclined to think that those difficulties are more in your mind than reality, but I do know that if you face them with a defeatist attitude, you never will find happiness.

Go to your big city—and ninety miles certainly isn't a long distance nowadays!—with the feeling firmly fixed in your mind that this is a great adventure, not a distasteful chore. If you look at it from that point of view, I'm almost willing to guarantee that you'll have fun. After all, you're young, and being young it will be easy for you to readjust, if you'll try. And you'll have Ken and he'll have you, and that will make any hard road easier.

Even if the idea seems distasteful to you, make yourself into a joiner, for a little while. Go to church—you'll find friends in the women's auxiliaries there. Perhaps you can do some helpful charity work that will throw you in with young workers like yourself. Or you might even take a job for a little while—perhaps a part-time job—which will bring you new friends, if Ken doesn't object to your working, and which will help the new family budget, always larger in a big city than a small town. And, of course, your husband will meet new people at his new job, and you'll enjoy entertaining them and going to their homes.

It can be fun—it can be wonderful. It depends on you. Can you do it?

Joan Davis.

Dear Joan Davis:

When I write you that I'm fifteen years old, I'm pretty sure you are going to think I want to complain that my mother will not let me use lipstick or stay out late enough. Well, Joan, that isn't my problem at all. That is, it is connected with dates and going out, but my problem is quite a different one. My mother wants me to go out. She always is trying to push me out, getting me invited to parties that friends of hers—my mother has a lot of friends and was very popular when she was a girl—are giving, even if there are no others my age to be there. Or she will arrange a date for me with the son of one of her friends, and then when he comes to pick me up I can see by looking that it was not his idea.

DON'T FAIL YOUR DAUGHTER... YOU MUST TELL HER THESE *Intimate Facts of Life!*



And here's up-to-date information you and she can trust...

Every daughter has a right to know these intimate physical facts before she marries. You *must* inform her how important vaginal douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, her health, marriage happiness—to combat odor and always after menstrual periods.

And you *should* make her realize no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as modern ZONITE!

**Zonite Principle Developed By
Famous Surgeon and Chemist**

Be sure to caution your daughter about weak products for the douche. Pity the girl who, through ignorant advice of friends, uses such 'kitchen makeshifts' as vinegar, salt or soda. These *never* can assure the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

On the other hand you must warn

your daughter about dangerous products—overstrong solutions of which may burn, harden or scar delicate tissue lining, and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

Remember, while ZONITE is powerfully germicidal, it's non-poisonous, non-irritating and ABSOLUTELY SAFE to delicate tissue lining. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without the slightest risk of injury.

Truly A Modern Miracle

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Leaves you feeling so sweet and clean. Helps guard against infection. ZONITE *kills* every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be *sure* ZONITE DOES KILL every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. You can buy ZONITE at any drug counter.

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"Don't be a public pest—use Kleenex*!"

Little Lulu says: Block that sneeze and those germs with soft, strong Kleenex Tissues to help keep colds from spreading. Be considerate in another way, too. Don't just "drop the Kleenex"—use that waste basket!

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

All of this embarrasses me very much. I am not comfortable out on dates with boys, and do not at all enjoy it. But my mother says that unless I learn how to have a good time on dates when I am still young, I will never go out enough to meet people and, eventually, the one I will marry. I know all the other girls in school go out, every Saturday night almost, some of them, and even in formal clothes to dances and so forth. But I feel I am not ready for this, and anyway so far no real boy has asked me of his own free will. Do you think my mother is right to embarrass me in this way, by making arrangements for dates? My father just laughs about it and says I will have more serious problems later on, but this really is causing me great trouble now and indeed I worry about it so much that my school work is falling down.

Natalie M.

Dear Natalie M:

Let me say this first—please be as patient with your mother, as understanding of her, as you can possibly be. Perhaps some of the things she does are embarrassing or even distasteful to you—and believe me, I'm not so far from my "going out" days that I can't remember exactly what an agony of embarrassment a girl your age can feel—but she is, in her way, trying to do her very best for you.

Perhaps your father can help you. I know that you say that he treats it all as a joke, but have you seriously tried to present it to him as exactly what it is—a problem which you need help in solving? Don't go to him with the attitude that you are complaining about your mother. Tell him, as you told me, that you know she's doing these things with the best will.

Meanwhile, perhaps you're making the mistake of reading into the boys' minds thoughts which really aren't there. I think if you could learn to forget your embarrassment you'd have a really wonderful time on the dates your mother arranges—and, even more important, if you enjoy yourself I think you'll find that soon you'll have as many dates as a girl your age should have, without help from your mother! So why not try this—next time you go on one of these pre-arranged dates, go with a changed attitude of mind. Dress with the greatest of care, and make yourself as attractive to look at as you possibly can.

Let the boy do the talking. But do listen—so that you'll be able to answer, to look as if you understood, to make an intelligent comment now and then. If you do listen, you'll find that you're interested. And if you're interested, you're also interesting. Go out with the idea that you're going to have the best time of your whole life. Even if the boy's mother did make him ask you for a date, in collusion with your own mother. I'd be willing to wager that by the end of the evening he'll ask you for another one, on his own initiative!

Joan Davis.



GOOD
any old
time!

America's
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WHAT I THINK OF WALTER WINCHELL

(Continued from page 23)



Barbara Lack
Saleswoman
Elmhurst, L. I.

"I've heard Winchell for five years and think he's swell because he has led to the investigation of corrupt people. He should be opinionated

but I don't always go along with what he says and don't agree with all of his attacks on Russia. I feel he's for the people—a person who can't be influenced by money or graft. He does a good job and I admire him."



Mrs. W. A. Dutton
Housewife
London, Ontario

"I don't think a great deal of Winchell and neither do most of my friends, although I've heard him off and on for ten years. I think he's too rash.

During the war he went down in my estimation. He didn't give the English people enough consideration. I don't like Communism but think his broadcasts are too inflammatory."



Lillian Lerman
Restaurateur
New York City

"Winchell, I think, is a very dynamic personality. I usually agree with him but like to listen whether he's wrong or right. When

he's after someone, he goes after them. I always loved him for loving President Roosevelt and don't think anyone in America could have done better on the cancer drive or on exposing the Communist underground."

(Continued on page 100)

want home fashions Help?



You'll find it at the 1949 Carpet Fashion Openings, March 1-10. Watch for your favorite dealer's announcements. Also write for "Colorama," beautiful color-idea book by Clara Dudley, famous color-consultant for Alexander Smith. Send 25¢ to Clara Dudley, Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Co., Dept. FW-8, 285 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Alexander Smith

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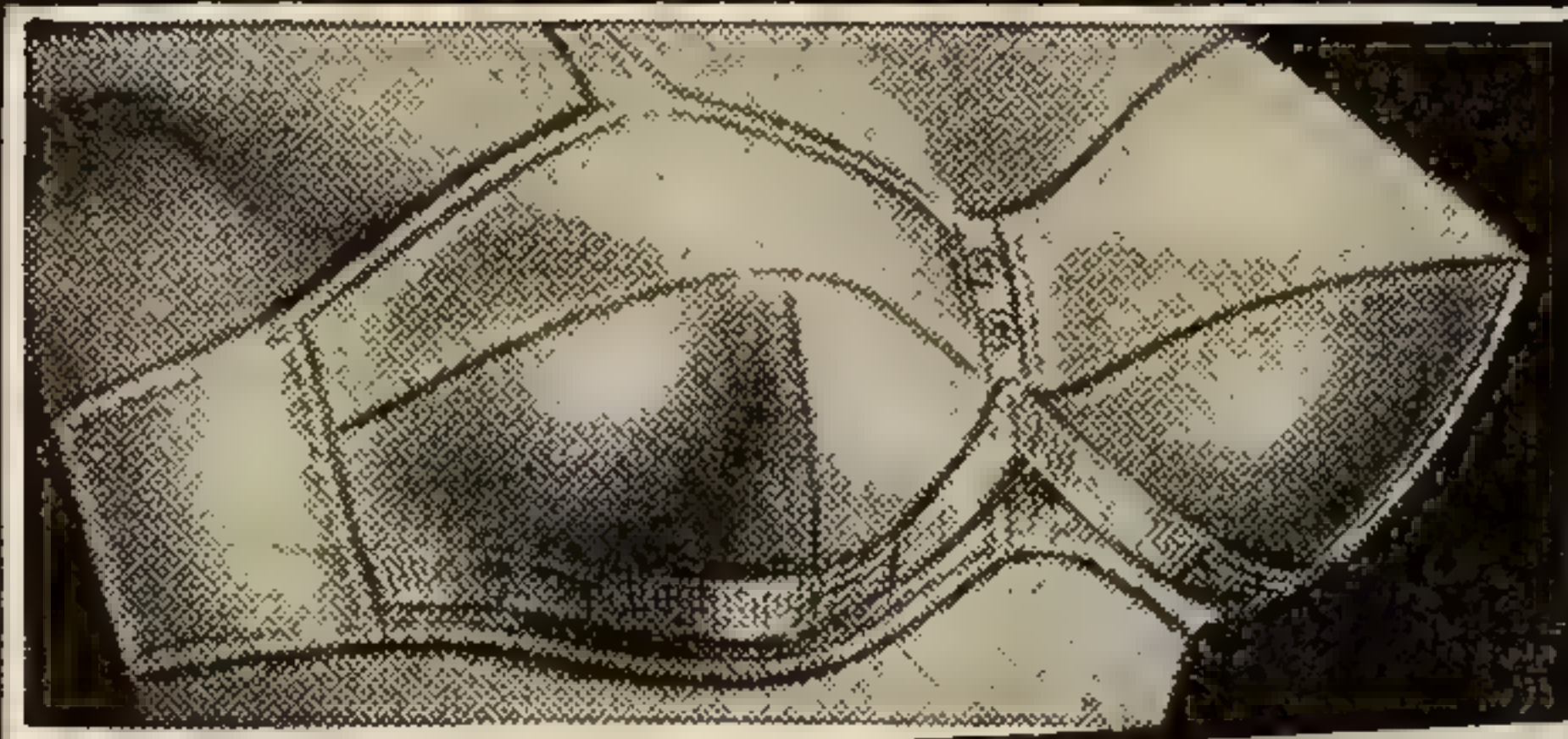
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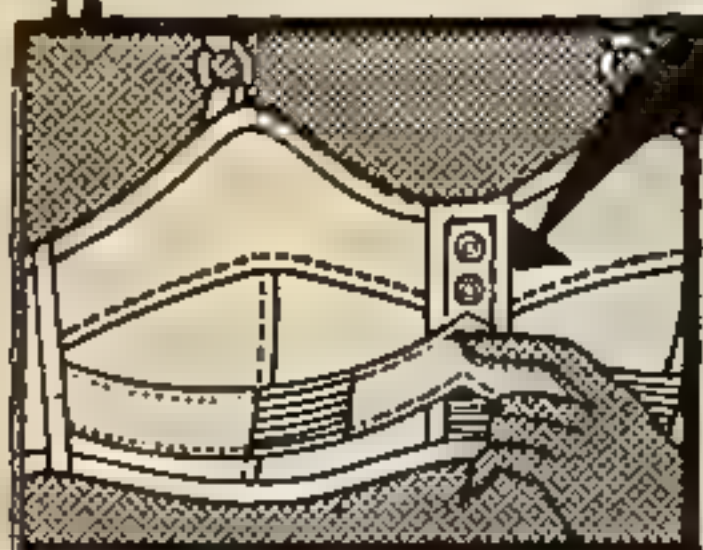
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FIGURE LOSING FIRMNESS?

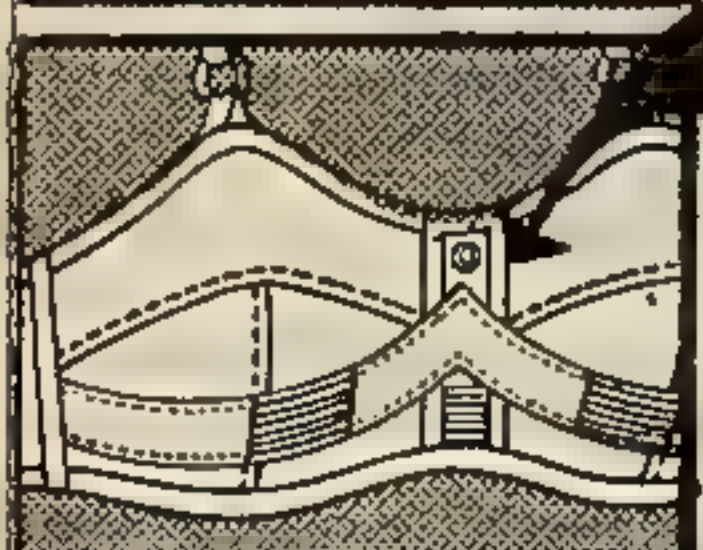


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Send me LIFTEE Bras on 10 day FREE TRIAL. I will pay postman \$1.98 for each bra. If not 100% satisfied, I will return bras in 10 days for full prompt refund of purchase price.

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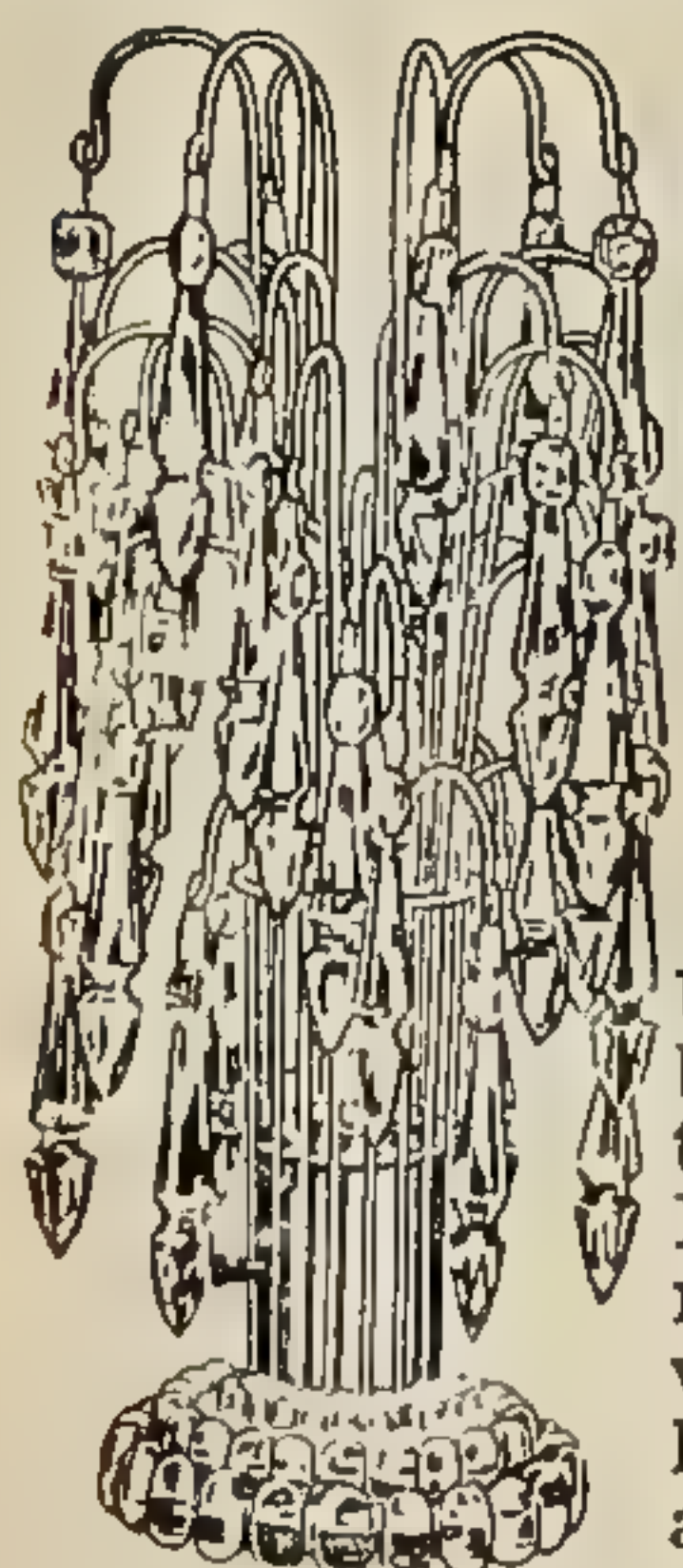
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WHAT I THINK OF WALTER WINCHELL

(Continued from page 99)



Joseph Salerno
Maintenance Man
New York City

American. He tells off Republicans or Democrats and has no party affiliations. I agree with nearly everything he says and I feel he is honest. I believe he thinks a lot of the country and everyone in it."



Mildred H. Purcell
Teletype Operator
Brooklyn, N. Y.

what he says. I have confidence in his reports and generally agree with him. I listen for news, not personal items. The only thing I don't like is the tinge of sarcasm that spoils what he's already said. He seems bitter."



Sheila Katz
Student
Brooklyn, N. Y.

a year ago. He seems to have become vindictive, although I don't think he's actually vicious. He has a bad effect on people who believe without questioning his statements and like the pollsters he sways too much opinion."

"I came to the United States from Malta in 1920 and since Winchell went on the air I've always listened to him because he is a very good

"I've enjoyed Winchell for seven or eight years because he's definite and I like definite people. He seems sure of himself and very sincere in

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THE BABEE-TENDA CORP.
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Dept. 39-3 750 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, O.
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Traveler of the Month

(Continued from page 42)

he'd carry her into school, and carry her home at the end of the day.

"He was sweet and attentive, all right," Virginia remembers, "but I still thought he was being sorry for me."

Virginia did relent a little, however, when the Senior Prom rolled around. She agreed to go as Joe's date. He came around that night, all slicked up, and there she was, lovely as a summer night in her prom dress. At the High School gym, they sat on two chairs which had been moved right next to the floor. All night, while their classmates waltzed by, wrapped in all of the sweet-sad feeling of growing up that comes with proms, Joe and Virginia chatted on.

He told her (and he meant it) that she was the prettiest girl there. She told him (and she didn't mean it, because she knew he hardly talked to the others) that he told that to all the girls.

The town was thick with honeysuckle scent that night as Joe carried Virginia home. And there probably wasn't a girl in town, a girl who could dance, or walk, or run, who was as happy as Virginia when she watched Joe walk home through the sleeping street.

THAT fall, Joe went off to the college. This was depression time, and many of the boys hurried right out to try and find work, but Joe knew already that he wanted to take care of Virginia forever, and he wanted to take care of her in style.

While Joe was in college, Virginia still was careful to give him every opportunity to free himself of any obligations he felt toward her. As she said: "I thought that maybe going to college was his way of gradually getting out of my life. I expected him to see me less and less, until, all of a sudden, he wasn't coming around at all."

"Don't know where she got an idea like that," Joe cut in. "I don't think I ever seriously considered another girl since I was ten years old. But she sure was hard to convince."

But when Joe was graduated from college, Virginia was there, up front. A year after that, they were married.

You'd think that this might be the end of their story. Certainly, they'd gone through enough to have earned the happy ending. It didn't happen that way, though. Not quite.

Two days after the marriage, Joe lost his job. Three days later, he got another

Love-quiz .. For Married Women Only



WHY IS HER HUSBAND SO CRUELLY INDIFFERENT?

- A.** Jim adored her when they married. But now—so soon—he almost ignores her. Unfortunately, this wife is not even aware of her one fault which has caused his love to cool.
- Q.** What is that one fault she is unaware of?
- A.** Failure to practice sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.
- Q.** Aren't soap, soda, or salt just as effective?
- A.** Absolutely not. Because they cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus. Destroys the source of objectionable odors . . . kills germs on contact.
- Q.** Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?
- A.** Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone . . . and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than "Lysol". . . no other product is more effective! No wonder three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined!

For Feminine Hygiene
rely on safe, effective

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
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Easy to use . . . economical

A Concentrated Germ-Killer



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FREE! New booklet of information by reputable gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

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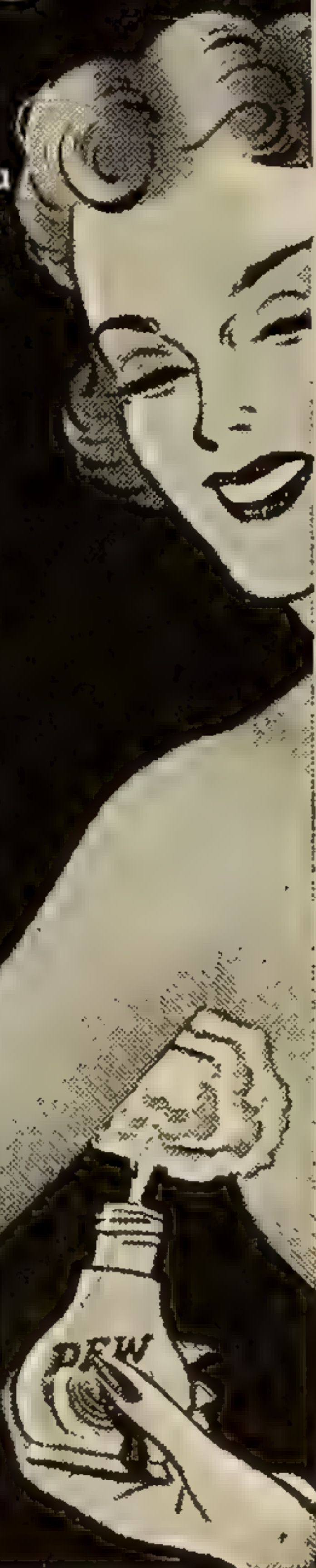
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er as a bacteriological surveyor. Those
were tough times though, and he was
in and out of work—a shoe salesman, a
bouncer in a night club, a guy looking
for a job.

"I'll never forget Christmas of that
year," Joe recalled. "We were having
dinner with Virginia's folks, but it
wasn't a happy time for me. A baby
was coming, and I'd just spent my last
ten cents to buy Virginia the only
Christmas present I could afford—a
powder puff."

After dinner, feeling blue, he walked
uptown and, just out of habit, looked
into his box at the post office. There
was a letter inside, a wonderful one
that announced his appointment as
county agricultural agent.

"I felt bad about Joe when he walked
off that day," Virginia went on, "and I
was kind of looking for him through the
window. All of a sudden, he came run-
ning down the street, waving the let-
ter. I knew something wonderful had
happened, and that we would have a
good Christmas after all."

AFTER a spell as county agent, Joe
went to Washington State College
where, today, he's Professor of Animal
Husbandry. The Muirs have their own
home, and to fill it they have Sybil,
twelve, Russell, ten, Bruce, five, and
Ginny, two.

"People sometimes ask me how I ever
managed all of those children by my-
self doing the housework and the wash
besides," Virginia said. "Well, I've al-
ways loved working around the house,
and it all just seemed to come natural
to me. I learned how to carry a little
baby while walking on crutches, and
after that, everything else was easy."

After Mr. and Mrs. Muir answered
their quiz question, we were most
happy to pass on some Welcome Trav-
elers hospitality—a handsome new suit
for him, a fox fur for her. Also, as part
of their entertainment in Chicago, they
were given a night of typical Chicago
frolic—dinner and a floor show at the
Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Some friends of mine bumped into
the Muirs that night. They said that in
that whole magnificent room there
wasn't a happier couple. The entire
wide, shining world seemed to belong
to just the two of them—the man with
the nice smile and the pretty woman.

Compare these two serene people
with the boy of eighteen and the girl
of seventeen who were flung, that day
away back in Utah, from the careening
car. Their story might have been so dif-
ferent—bitterness, recriminations, a
lifelong feud. It turned, instead, into
that happy ending I told you about be-
cause it had the one ingredient that
most happy endings need. That ingredi-
ent, of course, is love.

There's spine-tingling excite-
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mediately to all who
send name at once. A penny postal will do. **SEND NO MONEY—**
just your name. KRISTEE CO., 443 Bar Street, AKRON, OHIO



Unrest in the Air

(Continued from page 15)

talked a lot about retiring. Jolson and Allen have filed their intention to retire at the end of the season.

Arthur Godfrey, for years the reigning funny man on the CBS morning schedule, recently quit his breakfast program cold, turned his back on several thousand dollars a week. "I'm going to concentrate on television and sleep a little later."

Suppose, by next year, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Burns and Allen and the McGees of Wistful Vista decide *they've* had enough of radio. The dial is going to become as chill and empty as the outer reaches of space. The long winter evenings won't seem nearly as cozy. Whom are we to blame for this sad state of affairs? The comedians? The radio industry? Or television?

Edgar Bergen blames radio. It isn't possible, he maintains, to be funny week after week, year in, year out. The imagination runs dry after a while. All that's left is for a performer to start repeating himself. Either that, or compromise his standards.

Fred Allen blames the tyranny of Hooper ratings. "Next time you see a radio comedian with his hair gray before his time, his cheeks sunken, his step halt, please understand that he isn't dying... He has been caught with his Hooper down, that's all."

BOTH Jolson and Allen have suffered from low Hoopers this year. Fred's decline can be traced to formidable opposition: a program called Stop the Music that gives away everything but the U. S. Mint.

Last year, Al Jolson was consistently high in Hooper's First Fifteen. Today he ranks twenty-sixth. One network man summed up the situation thus: "How many times can you listen to 'Swanee'?"

Perhaps, as one respected critic of radio suggests, the medium is all talked out. It has been on thousands and thousands of days. Its prime talkers are getting tired and a little hoarse. Its knee ever bent to Hooper, accent has been on keeping alive the old stars instead of developing new ones.

Just how far radio will go to "keep alive" an old-timer was seen recently in the capital gains deal that won Jack Benny over to CBS. He will receive considerably more than a good many of the nation's top industrialists. And because he and his troupe have been bought as a "company," rather than hired as individuals, the taxes will be very much lower.

CBS reportedly is prepared to spend as many millions as necessary to woo the top Hooper stars away from NBC. No doubt this is good business. But NBC may, in the long run, turn the loss into profit—by developing some bright newcomers who will turn the dials right back to their original setting.

It can be safely said that all of radio's prominent stars are casting a wistful and curious eye toward television. At the moment, of course, television pays poorly. If half a dozen more stars follow the lead of the resigners and those who threaten resignation, listeners living in areas too remote to pick up a television picture clearly might as well resign themselves to a new kind of listening.

What it will consist of is hard to say. The news and weather reports will always be with us. Likewise recorded music. A new shift to local program-

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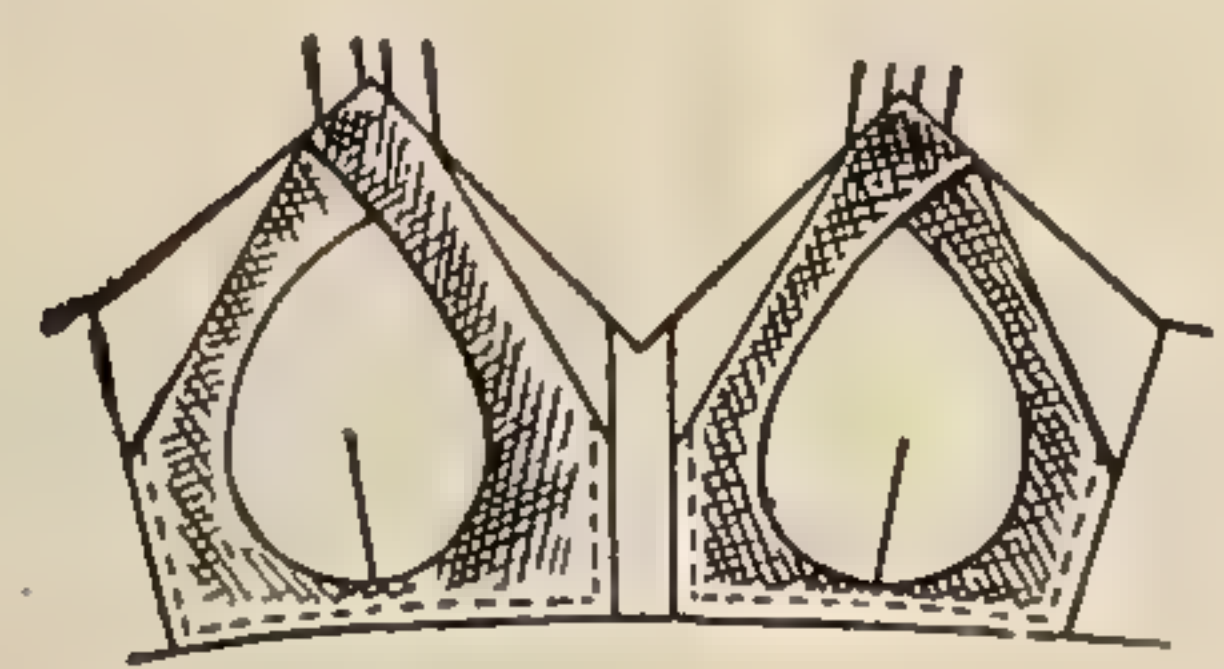
Built up shoulder straps of bra material, also, special V-Control feature of midriff support helps flatten bulging stomach. Girdle attachment hooks. Only \$2.98. Worth much more!

Style 202 Longline Adjustable Shoulder Strap Bra

Same features as above style 101. Has adjustable shoulder straps instead of built-up shoulder. Only \$2.98. Worth much more.



Secret Inside Control



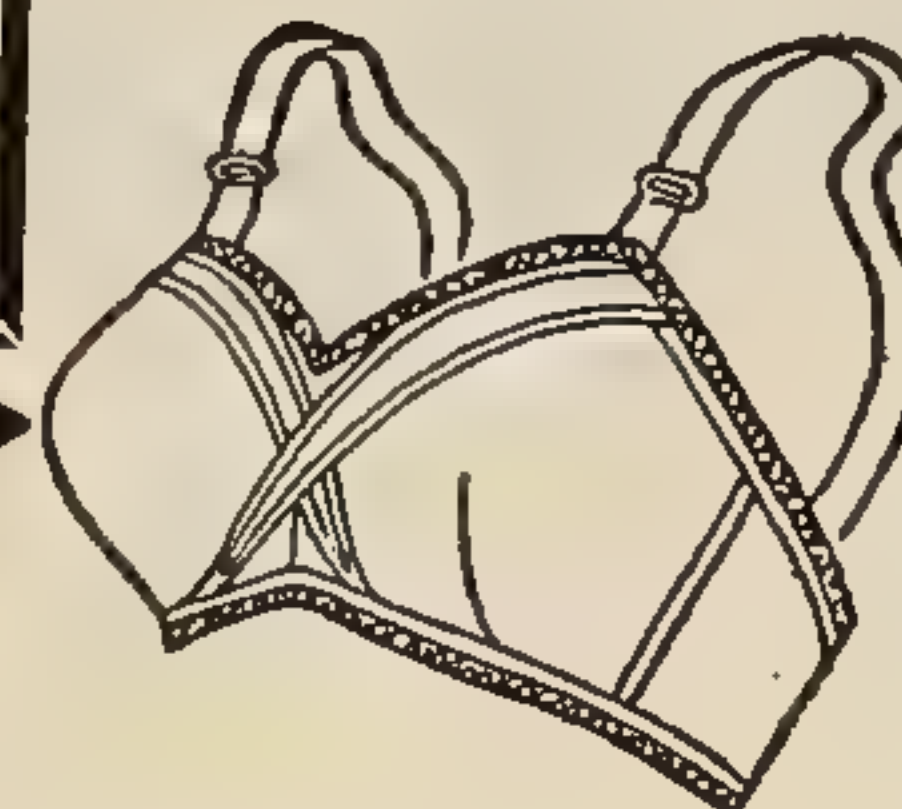
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ming, as opposed to network entertainment, may uncover new talent.

If you do live in or near a city lucky enough to have a video station, chances are you'll be disappointed with the local programs. Television at the present moment is going to remind you of old-time movies.

Pity is that the war delayed television's progress for five years. Had this new medium not been forced to stop dead in its tracks, the transition era might have been avoided. As the radio stars tired of radio and dropped from the ranks, television would be reaching a sufficient number of homes—bright with the gloss of a seventh wonder—to fill in the gap.

In fact, had it not been for the war, television would now be of sufficient maturity, artistically and technically, to permit the simultaneous broadcast and telecast of your favorite programs.

Instead of utilizing this period of grace, the war years, to build up new program ideas and new talent, radio was obliged to rely even more heavily on the old-timers. They, you see, were draft-exempt. The youngsters who should have been getting their feet wet in show business were, instead, getting wet up to their necks in fox-holes.

I DO recall, though, a few young comedians who tried to crash the big-time in radio. They fared badly. One was Jack Paar, who replaced Jack Benny a few summers back. He started out fresh as a daisy. At the end of his thirteen-week stint he was about as funny as a disc jockey in South Sinus, Mo. It brings us back to Bergen's original complaint. Radio wears out talent. It saps the energy, drains the imagination. We don't expect our major novelists to turn out a new book every single year. But we expect radio comedians and their writers to turn out a frothy half hour, smart as new paint, every single week.

The present state of radio has been blamed on the fact that the industry is run by salesmen rather than showmen. Selling time, say critics, is rated above developing talent.

Nobody is so foolish as to fancy that radio can get along without selling time, of course. But it does seem that a certain amount of the profits could be set aside for a "talent laboratory." Here would be "cultured," in the proper test tube environment, the writers, directors and performers of tomorrow. All of them would be trained not simply for radio but for television, too. When their hour came, they would be ready.

Proof that radio and radio alone can develop stars is seen in three individuals: Ralph Edwards, Garry Moore and the aforementioned Mr. Godfrey. Edwards started his career as an announcer. Garry was master of ceremonies on an early morning local show. So was Godfrey.

There must be other announcers and early morning humorists who are worthy of a larger audience. Some may need only a good writer. If radio is to survive, it must find the young hopefuls, put them through the proper paces, polish them up for stardom.

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The Life of Fred Allen

(Continued from page 67)

Aunt Lizzie understand what being behind those footlights meant to me," Fred says. "I couldn't seem to describe the sense of complete satisfaction that came to me in that work. For months on end, she opposed the whole thing until suddenly one day she bowled me over with some words of encouragement. It was a complete about face. I was baffled until she confessed that she had sneaked into a theater, the night before, and had seen my amateur act. She got a whale of a kick watching her own nephew perform. After that she was quite happy about my career."

Less than two years after Aunt Lizzie's change of heart, Fred turned professional. It happened this way: a juggler, who was appearing at a regular Boston vaudeville house, did a bit too much drinking one night. His hang-over was so deadly that he couldn't even toss a beanbag. He remembered having seen Fred, and asked the budding juggler to fill in for him (with the proviso that Fred kick back part of his pay). Fred played the date, billing himself as Paul Huckle, Celebrated European Entertainer. His performance was well received, he split the five dollar fee and, from there on he spurned all further amateur work.

JOHN FLORENCE SULLIVAN, who became, first, The Talking Juggler and, next, Paul Huckle, Celebrated European Entertainer, now took a third name, borrowed from a Boston vaudeville house, and called himself Freddy St. James—which he regarded as pretty classy.

One night, over coffee and sinkers, Fred was having a confab with an old buddy of his. "Johnny, I've got a hundred bucks saved," Fred announced. "I'm going to try my luck in New York."

"The big time, is that it?"

"Right—and I want to ask a favor of you."

"Anything you say, Fred."

"I'd like you to take forty dollars out of this hundred and hold it for me—just in case New York doesn't think I'm any good, and I need carfare home."

Not long after that conversation, Fred was making the rounds on Broadway. He had rented a tiny hall bedroom. His diet had leveled down to a steady crackers, cheese and coffee . . . and his ability to impress booking agents had leveled down to zero. With his morale even lower, he was at the point of sending a telegram to Johnny requesting his forty dollars for train fare, when one of the previously unimpressed agents contacted him. Would Fred be willing to play a split week in Paterson, New Jersey? Fred said, yes, he'd be willing.

He put everything he had into that engagement. He played it so well that lots more work followed. A major turning point in his fortunes had arrived. He had realized his keenest ambition: recognition by New York bookers. It was time, Fred decided, to change his name again. He needed something more in harmony with his type of routine. So, dispensing with the "Saint," (that was misleading, anyway, he figured) he revised his billing to: Freddy James, The World's Worst Juggler.

Freddy James would make his entrance and go through his act at a brisk pace. Then, at what everyone thought was the end, he would bow . . .

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a bogus bow, really, because Fred wasn't through with them yet.

There would be the usual ripple of limp applause when, suddenly, the orchestra would crash into a patriotic march; the lights would darken and, simultaneously flashed upon a screen, there would appear a picture of Abe Lincoln. While the band would blare out more patriotic airs, the picture would change to that of Rough Rider Teddy Roosevelt. At this point, Freddy James would be revealed in a bright spotlight at one side of the stage, smiling and bowing while the applause reached ovation pitch. Climaxing all this, the screen would finally display Old Glory whipping in the breeze, whereupon the house would go into a frenzy of enthusiasm. Fred, still spotlighted at stage left, would continue to take bows as if the wild demonstration were a personal tribute to his juggling prowess. Freddy James, The World's Worst Juggler, always finished his act to stormy applause.

In the two years following he appeared in theaters from Maine to California. By this time, too, he had learned to play banjo and clarinet and had worked them into his routine. He had also become a better-than-average ventriloquist and his dialogues with a decrepit, moth-eaten dummy named Jake always drew big laughs.

BACK in that year of 1916, Fred had every reason to fancy himself a traveling man, but even he could not foresee the kind of trip that was in store for him. While playing Loew's Western Circuit that year, a dazzling (it seemed so, then) offer was made to him: a sixteen-week contract at twenty-five pounds sterling per week touring New Zealand, Australia and Tasmania.

Down there Down Under, Fred found the going so tough that he began yearning for Boston. He heard one little shriveled-up man say to his wife: "That Yank, Freddy James! If 'e ain't the world's worst juggler, he's bloody well close to it!"

What really got Fred hopping mad, though, was the kind of booking the theatrical office in Sydney arranged for him. More often than not, there were long, exhausting stagecoach or boat trips spacing out each engagement. There would be days of travel—without pay.

The World's Worst Juggler wasn't taking that sort of treatment without protest. Into the theatrical agency walked Fred—in a sailor's costume he had rented for the occasion. He barged right into the agent's office and began dancing the hornpipe.

Wide-eyed, the agent gasped, "And what do you think you're doing?"

"Reporting for instructions," Fred answered, still hornpiping. "Now, matey, where do I go from here?"

The agent got the point, grinned and shook hands, and for the remainder of his contract Fred was given only choice bookings in big-city vaudeville houses.

Back again on Broadway, Fred was sure the name of Freddy James was now a jinx. His agent, Edgar Allen, offered his own last name, and that did it.

The war years closed in. Fred had drawn a very high draft number. While waiting to be called, he worked with several vaudeville units that toured all the army camps—shows that were assembled by the Red Cross, Knights Of Columbus and other organizations. Before Fred's class was called, the war ended.

The years moved swiftly, and vaude-

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ville moved into its heyday. Fred was a headliner now, everywhere from the Palace in New York to the Palace in Paducah. He was riding the crest. His cleverness with the juggling props and his ventriloquistic skill were keener than ever . . . but, by this time, his fame rested even more solidly on his dehydrated humor. An idea was fermenting in the minds of certain producers. Allen, they agreed, would be a big attraction in a Broadway musical.

When the Shuberts launched their lavish "Passing Show Of 1922," a goodly portion of the critics' praise was aimed at Fred Allen. They said that he brought to the musical comedy stage a talent that was unique. As far as Fred was concerned, the musical comedy stage brought something unique to *him*. Stability. No train schedules. No overnight jumps.

What's more, he had a chance to get better acquainted with the other people in the show. He was quite inclined to be friendly with that pretty dancer . . . the girl with the fascinating name, Portland Hoffa! Some night, he'd have to really get acquainted with her. He'd have to ask her how she ever acquired a name like that.

"I did ask her," Fred says, "and after I learned that she had three sisters named Lebanon, Period and Lastone, respectively, Portland didn't seem such a funny name any more. I thought it and she were wonderful, and besides, she laughed at all my jokes. So we got married. Later, we teamed up in vaudeville, playing the Palace in New York and all the Keith and Orpheum Circuits. In 1929, we appeared together in 'The Little Show' and, following that, Max Gordon engaged us, again with Libby Holman and Clifton Webb, for 'Three's A Crowd.' In 1932, Portland and I went into radio where we've been ever since."

SEEMINGLY endless are the stories concerning Fred's insistence on Doing Things Just So. Hearing them, you begin to think that his mind must be part slide rule, part calculating machine and part stop watch. Take, for instance, his custom of meeting Jack Haley for the purpose of attending Mass at St. Malachy's Church, the actor's chapel on 49th Street off Broadway. This custom had been observed over a period of many years whenever both comedian-pals happened to be in New York.

"Fred's way of doing things is so self-disciplined, so systematic and methodical, you would think his ancestry was German instead of Irish," Jack testifies. "He would insist that we meet in the same drugstore he patronized every day. Not any drugstore, but that particular one. He would set the meeting-time at exactly 10:30 A.M. The arrangement was that after breakfast there, we'd go on to St. Malachy's. Well, I noticed every time that at exactly 10:27, the drugstore man would start preparing Fred's orange juice and it would be ready and waiting on the counter within thirty seconds of the time Fred arrived. That drugstore man was never wrong. Never once did Fred fail to arrive right on the dot."

Even such a close associate as "Uncle Jim" Harkins, Fred's old-time vaudeville buddy and present-day Man Friday, is filled with constant awe at his passion for promptness. "Every one of Fred's daily sixteen work hours is carefully planned and time-tabled," asserts Uncle Jim. "He's his own secretary, too. You'll never find Fred without his little notebook, always jotting down

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appointments or ideas for the show."

Evidently, Fred Allen is master of almost any situation—on a stage or in a broadcasting studio. Hollywood, however, proved to be a somewhat different experience for him.

Fred was appearing in a movie—his first (and next to last) picture. He reported, as instructed, to the make-up department and, completely absorbed in reading the script, he sat himself down in a barbershop-type chair while the make-up man prepared to work on him. Too late, Fred realized that he had neglected to get rid of a chew of tobacco (he was an habitual chewer, these days). The make-up man was already under way and, anxiously, Fred's eyes searched first right and then left... but there wasn't a cuspidor in sight.

After several minutes of indecision, Fred pointed to his left cheek where he had stowed the wad of tobacco, as if to ask: "What'll I do with this?"

Glancing at the lump, the make-up expert said, "Leave it to me, Mr. Allen, I'll fix it."

MUCH to Fred's puzzlement, the man began making some skillful dabs on that side of Fred's face. Finally, the job was completed and Fred walked toward the movie set. On the way, he discovered the much-wanted cuspidor. When he appeared on the set, the director took one look at him and yelled, "That face! Allen—who bit that hole in your cheek?"

A mirror was brought; Fred looked into it and realized that the make-up expert had fixed him—but good. He had offset Fred's "swollen" cheek with a greasepaint shadow so dark that it looked completely hollow.

Fred freely admits that, for him, radio has been more to his liking than movies. In radio, he's been happier... and better organized. It is fairly reasonable to assume that his set habits and ways are a product of radio discipline. It seems they took really definite form somewhere along in the middle nineteen-thirties. By that time, he had three or four years of broadcasting to his credit. By that time he had kept a large slice of the population amused with such programs as Fred Allen's Bath Club, The Salad Bowl Review, The Sal Hepatica Review, later titled The Hour Of Smiles and still later known as Town Hall Tonight.

Now, this sort of work allowed a fellow to stay put. None of this traipsing all over the map, like in vaudeville. And yet, with all this stability, he and Portland had been "living out of a suitcase." They still occupied a furnished, one-room place within hearing distance of the Times Square traffic. Visiting them, you would have the dismal impression that they were either arriving from somewhere or just departing. As for Portland, she was getting tired of breakfast cooked on a one-burner gas ring. After all, she never learned the art of juggling.

Putting her foot down, Portland insisted they start living like the rest of the human race. Not that she had to insist, really, because Fred had the same idea himself. They found a very nice five-room apartment, located within one block of Central Park, and there they have lived happily ever since.

One important feature of the apartment is Fred's own "grinner sanctum," the room in which he writes words into the mouth of Senator Claghorn, Titus Moody, Pansy Nussbaum, Ajax Cassidy, Humphrey Titter, the Joy Boy, and his other brain children. In that den are

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his filing cabinets, bulging with old
scripts and news-clippings; the walls
are lined with bookshelves containing
part of his four thousand volume col-
lection (the balance of this poor man's
public library being spread around the
other rooms) and, central point in the
work-shop, the desk and typewriter to
which he chains himself for hours on
end.

Notwithstanding the sour expression
that sometimes accompanies these
chores, Fred, if faced with a final choice
between acting and writing, would
choose the latter. In Fred's opinion, an
actor's income is always dependent on
the enterprise and productiveness of
other people, and as an actor gets old,
his value decreases. An old actor with-
out a job is hard put to keep his head
above water. But a writer, he argues,
can enjoy employment as long as he has
strength enough to push a pen or peck
a typewriter.

"To me, there's no greater satisfac-
tion," Fred maintains. "Welding words
and phrases has always intrigued me.
I only wish that years ago I had the
education and the opportunity to enter
the writing profession. Today, who
knows, I might be a veteran re-write
man on the obituary page of some small
town newspaper."

Mrs. Allen has her own inner sanc-
tum, too . . . the kitchen in which she
shines as a truly talented cook. Not one
of the theoretical kind, but a real art-
ist. Although the routine chores are
ably handled by Marguerite, who has
been with them for many years, Port-
land is always in there whipping up
some mouth-watering dish for her fa-
mous husband.

Fred outlines their other hobbies, too,
saying, "We're fond of the theater, and
we like to go exploring for unusual eat-
ing places—Armenian, Japanese, Rus-
sian, French, Yiddish—any kind of ex-
otic eatery, providing the food is ex-
cellent. Also, after thirty-nine weeks of
radio each year we like to hide away
in the summer and read."

Fred Allen, the man with set habits,
has never changed his habit of keeping
in physical trim at one particular gym-
nasium . . . a Y.M.C.A. gym on Man-
hattan's west side. On more than one
occasion, intimate friends of his have
asked, "Why don't you join the New
York Athletic Club, Fred, or some other
place where you're more likely to meet
people in your own income bracket?"

FRED has always come back with the
same answer—he doesn't judge his as-
sociates by their incomes, he thinks his
"Y" has gym facilities that compare
with the best in New York. It is only a
pleasant, five-minute walk from his
apartment, and, besides, he enjoys
mingling with the fellows whom he
meets there regularly.

Time was when Fred and his gang
would go through a really stiff workout
twice weekly.

In 1943, though, there was a warning
from his doctor—cut out all kinds of
physical and nervous strain, or else that
high blood pressure of his might prove
really troublesome. Repercussions of
that warning were felt throughout the
entire radio industry . . .

Fred's program went off the air for
a full season. Fred (and here his self-
discipline stood him in good stead) dis-
missed all thoughts of weekly script
deadlines and broadcasts from his mind.
He cut out smoking and tobacco, sub-
stituting gum instead. He stopped tak-
ing even the occasional highball he
indulged in. He and Portland took it
easy for the first time in a long spell.

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They just gypsied around . . . to Cape Cod, to their farm and out to the West Coast (as tourists).

That high blood pressure of his was even good for a few laughs. At any rate, on his return to the air he put many a gag about it into his scripts.

Despite his elevated blood pressure, Fred continued to sneak in as many games of handball as he dared, but in the Spring of 1948, his doctor laid down the law and Fred hasn't played since. Nowadays his exercise is limited to brisk walks in Central Park. He shows up each week at the "Y" gym, however, for the expert massages he receives there . . . and for locker-room talk sessions with the gang. That's one habit he'll never willingly break.

The Allens are rarely, if ever, seen at night clubs. Portland is bored stiff by them and Fred has good cause to be wary of them. Some of the miserable evenings he has spent in Manhattan's night clubs remain as scars on his memory.

He can remember being lured into one famous club by Jack Haley. On entering the place, Fred protested, "It's pitch dark in here! Do they equip each customer with a miner's lamp?" After sitting through a long floor show, they departed . . . not alone, though, for a drunk had attached himself to them, highball glass in hand. The tippler climbed right into their taxi, spilling his scotch-and-soda and his life story all over Fred.

On another occasion, Fred was invited to a night club premiere by Libby Holman, the club's new after-theater attraction. That was when he was co-starring with Libby in "Three's A Crowd." Quite naturally, Fred expected to be seated at a good table, close enough to be at least within ear-shot of the singer. But it seems the reservation got mixed up. After palming a fat tip, the captain stuck him at a tiny table right beside the kitchen door. Not only did he not hear or see Libby Holman, but every time a waiter went through it, Fred got the kitchen door against the side of his head.

Nor is Fred's memory soothed when he recalls one final fiasco. It involved a gala night club opening in which the extravagant floor show was climaxed by a festive New Year's Eve effect: gorgeous girls more or less gorgeously gowned, streamers, confetti and, from the ceiling, a sudden cascade of colored balloons. Unknown to Fred, one balloon floated down ever so prettily, bounced off a whipped cream cake on an adjoining table, and then settled in his direction. Presently, Fred and

his companions (including a very worried-looking Jack Haley) paid the check and left. "Well!" Fred beamed. "This is the first time my evening wasn't spoiled!" He revised that statement later at home, when he discovered the whipped cream all over the back of his dinner jacket.

On the other hand, eating places like Lindy's, Max's Stage Delicatessen and Toots Shor's get a much higher Allen rating. In these he often lingers for a pleasant hour to enjoy conversation and coffee with other notables of the radio and theater world.

In such places echo and re-echo some of the more enduring Fred Allen stories. Eavesdropping, you're likely to hear that famous story about Fred's verbal one-two punch at Jack Benny (for whom, really, Fred has boundless admiration and affection). Guesting on the Fred Allen Show, the Waukegan Kid made a fatal mistake: he tried to depart from the script and out-ad-lib Fred. Exactly what Jack said was lost in the confusion but, whatever it was, Fred hopped him down with a devastating rejoinder. Struck speechless, Jack turned helplessly to the studio audience (and several million listeners) gasping, "I'll give a thousand dollars for an answer to that one!" Instantly, Fred shot back at him with, "I'll sell you a little answer for five hundred!"

That story naturally leads to the one concerning Fred's guest appearance on Jack Benny's show, shortly after their so-called feud started. Jack's introduction of his guest was a long string of withering remarks. Fred took it for a while and then cut in with, "Okay, Mr. Benny. If I get any more insults out of you, I'll knock you flatter than the first six minutes of this program!"

Sooner or later, you'll hear that story about Fred and the too-insistent autograph hunter. It was after a broadcast. Fred had already obliged by autographing his name for several dozen people and, pleading fatigue, had just asked the crowd of clamoring women to excuse him. "Oh, but Mr. Allen," one wailed, "you simply must autograph this. Why, I came all the way from San Francisco—just to attend your broadcast!" After a stunned moment, Fred answered, "Madame," he purred, "if Uncle Jim, here, and I had only known you were coming all that distance just to catch my little old radio show, we'd have gone to Omaha. Shucks, the least we could do is meet you half way."

Generally, however, Fred's wit is of the genial sort. Back in '34, when Town Hall Tonight highlighted not only

Minerva Pious, Charlie Cantor and Harry Von Zell in The Mighty Allen Players but also featured one of the first amateur shows in radio, Fred demonstrated his spontaneous humor when one contestant, an accordionist, became flustered. In his anxiety to start promptly, the young musician forgot to undo the strap that kept his accordion bellows from spreading out to its full extent. He began swinging right into a lively, jivey treatment of "Twelfth Street Rag," but before he had played four bars of the tune, Fred stopped him. "Son," he drawled, "you'd better unfasten that strap or you'll never get past Fourth Street."

Even the late President Roosevelt figured in a typical Allen jest. It happened in December, 1944, when coffee rationing inspired many a joke. Fred's eloquent commentary on the shortage was sent, along with his Yuletide greetings, to F.D.R. It was a stunningly-wrapped Christmas package bearing the impressive label of Cartier, fabulous Fifth Avenue jewelers. After opening several layers of colorful paper, F.D.R. came to a tiny inner box, also carefully and exquisitely wrapped. When this was opened, its contents were revealed—one single, solitary, precious coffee bean.

AS THE portrait stands now, you're ready to grant that Fred is a talented entertainer, a wit, a perfectionist. But the Allen story is incomplete unless you search a bit deeper and discover what lies underneath his smooth, brittle shell of cleverness.

Allen doesn't publicize this aspect, but many of his friends don't hesitate to. Among the people who know him well, it's an old story. Fred, they will tell you, has proven himself "The Softest Touch In Show Business." They say it with genuine respect and admiration.

They will cite instance after instance of Fred's warmhearted generosity toward temporarily or chronically down-and-out show folk. They will tell you how Fred used to walk down Broadway, his pockets stuffed with money, ready with unquestioning, substantial hand-outs for his less fortunate friends. They will tell you how Fred once listened sympathetically to a performer's sad, sad story, and then promptly put up \$200 so that the man could buy a trained kangaroo for his animal act . . . and how Fred financed the feeding of that kangaroo for several months until the act got booking. They will tell you of the Main Stem Moocher who tried to boost Fred from a five-dollar "loan" to a ten-dollar one, explaining he needed that amount to get his teeth out of hock in order to work in Hoboken as master of ceremonies in a show . . . and how Fred forked over the ten-spot, saying, "Here you are. What the hell good is an m.c. without his teeth!" They will relate a hundred other examples and, to prove that Fred's generosity is no recent trait, they will point out that when Sam Cohen met hard times, years ago, Fred was his chief source of support.

Your final conclusion, then, is that, beneath Fred's caustic, wise-cracking surface there beats a heart of gold.

You'll never get him to acknowledge any such thing, though. You simply can't get corny or sentimental with Fred. At best, he'll comment by stating the one principle that guides him through life . . .

"As I scurry down the road to oblivion, I try to do unto others as I would have them do unto me."



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